

Incorporating the
Australian Home Budget.

Registered in Australia for
transmission by post as a
newspaper.

The Australian

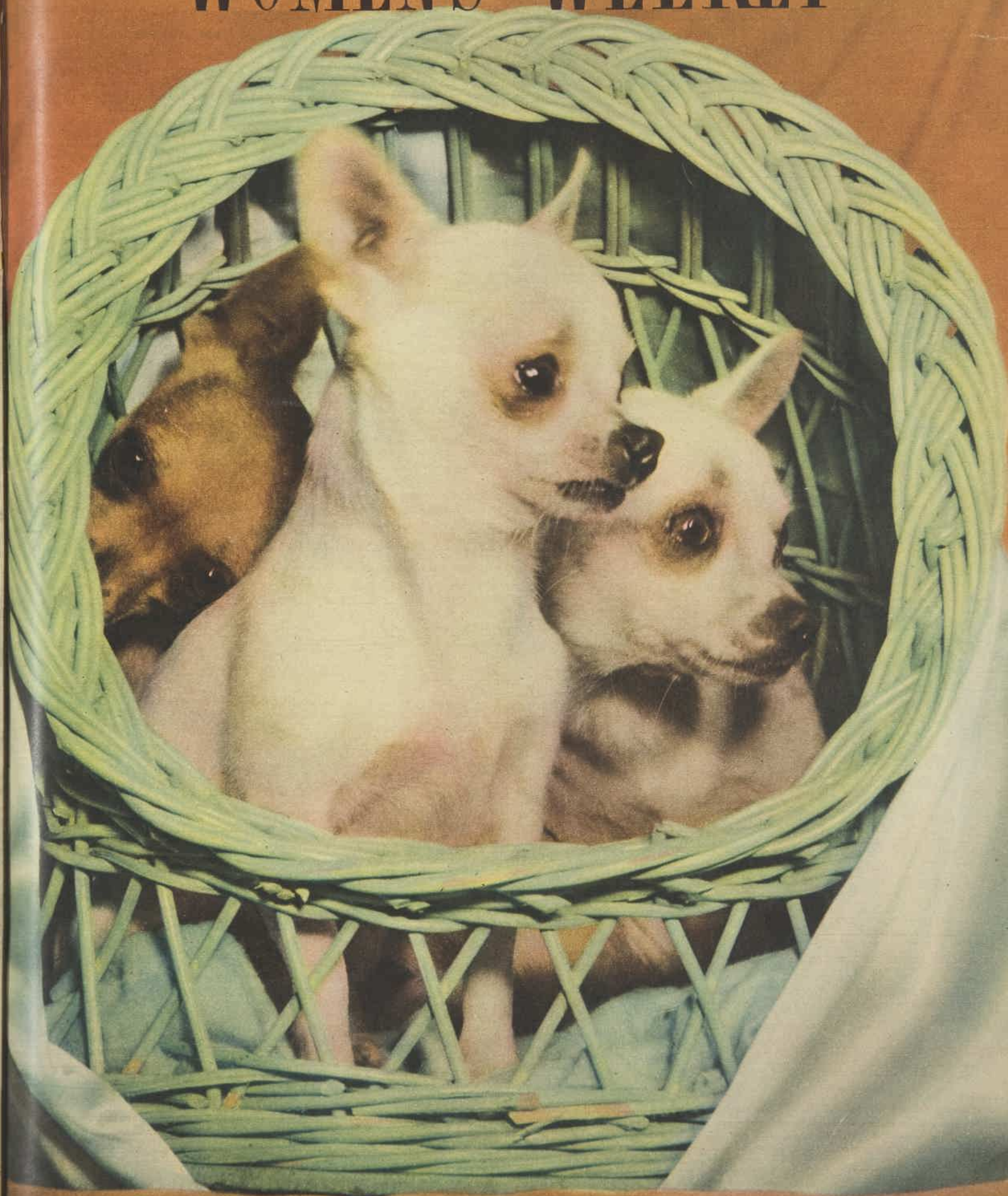
Over 750,000 Copies Sold Every Week

September 4, 1957

PRICE

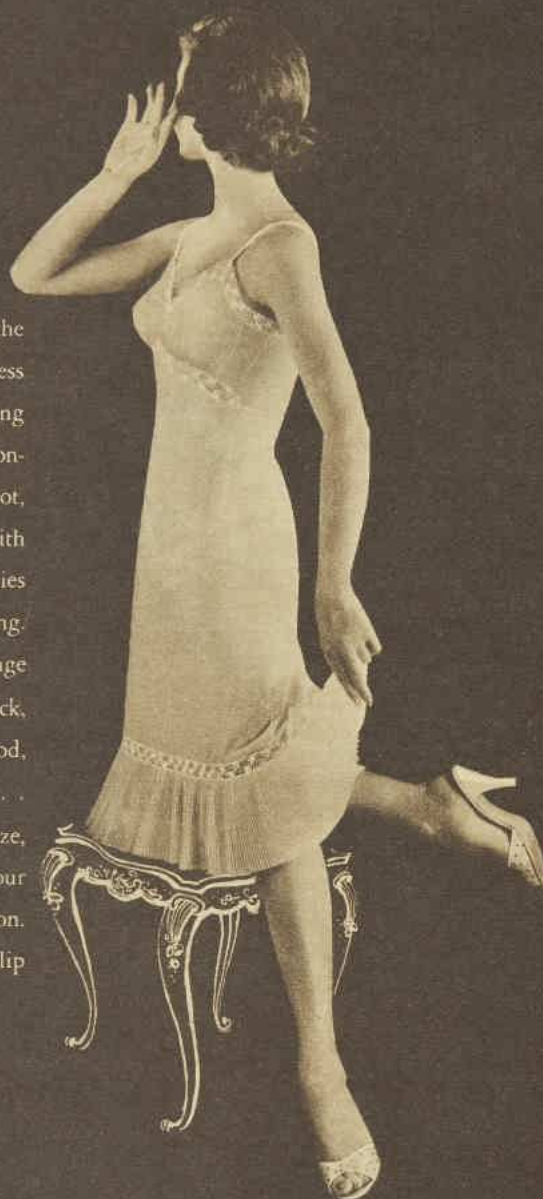
9

WOMEN'S WEEKLY





A fashion perennial—the famous Lucas princess slip. Subtle moulding contours of superb non-transparent nylon tricot, delicately trimmed with imported embroideries and permanent pleating. . . . In a wonderful range of Rose, Creme, Black, Dove and Sandalwood, in sizes 12 to 44 . . . two lengths to every size, at £5/19/6, from your favourite store or salon. Also matching half-slip and scantie.



Exquisite nylon allover lace finished on a slim sheath of 15 denier tricot . . . perfect underlining for that slim silhouette. In Rose, Peach, Ivory and Black. Sizes 12 to 36, each in two lengths at £7/19/6.



LUCAS

Nylon Tricot

Made from  yarn.

For the name of your nearest store or salon, please write to E. Lucas & Co., 27 Flinders Lane, Melbourne, also makers of fine dresses.

The Australian WOMEN'S WEEKLY

HEAD OFFICE: 168 Castlereagh St., Sydney. Letters: Box 4088WW, G.P.O.
MELBOURNE OFFICE: Newspaper House, 247 Collins St., Melbourne. Letters: Box 189C, G.P.O.
BRISBANE OFFICE: 81 Elizabeth St., Brisbane. Letters: Box 409F, G.P.O.
ADELAIDE OFFICE: 24-26 Halifax St., Adelaide. Letters: Box 368A, G.P.O.
PERTH OFFICE: 24 Stirling St., Perth. Letters: Box 491G, G.P.O.
TASMANIA: Letters to Sydney address.

SEPTEMBER 4, 1957

Vol. 25, No. 13

NATIONAL SUPERANNUATION

LAST week the Tasmanian Premier, Mr. R. Cosgrove, advocated a national superannuation scheme as the answer to the problem of the aged.

He said that people could subscribe to such a scheme during their working lives, and on retirement would be able to add their superannuation to their ordinary pension.

This is an intelligent, far-sighted solution to an economic, social, and humanitarian problem which every year, as the number of old people in our population increases, is becoming more acute.

As the Premier says: "You cannot create an ever-increasing community of healthy elderly men and women without making special provision to prevent their living standards from falling into jeopardy."

This is true, for while modern medicine and better hygiene and food are helping people live longer, society is doing little to see that aged people live in dignity and contentment.

Many old people are barely existing on their pensions in the poorest accommodation because the average family no longer lives in a house with spare rooms, as it did a few decades ago, but in small dwellings and flats.

There is, too, a decline in that former sense of responsibility to the aged. The people of a generation or two ago took this responsibility for granted. Today many young people forget that they, too, will grow old!

Surely, as a civilised community, it is time to face this growing problem and make it possible for old people to live in honored comfort without fear.

What better way could be found than the scheme the Tasmanian Premier advocates?

Our cover

● Rarely seen in Australia, the dogs on the cover are Chihuahuas. Mrs. R. M. Gerardy, of Gordon, N.S.W., imported them from England earlier this year. Two of them will be seen at the Royal Melbourne Show later this month. The dog in the centre is 18 months old, fully grown, and weighs 3lb. The others are younger. Staff photographer Ernest Nutt took the picture.

CONTENTS

FICTION

The Kiss at Croton Falls, Irwin Shaw	27
Written on Water, Vicki Baum	28, 29
A Piece of Her Mind, Joan Vatssek	31
Open Verdict, Margery Allingham	32, 33

SPECIAL FEATURES

Mountain of No Return	3, 4
Wonder Drugs	5

FASHION

Dior's Newest Look	8, 9
Dress Sense, Betty Keep	37
French Cottons to Make	40, 41
Fashion Frocks	67
Patterns	77

FILMS

Lauren Bacall	47
Deborah Kerr's New Role	48, 49
Film Preview	50
Reviews	71

HOMEMAKING

Crochet and Knitting	58, 61, 63, 74
Gardening	65
Transfers	70
Cookery (color)	73
Recipes	76

REGULAR FEATURES

TV Parade		Ross Campbell	26
Nan Musgrove	10	Worth Reporting	34
It Seems To Me, Dorothy Drain	12	Strange but True	36
Social	15	Sweet and Sour	36
Here's Your Answer	16	Beauty	37
These Are Australian Readers' Letters	25	Stars	39
	26	Living Bush Coupon	55
		Mandrake	78
		Teena	79
		Crossword	79

THE WEEKLY ROUND

● If the milk boils over at the same time as Jimmy cuts his finger, and you're sighing for those good old office days — cheer up.

NEXT week we're giving you a chance to bring an office touch into the kitchen with our new recipe feature designed for orderly filing.

If you're energetic you can make the filing-box—we tell you how. If not, you can buy one.

We present the recipes back-to-back. That is, we show a color picture of the dish on one side of the paper. You cut it out, and there's your recipe on the back.

Every week we'll print some, so you can add to your file week by week.

The new recipe feature is part of our new enlarged home section, which we launch next week in 16 continuous color pages.

AND, as well, there's a lift-out booklet, "About Building

a Home." We're expecting the paper to sell out fast, so get your copy reserved.

★ ★ ★

WHAT makes people risk their lives in climbing perilous mountains? This subject has been under discussion since the Eiger Mountain drama focused world attention on it (see opposite page). A European who used to be an enthusiastic climber tells us that the thrill and exaltation of a successful climb transcends ordinary experience.

The nearest illustration he could give was to quote that line by the poet who wrote of how, flying, he felt he could "reach out and touch the face of God."

He says that there are two kinds of people, mountain-dwellers and others—and they are a world apart.

POSTSCRIPT to Ron McKie's feature story "The Macarthurs of Camden" (21/8/56). It mentioned the anecdotes told by Herb English, of Camden, one of them concerning the Christmas pudding made by "German Bob," who took all day to make his Christmas pudding, and found that he had used plaster of paris instead of flour. We have a letter from Mrs. L. Del Santo, who tells us that her father, Joseph Crinello, nicknamed "German Bob," was thrilled to read the Macarthur story, as it brought back many memories to him. "He lives now at Hurstville," she wrote. "You do not know how it cheered him, as he is an invalid well in his 79th year."

Another letter came from a schoolboy, ecstatic because the story gave him essay material he needed.

MOUNTAIN OF NO RETURN

● When the mist hangs low and there is wind and snow on the peaks, the men in Switzerland's Alpine valleys wait for the call they know will come.

THEY are men who wear in their lapels the insignia of the Swiss mountain guide—one of the most honored badges in the world.

Once again their courage and humanity have made world headlines. Their struggles to rescue four climbers trapped on the north face of Mount Eiger thrilled millions.

This was not an isolated rescue. With frightening regularity the guides gamble their lives against the mountains to help people who have climbed upwards to reach only the point of exhaustion.

The guides' rescue work is voluntary and unpaid. If they die in the mountains, their families can expect no compensation.

Within minutes of a call for help, members of a rescue team are assembling at the local tourist office. They carry some equipment. Heavier rescue gear—sledges, tents,

By
NEIL KELLY

radios, steel cables, a winch—is collected from depots throughout the Alpine region.

Inevitably the blizzards are sweeping through the mountains and ice is forming on the rock faces. This is the weather that can send confident climbers hurtling into space or strand them exhausted on a precarious icy ledge.

Most years more than 100 climbers lose their lives in the Austrian, Swiss, and French Alps. This year the total is 110.

It's a dangerous sport, admit the climbers, but not excessively so, for nearly 200,000 people mountaineer in the Alps every year.

The rescue teams have to combat avalanches, crevasses, and falling stones and ice. They must find footholds on sheer rock.

Descending cloud or rising mist often blots out the sun, or overhanging rock obscures the way ahead. Water and snow cascade on the guides, freezing their clothes into a solid lump.

Sometimes they must exist under these conditions for days without adequate or hot food and drink. Hands become numb and bruised as they search for a spot to drive in a climbing iron.

Even so, mental alertness must never slacken. The slightest slip could mean death.

Some of the tasks tackled by the rescuing mountaineers are almost suicidal. Such was the rescue (one saved, three lost) on Mount Eiger, "The Mountain of No Return."

(Continued overleaf)

Guides who challenged the Eiger are volunteers in a gamble with death



RIGHT: Towering face of 15,000ft. Mount Eiger. The north wall, where the four climbers—two Germans and two Italians—were trapped, is almost at the top centre. At the foot is the village of Kleine Scheidegg, where people watched with telescopes the rescue of Italian Claudio Corti. Color picture by Dr. H. Wilshire, of Sydney.

Hollywood's favourite
Lustre-Creme
Shampoo...



Never Dries—
it Beautifies!

Yes, Elizabeth Taylor uses Lustre-Creme Shampoo. It's the favourite of 4 out of 5 top Hollywood movie stars! It never dries your hair! Lustre-Creme Shampoo is blessed with lanolin, foams into rich lather, leaves hair so easy to manage. It beautifies! For bright, fragrantly clean hair, choose the favourite of Hollywood stars!



Elizabeth Taylor

starring in M.G.M.'s "RAINTREE COUNTY"
in M.G.M. Camera 65 and Metrocolour



Tablettes 1/3. Small Size 2/- Large Economy Size 3/6
BUY THE LARGE ECONOMY
SIZE AND SAVE MONEY

Also available in creamy
satin-soft lotion form in
leakproof Bubbles, 1/- ea.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

act in 3 main ways to keep you fit, active and attractive,
free from rheumatic, joint and muscular aches and pains.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

(1) Supply trace elements and electrolytes you
daily need to renew your body tissues.
(2) expel surplus fluid by gentle osmosis and
diuresis, and (3) help regulate your body functions.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

are used by more than a million people, they are
harmless and safe for the most delicate persons
and treatment costs you only a few pence a day.

DR. MACKENZIE'S MENTHOIDS

will help keep you and yours active and attractive—free
from crippling, painful rheumatism, fibrositis, aching
joints and muscular pains. Get them everywhere for
9/- or 5/- and start this famous treatment today.

From page 3 . . . Mountain of No Return



DRAMATIC last minutes of the Eiger rescue. Above: Claudio Corti sits on the snow after having been hauled to the top by German guide Alfred Helepart (in dark cap at left). Inset: Holiday-makers at Kleine Scheidegg took turns at a large telescope to watch the 60 men in the rescue teams.

'A living spirit'

● Few men fight the Eiger and survive. For a time the Swiss authorities put it out of bounds to climbers because too many guides were being asked to risk their lives in rescue work.

NONE of the mountain men thought of this when they heard of the four men trapped on the north face.

To rescue them, teams again risked their lives. Against tremendous odds, Italian Claudio Corti, 29, was found and winched to safety on the back of German Alfred Helepart.

Corti's companion, Stefano Longhi, 44, died hanging in the ropes used to secure him to the rock face when he was injured in a fall.

Germans Guenther Northdurft, 27, and Goetz Meier, 26, separated from Corti in an attempt to reach safety and summon aid. Nothing has been heard of them since.

Mount Eiger is one-third rock; two-thirds ice and snow. For nearly 6000ft. it is almost vertical.

The mountain-rescue men,

who live in its shadow, respect it as they do no other peak in the Alps. They love it, and talk about it as if it were a living spirit.

Mountain-guiding is a family job. Most of the men in the rescue teams had fathers and grandfathers who were men of the mountains.

Severe tests

Climbing is as instinctive for them as it is for a monkey in a tree. But before they are registered as guides they must pass tests in mountaineering, geography, map and compass reading, and first-aid. There are separate tests in ski-ing, rock-climbing, and glacier-walking.

Their physical and mental stamina is tested in isolated mountain huts, where they are subjected to extreme hardship.

They learn to work with the avalanche dogs, and they in turn train the dogs. The men

bury themselves in snow, and the dogs are set to find them.

They must be rescued within an hour or they would suffocate. They take a portable radio into the simulated avalanche to keep contact with other guides in case the dogs cannot find them.

A guide must be at least 20 years old before he is qualified.

Most of the mountain men work as guides in the four summer months. For the rest of the year, they have jobs in the villages under the mountains.

They are carpenters and solicitors, schoolteachers and chefs. Some are ski teachers at winter-sports resorts.

Their wives prefer them to be teaching beautiful women to ski rather than to be climbing.

When they are climbing, the guides may be away for weeks. Their families are never sure when they will return.

When the glaciers and snowfields melt in the summer, calls for help come down from the mountains almost daily. Then the women wonder whether their men will ever return from the sinister peaks.

The wives are now behind a move to secure compensation for families of men who are killed or injured on a rescue.

All have private insurance, which they must pay themselves. Otherwise, their only payment is partial compensation for loss of earnings while they are climbing.

Sometimes the rescue party is handsomely compensated by the rescued. Others have been promised lavish gifts by people in danger, only to find afterwards that they did not get even a few words of gratitude.

It is not uncommon for a guide to refuse to take some climbing tourists into the mountains. They fear the would-be mountaineers are not up to it physically, or have too little experience. Other times they put climbers through small tests before agreeing to guide them.

Most common causes of accidents in the Alps are heart-failure, apoplexy, falling stones, exposure, and falls while picking wildflowers.

"We'd have to risk our lives less often if climbers only knew their limits," say the rescue men.

After the Eiger tragedy, the Swiss guides warned: "In future, reckless climbers who risk their lives on the north face should, under no circumstances, expect our help."

But nobody believes the mountain men will ever be deaf to a call for help from the peaks. In their own words, "It's a simple question of humanity."

There is also their love of the mountains—the gently undulating Theodul, the Rothorn, the Weisshorn, even Eiger, the mountain of death.



SAFETY AND A CIGARETTE for Corti, wrapped in warm clothing on a rescue sledge used to bring him down from the mountain. Eiger has been climbed only twice before.

WONDER DRUGS: A new menace?

Hasty use can turn medical weapons back on mankind

Doctors are worried because the indiscriminate use of antibiotic drugs may have bred a new menace in staphylococcus aureus, the "golden staph," which is killing when associated with pneumonia or when it invades the blood-stream.

THE doctors fear that some bacteria which may cause pneumonia and septicaemia and long thought to have been beaten by modern medicine, are re-emerging, antibiotic-resistant, to endanger the community.

But just how serious is this problem, and is staphylococcus pneumonia in epidemic form? I asked Dr. Edgar Thomson, Director of the Fairfax Institute of Pathology at Sydney's Royal Prince Alfred Hospital.

Dr. Thomson, who is one of Australia's leading authorities on antibiotics, has repeatedly warned doctors over the last decade against the indiscriminate use of antibiotics. "The public should know that there is no epidemic of staphylococcus aureus, but it is becoming antibiotic-resistant and it has been increasing gradually in its attack for the past few years," he said.

Nothing new

"We have had staphylococcus pneumonia for years, and people have died from it as they have from many other diseases. There is nothing new about it, and absolutely no reason for any panic.

"While the incidence of main staph infections has significantly increased, the actual death rate per 1000 of population is probably no greater than it ever was.

"At present it is linked with the influenza epidemic, because an attack of influenza can lower the resistance of the individual, and people with lowered resistance are more

likely, particularly if they are old or under 25, to develop pneumonia and pick up staph."

I asked Dr. Thomson to describe and explain the germs or organisms which develop resistance to antibiotics.

He said: "There are only four types of organism which develop resistance to antibiotics in such a way as to present a problem in treatment.

"These are three types of what are called gram negative bacilli, which may cause infection of the kidney and bladder, wound infections, and sometimes pneumonia.

"And the fourth type is the staphylococcus, which is by far the worst.

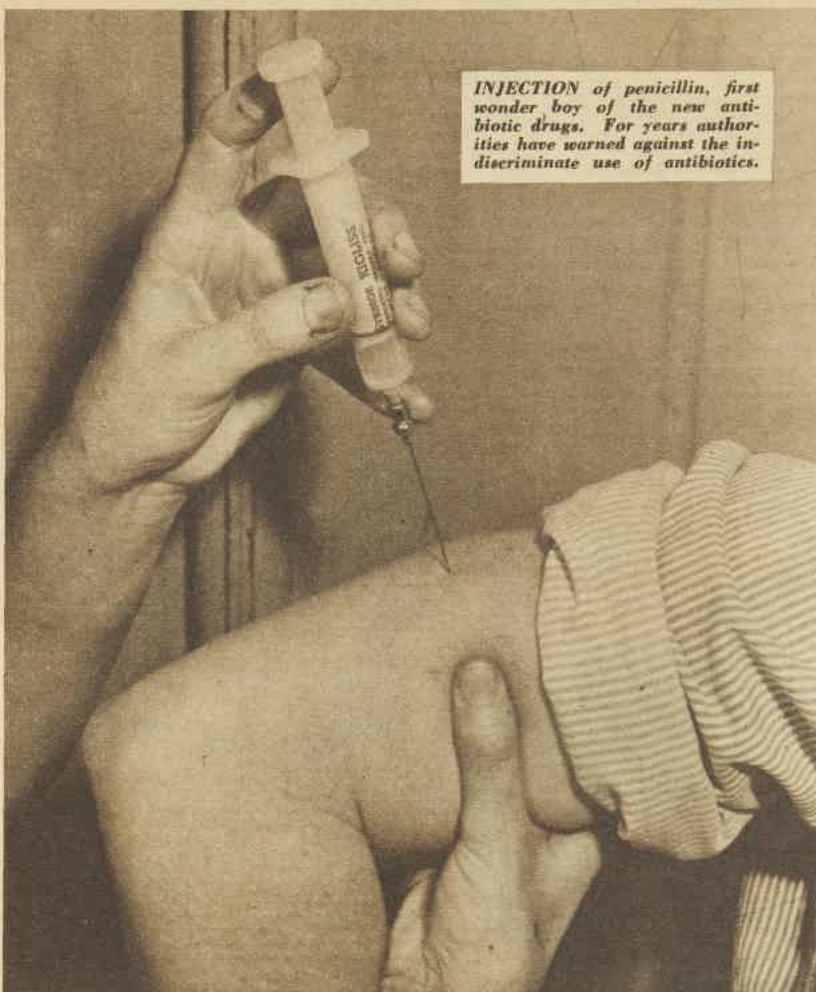
"But there are very many strains of staphylococcus. Some of these never become resistant, others do. Staphylococcus Type 80 is one of our biggest headaches, and the one causing concern at the moment.

"Type 80 is the one which is mainly about at present—the one which is associated with pneumonia.

"The most common source of staphylococcus aureus, or golden staph, is in the nose and skin. The most common infection is the boil.

"Boils have been increasing for several years because staphylococcus aureus is becoming antibiotic-resistant, and this means there is more staph about and it's more virulent.

"If this organism stays as a boil, it causes no more than local trouble. But if it gets to the lungs or the bone it is dangerous and hard to stop, although most people recover."



I asked Dr. Thomson why the four types of organism were developing antibiotic resistance.

"Resistance to bacteria," he said, "has nothing whatever to do with people, their heredity, constitution, or health.

"Resistance is purely a private affair between the bacteria and the antibiotic.

"Normally, an antibiotic either kills an organism or prevents its growth by stopping its breeding or multiplication.

(Organisms breed by dividing and sub-dividing.)

"But when an organism is resistant it continues to live and to multiply.

"We don't know why, but it is some biochemical change within the organism which makes it resistant.

"It is not the antibiotic-resistant organism like staphylococcus aureus which kills, but a powerful toxin or poison which the organism produces within the body—and antibiotics have no effect on this poison.

Most effective

"Another problem, about which we know little, is that some staphylococcus, though sensitive to antibiotics, still kill because of the powerful toxin they produce.

"No, we have no special antibiotics in reserve to attack staphylococcus aureus, but at present tetracycline, erythromycin, and chloramphenicol are the most effective, in that order."

Now, before Dr. Thomson sums up on this important problem, let's get infections and antibiotics into perspective.

Only a century ago the idea that germs or bacteria

existed was regarded as fantastic.

But, thanks to the work of men like Pasteur, Koch, Lister, and others, the germ theory of disease was accepted about 1880—only 77 years ago.

This is the date, still within living memory, of the birth of modern medicine.

It was not surprising, then, that up to only a generation ago only a tough constitution and good nursing pulled you through if you developed a number of diseases which had killed man for centuries.

By
RONALD McKIE

At the top of the list was ordinary pneumonia, due to the organism known as pneumococcus. This was the great killer, the "King of Death."

There was no cure for it, and if you got it you survived only if you were lucky.

Another of the great killers was puerperal fever—septicaemia—the terrible and uncontrollable disease of childbirth.

The easiest place to catch it was in hospital, for hospitals then (and even today) were among the major sources of infection.

In the 1870s puerperal fever killed one mother in 30 in England, and in some Continental hospitals one mother in 10.

Recognition that the disease was caused by a germ, better hygiene, and other preventive measures had reduced puerperal fever deaths to one mother in 650 in England by the end of the 1920s, although this was still far too high.

And puerperal fever was merely one of the many septicaemias—what father and grandfather called blood poisoning—which ranged from wound and bone infections to infections of the heart.

There were also diseases, without true cure, like meningitis and tuberculosis and the two forms of venereal disease.

"Preventive"

That, broadly, was the position only 25 years ago. Then came the beginnings of a revolution in preventive medicine.

First sign of this revolution came in 1935, when a new drug, prontosil, was developed.

It was effective against the deadly streptococcus pyogenes, the bacteria which caused puerperal fever, erysipelas, and other septicaemias which had killed tens of thousands in the days before Lister.

Prontosil was the father of the long list of the sulpha group of drugs which were developed in the next few years and hailed as the wonder drugs of modern medicine.

The best known among the sulpha group was sulphanilamide, and the remarkable M and B 693, which was particularly effective against pneumonia and gonorrhoea.

The sulpha drugs were so good that by the early 1940s enemies like pneumonia, meningitis, many of the diseases that came under the still-used term blood poisoning, and venereal diseases had been robbed of three-quarters of their victims.

While this medical revolution was taking place, another, and still more dramatic, was already on its way.

Back in 1928, and long before the sulphas had been

thought of, the British scientist Dr. Alexander Fleming had accidentally discovered penicillin, although the discovery lay dormant for a decade.

Penicillin was not developed until 1938, and did not come into general use until the early 1940s, when its production became top priority in World War II.

Penicillin was dramatically effective against most pneumonias, the septicaemias, and venereal disease.

It was used to complement the sulphas, which generally were less effective and more toxic.

(Antibiotic means anti-life—not anti-human life, but anti-bacteria and anti-virus life. The term antibiotic is given to the products of the fungi group of drugs, led by penicillin, and not to the sulphas.)

Penicillin was followed by streptomycin in 1945, aureomycin and chloromycetin in 1948, terramycin in 1950, others since.

Used to complement penicillin and the sulphas, these drugs extended the range of medicine against tuberculosis, bowel infections, virus pneumonia, typhus, scrub typhus, typhoid, colitis, dysentery, and other diseases.

Every pain

During the 1940s and early 1950s the wonder antibiotics were so brilliantly successful that most infectious diseases seemed to have been conquered for all time.

"They were effective and simple to use," Dr. Thomson said, "and a far too easy solution to the diagnostic problems of busy doctors with packed waiting-rooms.

"Patients also demanded them, and if one doctor refused they would go to another. And after 1950 in Australia antibiotics were available under the free-medicine scheme.

"Antibiotics were given for every ache and pain—for sore throats, colds, festering fingers, even chickenpox.

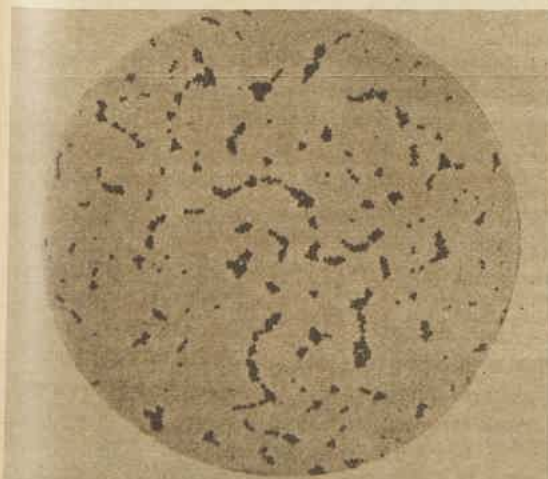
"Yet, as early as 1947, medical-research scientists and doctors began to issue the first warnings that this indiscriminate use would lead to bacteria becoming antibiotic-resistant.

"The first warning, I think, was in the 'British Medical Journal' in London, and in 1949 an article in the 'Lancet' (by Dr. Thomson) warned that penicillin and streptomycin strains of bacteria were developing.

"Despite these warnings, the indiscriminate use of antibiotics has continued, although in the past few years many individual doctors have heeded the warnings.

"Today the time has more than arrived when we have to get back quickly to more intelligent medicine, when life-saving drugs are kept to save lives, as they were intended, not to cure cut fingers, and when patients, under better diagnosis than in the past, are allowed to develop their own natural resistance to disease.

"In other words, we must get back to a more thorough, more efficient form of the old type of medicine."



SCATTERED CLUSTERS of staphylococcus aureus, the "golden staph," magnified 1000 times. The single spots, like tiny full-stops, are individual aureus.



"Darling, I'm going to buy a Singer!"

With a Singer Sewing Machine I can double our wardrobe at half the cost. Singer offer me 16 models to choose from, their deposits are low, and I shall hardly miss the small monthly payments from my budget. They assure me there will never be any difficulty in getting Singer spare parts or special attachments. Their guarantee of constant Singer Service is also important, because that means I can be certain of trouble-free sewing over the years. And, no matter what model machine I buy, Singer give me three free lessons to make sure I'm completely familiar with the machine. All in all, you can see why I'm going to buy a Singer."



SINGER 222 FREE ARM—compact and efficient, features removable bed-plate, giving complete freedom for darning and patching.



SINGER 99—the popular, budget-priced electric model comes in smart two-tone "carrying case" or Console table model.



FAMOUS SINGER 201—has automatic tension and stitch length control. Sewes backwards as well as forwards. Portable or Console models.



SINGER 319—the world's most modern automatic machine with "fingertip" controls. An endless variety of stitches automatically yours, merely by flicking a lever.

THE MANAGER,
SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

Please send me further details of
Singer Sewing Machine ☐
Please have a representative call ☐

NAME

ADDRESS

WW4-9 NT-103

Why not arrange for a **FREE TRIAL IN YOUR HOME** of any Singer Sewing Machine you care to choose from the 16 model Singer range? Phone or call at your nearest Singer Sewing Centre.

SINGER SEWING MACHINE COMPANY

There are over 500 Singer Centres throughout Australia. Principal offices at: 388 George Street, Sydney (BL 3851); 330 Swanston Street, Melbourne (FJ 3134); 221 Adelaide Street, Brisbane (B 1945); 148 Rundle Street, Adelaide (W 3360); 809 Hay Street, Perth (BA 6839); 68 Liverpool Street, Hobart (B 5900); also at Wellington and Auckland, New Zealand, and Suva, Fiji.

Singer Sewing Machine Co. is a registered trademark of The Singer Manufacturing Co.

Sew through life with **SINGER**

• **Prize play in production**

Tragedy helps a dream come true

By SHEILA McFARLANE, staff reporter

• An Australian who decided when he was 12 that he wanted to be an actor will play a leading role in his own play before he celebrates his 30th birthday.

HE is 29-year-old Richard Beynon, and the play, his first, is "The Shifting Heart."

The play, which won the Sydney Journalists' Club's £250 award last year, is being produced by May Hollinworth for the Elizabethan Theatre Trust, opening at Sydney's Elizabethan Theatre on October 1.

"The Shifting Heart" has won overseas recognition. Recently it was third in a world-wide contest organised by the London "Observer," a contest for which actor Alec Guinness was one of five judges.

Columbia Pictures already have made an offer for the film rights, but Richard Beynon is not interested at present.

"I wrote it for the Australian stage, and my first wish is to see it there," said the playwright, who has spent most of the past ten years in Britain and Europe.

Shy, despite his acting success in Australia and overseas, Richard Beynon still carries a dog-eared piece of newspaper that tells the pathetic story of a Polish migrant couple whose tragedy forms the theme of his play.

The clipping was sent to Richard in England, where he began to write his play, which he wants to dedicate to the Pole.

The Pole was Zygmunt Leczycki, who, with his wife, spent the war years in concentration camps, came to Australia to make a new life, only to commit suicide at Redfern, Sydney, just before the first Christmas the couple were to have spent in their new country.

His wife, who was left with

£2, told reporters her husband had been taunted by his work-mates for being "different" and unable to understand them.

Asked how she felt about the men, she said, "All people cannot be expected to understand each other in this world."

Richard Beynon said: "This seemed a social problem to which we must all give thought. When I won the Journalists' Club award I was pleased that people had the courage to recognise the problem."

"My play is not meant to be a localised event. It is a general comment only, with a view to awakening racial tolerance."

Truthful theme

"I have collected dozens of Australian Press accounts of intolerance to migrant families, so I know there is truth in the theme of my story."

"I have used a fictitious family. Since Italians outnumber other migrants, I have made the family Italian, but their plight is typical of the cases I have studied."

"There is not one instance in the play that is not somehow based on truth."

"I got situations and atmosphere from my boyhood days in Carlton, Victoria, from statistics, from the little Italian Riviera village of Lerici, where I have lived, and from my estate-agent brother, Fred, who has frequent dealings with migrants."

"Originally I set the play in Carlton, but as Ray Lawler set his 'Doll' there, I moved mine to Collingwood."

[Richard Beynon has another link with Ray Lawler. He spent his youth not far



MELBOURNE-BORN Richard Beynon, with the script of his prize-winning play, "The Shifting Heart," which will open at the Elizabethan Theatre, Sydney, on October 1. It is Beynon's first play, and in it he plays an Italian.

from Lawler's home in Carlton.]

In the play Beynon has the part of the young Italian, Gino, who comes from Lerici. There are seven others in the cast.

Richard thought of the title for his play as he was finishing the script half an hour before the Journalists' Club contest closed.

"I realised that a migrant shifts not only his life but his heart and his loyalties, too," he said.

On the day the contest closed, Richard left Sydney for Brisbane with the cast of "Witness for the Prosecution," which he joined from England at the invitation of the Elizabethan Theatre Trust.

"To be an Australian, brought home to play in Australia, was a thrill," he said.

Richard Beynon studied phonetics at Melbourne's Albert Street Conservatorium, later at the University Conservatorium.

He went to England in 1947, and within a fortnight had a job with a repertory company on the Isle of Wight.

Within a year he was playing juvenile lead with Peter Ustinov and Joan Greenwood in a West End play.

He has since divided his time between stage, screen, radio, and television.

He has played with Nigel Patrick in "Bridge of Estoban," with Fay Compton in "Family Portrait," with Margaret Rutherford in "Runaway Bus," with Kenneth More in "Reach for the Sky," and took over Richard Attenborough's part in the West End production of "To Dorothy a Son."

Although happiest when acting, he has produced several plays, including "To Dorothy a Son" for the Royal Family at the Theatre Royal, Windsor, in 1951.

Young Diana

Richard prefers comedy roles, but in the past four years he has been the murderer in "Witness for the Prosecution," "The Whole Truth," and "Shot in the Dark."

He remembers the young Diana Dors.

"When I was in repertory at Swindon, a grubby-looking girl came to the stage door every night to ask for a job," he said. "She became the glamorous Diana."

While he was playing in "Murder in Motley," he met two "walk-ons" who are now Jeanette Sterke, Britain's top television star, and Dana Wynter, a Hollywood star.

Richard Beynon uses his spare time for sport, reading world news and current fiction, and writing to friends in almost all the 34 countries he has visited.

His family, who live in South Yarra, Victoria, do not know much about his play.

"A play is to be seen as well as heard, and it is usually spoilt if explained to people who are not of the theatre," he said.

"But all the family will be at the Elizabethan Theatre on opening night to see it as the rest of the audience sees it."

As for Richard himself, he will have a double dose of "first-night nerves"—for his part and for his play.

Now! A new wonder formula for Australia's most popular shampoo

'Vaseline'
TRADE MARK

Wonder-foam



"I never wash my hair with soap. I shampoo with 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam", says lovely Victoria Shaw, co-starring with Tyrone Power and Kim Novak in Columbia's "The Eddy Duchin Story".

Here's why 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam cleans faster — and is so wonderfully gentle.

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam is based on a new, improved American formula—developed after years of study on women's hair care problems. 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam bursts into a new kind of lather. You feel almost instantly a thick, soapless foam—rich and fragrant. Tiny, active bubbles work gently on the oils of your scalp—will not dry them out—but free them of dirt, dust and dandruff.

'Vaseline' Wonder-foam rinses out quickly, completely. Your hair comes alive with its full natural colour. Perfect for oily, normal or dry hair and any shade of blonde, redhead or brunette. 'Vaseline' Wonder-foam is so gentle you can shampoo the children's hair, too.

Now, in the new, improved formula, 'Wonder-foam' is at all chemists in 4 sizes: small 3/9, large 5/6, plastic bubble 1/3 and giant economy bottle 8/6.



'Vaseline'
Wonder-foam
Shampoo

'Vaseline' is a registered trade mark of Chesebrough-Pond's International Ltd.

Looking for a gift to send to friends overseas? Our all-color nature picture book, **THE LIVING BUSH**, contains 184 beautiful color pictures of Australian animals, birds, and flowers, printed on glossy paper. See order coupon in this issue, or ask your newsagent. Price 7/6.



ACTOR-PLAYWRIGHT Richard shows his mother, Mrs. David Beynon, a model of the stage setting for "The Shifting Heart." Richard was born in Carlton, the same Melbourne suburb as Ray Lawler, author of "Summer of the Seventeenth Doll."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 1957

NEW SUCCESSES AT DIOR



● Dior calls his daytime suit (above) "Air France." The material is Bute Island tweed. The long, loose jacket has a self-material belt sitting on the hips; the skirt is short and slender. The hat, in matching tweed, is an off-the-face pull-on casual, reminiscent of the 'thirties.

LAST season Dior bared the throat and labelled the line "Guillotine." In autumn fashions he goes a step further for evening by plunging the necklines of his short-skirted dresses so low that they demand a special half-bra; a full bra would be too covering.

The short evening dress with its own coat and hat has replaced the cocktail dress.

In direct contrast to Dior's provocative, alluring new look is his "Shuttle" line.

The "Shuttle," expressed in a series of flat dresses with slightly bloused fullness above a low hipline, is a "lift" from Charleston days.

Dior is lavish with yardage in numbers of his suits and coats; they are often low-belted. The jumper suit, both for a.m. and p.m., is another revival.

Dior makes an almost exotic use of color; his blues and reds positively glow, his pinks are "blush," and his grey-blues misty and blurred.



● The designer uses red crepe chiffon for the jumper suit (above). The short "top" blouses slightly at the natural waistline. The neckline, like most of Dior's late-day-and-later clothes, is slashed to a deep decolletage which reveals the curve of the bosom. A rose trims the decolletage. The chignon turban is crepe chiffon.



● Low-belted, double-breasted coat (above) is made in one of the heaviest-textured tweeds in the Dior collection. The coat has a wide, open neckline, filled in with a beige cravat matched to the hat and gloves. Under the coat is a simple matching colored dress in a lighter-weight tweed.



● Exotic dress (above) made in heavy figured satin is typical of the short formal evening dress that is replacing the cocktail dress in this season's collections. The low-cut neckline is softly collared and finished with a deep bow on the bosom. The wide-brimmed hat is panne velvet. The dress is worn by Victoire.



• Empire sheath and matching evening coat (above and left) are made in glowing blue satin and worn with matching gloves, shoes, and a tiny chignon bandeau. The new long pointed-toe shoes have instep straps. The coat is straight and rather voluminous, with extended shoulders, and tiny bows trim the high-standing collar.



• Dior calls his new line (above) the "Shuttle." The dress is blush-pink, entirely beaded, and trimmed with fringe on bodice and skirt. The model is worn by Lucky, one of his favorite mannequins. The dress is called "Colypso" and has a look of the '20s.

• "Rose Rouge," worn by Lea, another famous Dior mannequin (right), is in heavy faulle. The neckline plunges low in front with a rose finishing the cleavage. The waistline suggests soft drapery. The skirt is full and the gloves are to match.



KEEP YOUR HAIR

Shining, Silken-Soft
and lovely!



RICHARD HUDNUT egg creme shampoo

CLEANS YOUR HAIR LIKE MAGIC!

Soapless!

Concentrated!

You'll be delighted with the new beauty Egg Creme Shampoo brings to your hair... hidden subtleties of tone... lustrous sheen alluringly revealed... and so easily, quickly, simply by the almost magical action of the egg formula which makes this shampoo the most sought-after by the well-groomed. Richard Hudnut Egg Creme Shampoo cleans your hair like magic—yet it's gentle, non-drying. It leaves no dulling "soapy" film and it keeps your hair shining clean.



TRY A 1/3 BUBBLE
... then buy the
ECONOMICAL BOTTLES
5/6 and 9/6

And Egg Creme Shampoo is concentrated—
costs no more to use than ordinary shampoo.

Creation of *Richard Hudnut*

EC52.102

Are you WORRYING your life away?

If you are always tense and anxious, if you're "on edge" and lack confidence, your nerves need Sanatogen.

Constant worrying and tiredness, broken sleep, irritability are signs of nervous stress; signs that your body and nerve cells need extra nourishment.

Sanatogen provides essential nourishment because Sanatogen is a PROTEIN nerve tonic. You'll find that a course of Sanatogen will help you to relax, to sleep soundly and feel unworried in daily life.

Sanatogen is not a drug or sedative. It is a nerve-nutrient of lasting value—a tonic recommended by doctors the world over and sold by all chemists.

Sanatogen THE PROTEIN
NERVE TONIC

RED IS DANGEROUS ...EVEN ON TV

● If you are ever asked to appear on television, don't wear red. It is the most unpredictable of all colors when photographed on TV. Some reds (clear yellow-scarlets) photograph as white, others (deep blue-reds) show as a rich, dark grey.

MRS. Thelma Afford, a freelance theatre-costume designer, told me this when I talked to her about her experiences with color and textures during the months she has been dressing live drama for ABC-TV.

Illustrating her story, she told me what she described as TV's first "traditional" story. It concerns the opening days of American TV when a producer, eager for big audience rating, ran a beauty contest.

He put the six finalists in red one-piece suits and got more publicity than he bargained for. The red was a yellow-scarlet, and the six girls looked as if they had nothing on.

Mrs. Afford has run up against so many problems of color and effect in TV that she is prepared to endorse this story.

The plays she has dressed for ABC-TV include "The £12 Look" (the first live drama the A.B.C. did on TV), "Ending It," "Pride and Prejudice," "Three-cornered Moon," and Christopher Fry's "A Phoenix Too Frequent."

In consultation with the producer, she designs all the costumes, tests and buys all the materials. The costumes themselves are made by Mrs. Peggy Henderson, a theatrical dressmaker. They are made to fit the player, but are designed so that they can be let out or taken in for future occasions.

After they're used they go to swell the already growing "library" of TV props the A.B.C. is accumulating.

After my talk with Mrs. Afford I had some insight into

the problems and frustrations of a theatre designer who has at her disposal only nine colors.

Shade 1 is TV white, Shade 9 is TV black, and Shades 2-8 run the gamut of the greys: pale, pale grey, pale grey, and on up to the stage where, just before TV black, it becomes rich dark grey.

Mrs. Afford told me that when she was dressing "Ending It" for the A.B.C. she decided to put the heroine into an evening dress of rich dark grey. She saw a deep cornflower-blue material which she thought would be perfect.

Tests showed that it photographed badly.

To get the effect she and the producer wanted, she even-

Floral materials left Mrs. Afford standing.

"Difficult, very difficult," she said. "Every one would have to be tested before you used it."

"I cannot tell you what a tricky business color is on TV."

Pure white and black do not photograph well. White creates a shimmer or shine, and black "burns."

But you get the effect of white from many other colors. Practically any clear pastel, including pale grey, blue, pink, lemon, mauve, green, and clear scarlet, appears on the screen as TV white.

Colors that have come out as TV black include dark browns, greens, blues, and dull bronze-yellow-lame.



THELMA AFFORD

I asked Mrs. Afford for some general "dressing" advice on TV. Here it is:

FOR THE WOMEN:

- Keep clear of black and white, anything that depends on subtlety of color, and anything heavily ornamented.
- Remember the cut and line are important; every tiny fault, like uneven gathers, is magnified by the camera.
- Don't wear heavy jewelry — it takes the interest from the face.
- Wear the neckline that becomes you best, whatever the fashion.
- Avoid anything "bulky" or "messy"; the cleaner and purer the line, the better.

FOR THE MEN:

- Wear a blue-grey or blue-green worsted suit and a pale blue or pale green shirt.

FOR BOTH:

- Remember you are dressing and making up for an audience that is only two feet away from you. You are right beside them.

"ALFRED HITCHCOCK PRESENTS" (Channel 7, ATN, 9.00 p.m., Fridays) is, as you would expect, among the best TV entertainment.

They are suspense dramas presented in a polished show interspersed with Mr. Hitchcock in person being frank about the advertisements that mark the half-hour into intervals.

Like most successful men, Hitchcock appreciates what is done for him. Recently Grahame Willis, ATN's publicity man, was surprised to receive a gift from Hitchcock — a book containing 25 short stories the censor wouldn't let him do on TV.

I'm told that a strong nerve and stomach are necessary to appreciate these vignettes in suspense laced with murder, mayhem, and black magic.

Hitchcock autographed the book, which bears the signature silhouette that starts his TV show, and added a message thanking Mr. Willis for the job he'd done.

I NOMINATE Jace Pearson, top Texas ranger in The Texas Rangers, Channel 9, TCN's 7.15 p.m. Saturday show, as the man on TV who plays the greatest attention to detail in clothing.

Jace, a two-gun man, buttoned, belted, and spurred, gets his man regularly (assisted by other Rangers who, grimly efficient, march behind him). He finishes off the remarkably tight uniform the Rangers affect with as natty a collar-pin as you'll find anywhere—it's a miniature of the skull and horns of a Texas longhorn steer.

TELEVISION PARADE

By NAN MUSGROVE

tually made the dress in navy-blue organza over peacock-blue taffeta. To get contrast, avoid monotony, and also help identify characters in plays, Mrs. Afford finds it necessary to use both spotted and striped materials.

These are dynamite to deal with.

Dark blue and pale blue stripes give the effect of black and white, but you get the same effect, too, with pale pink and dark green.

Pattern pitfalls

Talking of the pitfalls of patterned materials, she pointed out that a clear pink cotton with a scarlet, yellow, and pale blue check pattern would simply appear as TV white.

All the other colors fit in the scale between these colors.

I asked Mrs. Afford about greys, which I had heard were good TV colors. She told me that a dark charcoal with a blackish tint would appear as TV black, that a mid-charcoal-grey with a blue tint would appear as a soft dark grey.

Mrs. Afford told me some interesting things, too, about materials.

Textures were most important and gave contrast, she said, naming rough tweeds, flecked or nobbly materials as "interesting" on TV.

One of the materials she thinks photographs very well is chiffon with its softness and fluid movement.

"Cheap shiny satin is very bad on TV," she said, "but a pure silk-satin glows and is quite all right."

"Silk jersey also photographs well."

As a general rule, Mrs. Afford said, shiny materials were not good at all for TV's strong lighting, as they picked up the glare and reflected it. She also ruled out subtle colors, because they lose their beauty.

Another fascinating piece of information Mrs. Afford gave me was about necklines, which, she said, had an alarming tendency to become lost, especially if the material were very near skin color.

"In these circumstances the neckline becomes lost and completely loses definition," she said.

"Recently I designed a clear pale pink dress, and to save a lost neckline I outlined it with narrow dark green ribbon."

Sequins and rhinestones are also villains for glitter on camera, and if any of these are used for contrast she films them with soap.



"A PHOENIX TOO FREQUENT," dressed by Mrs. Afford. Dinah Shering, as Dynamene, wears a cherry-red velvet cloak lined with lime taffeta on which is painted, in dark green, the key border. A turquoise border gives the white edging. Her chiton is lilac silk jersey, the honeysuckle border collar and belt are painted in purple. James Condon, as Tegeus, wears a deep fawn tunic. The pattern is in clear scarlet, his cloak pale beige. The TV camera shows all these as shades ranging from TV white to black.

COOL NEW LOOK... "Coral Ice"

NEW CRYSTAL-BRIGHT BRILLIANCE FOR LIPS AND FINGERTIPS

It glitters... it dazzles... it crackles with excitement! It's the new, all-the-rage colour by Cutex... an electric spark of coral, flashed with a potent touch of pink. Breathtaking the way "Coral Ice" lights up your spring and summer fashions! Bewitching the way it brings out the secret fire in you! And wait till he sees you with this "real cool" look! So tempting — it's tingling!



CUTEX

Cutex "Stayfast" Lipstick, 4/11
Cutex Swivel Lipstick, 7/11
Cutex Nail Polish, 3/3 Regular
Cutex Nail Brilliance, 4/9



Beauty for a penny!



Buy regular bottle for 6'...and get **BIG BARGAIN** INTRODUCTORY BOTTLE for **1d.**



Look Alive

new
Cashmere Bouquet
FLUID MAKE-UP



Just smooth it on...
and at once your skin
Looks radiantly *Alive!*

Sudden radiance... with the only make-up that makes you really look alive! Choose your own natural

beauty tint—just smooth it on and let Look Alive Fluid Make-up keep your beauty excitingly vibrant under any light, at any hour. It's the day-time, night-time make-up you'll go on using for life.



Four lively shades to enhance your natural skin tone
NATURAL TINT
MEDIUM TINT
ROSE TINT
TROPIC TINT

★ **ONLY 6'—**

BUTCH



"Butch! We're on holiday."

MOTHER



"My husband writes: 'Something terrible has happened to the children, but I don't want to spoil your holiday, so I'll tell you when you get home'."

It seems to me

By



Dorothy Drann

LAST weekend I washed the curtains, tidied some cupboards, put a new cover on the ironing-board, and looked round to see what I could throw out. The spring affects me that way.

The throwing-out was nothing spectacular, only a pile of magazines, two screw-top jars, and a tattered lampshade. But if the warm weather persists I am hoping to go much further.

In spring people turn to one another in office lifts and say, "Lovely weather. Too good to be inside."

Most of them are passionately anxious to be tearing round golf courses, or bush-walking. But for me, a buried domestic instinct asserts itself, and I wish to be home with some carpet-cleaner.

This is not unusual, of course. Though spring-cleaning originated in colder climates, the urge to do it persists.

A friend of mine has a husband with a passion for spring-cleaning the garden.

He prunes things madly, regardless of the fact that most of the plants he attacks should not be pruned at this time of year.

"It's tidy, right enough!" she said. "And so bleak. Last week he wrecked the passion-fruit vine. He gets home earlier than I do, and I was frightened to go home at night in case I saw a fresh horror. So I hid the garden shears."

THE onset of spring reminds me of an anecdote about the late Ben Chifley.

When he was Prime Minister he once said to a friend, "You know, if a man should get to the stage when he didn't enjoy sitting in the sun and watching the girls go by, with their trim legs and their pretty hats, then he'd be over the hill."

To which one could add: If a woman reached the stage where she didn't enjoy looking at the spring shop windows, she, too, would be over the hill.

The mad thing about spring in Sydney, a thousand miles south of the Tropic of Capricorn, is that it is really an illusion. The shops put their new clothes out, and the trees deck themselves in flowers, but the weather doesn't become consistently warm for another couple of months, or not what an ex-Queenslander calls warm.

But the promise of it is there. And anticipation is the breath of life.

SEVERAL million Americans now hold two jobs, and the practice is common enough in Australia.

In America the two-job characters are picturesquely called "moonlighters."

The survey doesn't state how many of the "moonlighters" are men and how many women, but the majority are probably men. Married women workers automatically have two jobs, but the home one is not paid.

And whether women are married or not their so-called leisure is usually pretty crowded with domestic chores. "Lamplighters," perhaps, is the term for them.

NOT before time, the Post Office has issued a sevenpenny stamp to suit the current airmail letter rate.

This is a relief. Ever since the rate went up from 6d. I have been unable to decide which were the more efficient stocks to carry in the handbag: fourpennies (for local postage) and threepennies to add to them for airmail; or fourpennies plus a batch of threepenny-ha'pennies.

If you cannot see that this problem is of any importance then you are not a stamp-carrier.

Humanity is divided into two kinds of people—those who buy a stamp when they need it and those who keep a stock.

And, curiously, the stamp-keepers, speaking from personal experience, are not necessarily those who are methodical otherwise.

I know women who would never run out of tea or bread, but who live absolutely hand-to-mouth with stamps.

"Has anybody got a stamp?" they ask after writing a letter, producing fourpence or sevenpence triumphantly. It seems so finicky to say, "Don't mind the money. Give me back the stamp tomorrow."

You can easily see which group I belong to. And if the post office wants to make me really happy it will issue both sevenpennies and fourpennies in booklets like those of the old threepenny-ha'pennies.

LIVE long enough and everything comes back into fashion. The latest is the baby's dummy, which now has the blessing of leading American dentists and child specialists, according to a message from Chicago.

For many years the dummy—called by the Americans a "pacifier"—has been on the outer. Most mothers, even if they owned one in secret, would sooner have admitted giving the baby heroin.

If the device gains general medical approval, it is bound to take on again fast. As a method of cheering up a crying baby, nothing more brilliant was ever invented.

THE British Minister of Defence, Mr. Duncan Sandys, said at a Press conference in Canberra that British forces in South-east Asia would be equipped with nuclear weapons in due course. He added that "in due course" should not be taken to mean either a long or a short period.

"In due course" means, of course, due course.

Due course of what? Now, now, sir! Preciser meaning you'd enforce?

To usage one must bow, sir. It means some future, unnamed day That may be far or nearer, Which no one knows and none can say, And what, indeed, is clearer?



EYES GLUED. the Sara quads watch "The Shiralee" trailer with the film's starlet Dana Wilson (centre). The quads are Mark (left), Judith, Alison, and Phillip. Behind (left) is brother Geoffrey. Alison holds "Gooby," a toy from the film.

"GAP-TOOTHED" DANA IS THE QUADS' PIN-UP



YOUNG ACTRESS Dana Wilson amused Phillip and Mark Sara during their surprise birthday party by taking the stage and making a speech to "corkscrews, bottle-tops, ladies, and gentlemen." Pictures are by staff photographer Ron Berg.

● Meeting a "real live film star" was the highlight of the Sara quads' seventh birthday, celebrated recently.

The fact that the "star" was only one year older than themselves and had completed only her first film didn't lessen their enthusiasm.

Armed with autograph books, they quickly became firm fans of appealing, gap-toothed Dana Wilson, who plays Buster, screen daughter of Peter Finch and Elizabeth Sellars, in "The Shiralee," a film based on the life of a swagman and made in Australia.

The quads, with their brother, Geoffrey, met Dana at Sydney's M.G.M. theatrette, where they saw cartoons and "The Shiralee" trailer and were treated to a surprise party.



"THAT'S MY EYE." flinched Alison Sara as the quads' surprise birthday party wound to a noisy conclusion. After the food had been demolished in seconds flat, Phillip joined starlet Dana in blowing paper squeakers.



"SIGN, PLEASE." was the request when the Sarns met Dana Wilson. Queuing for autographs from their new pin-up are Geoffrey (left), Mark, Judith, Phillip, and Alison. Behind Dana is her brother Laurence.

PREVIEW'S BACKVIEW. At "The Shiralee" trailer, the quads peeped under the curtain, joined in the fun by juvenile star Dana Wilson (centre). Showing was at M.G.M.'s theatrette.



"Hope one of the family gives me a **PELACO WHITEMASTER** for 'Dad's Day', it's just what I need . . . I like the smart styling and the triple-life collar.



"If we club together we could get Dad a **PELACO SPORTMASTER**. Gee we're going to have fun on our holidays this year."

"I'll be doing myself a good turn as well as keeping 'Dad' up to the moment if I get him a **PELACO WRINKL-SHED** ironless finish cotton shirt - with the wonderful collar."



We're all thinking **Pelaco** this Father's Day
SHIRTS



AT OPENING OF PARLIAMENT. Mrs. E. W. Woodward (second from left) and her daughter Judith with Mrs. W. E. Dickson and the Chancellor of the University of Sydney, Sir Charles Bickerton Blackburn, at lunch in the President's rooms after the opening of State Parliament.



ABOVE: Wendy Peters entering All Saints' Church, Woolahra, with her father, Mr. John Peters, and her attendants (from left), Prue Graney, Robin Peters, Elizabeth Widdis, Jane Mackay (obscured), and Sally Mackay, for her wedding to "Mick" Bowman, of Singleton. INSET: Mr. and Mrs. Bowman leaving All Saints' Church after the wedding.

SOCIAL JOTTINGS

THRILLED at the prospect of their first permanent home in twenty-five years are the former Flag Officer Commanding the East Australian Area, Rear-Admiral H. J. Buchanan, and Mrs. Buchanan, who have just returned after five months overseas. As a Navy wife, Mrs. Buchanan has lived in countless houses and flats all over Australia and in England.

Into their new home in Wentworth Street, Point Piper, will go many lovely pieces Mrs. Buchanan collected during her travels.

While in England, Rear-Admiral and Mrs. Buchanan had a happy reunion with their elder son, James, who is doing his Navy courses there, and younger son, Robert, on holidays from Cranbrook, was on hand to welcome them when they arrived home.

A DATE for your diary . . . September 7 for the new Ascham Younger Set's first dance at the school.

LIFE on the land will be a far cry from her present position as director of the Peter Pan Kindergarten for Philippa Curlewis, who has announced her engagement to Adrian Poole, of Jerry's Plains. Philippa is the daughter of Judge and Mrs. Adrian Curlewis. Adrian's sister Bronwyn, now living in Kuala Lumpur with her English Army husband, Basil Heaton, and small daughter, Sarah, hopes to come to Sydney for the wedding, probably in December.

EAGERLY awaiting the homecoming from the Sanitarium, Wahroonga, of her mother, Mrs. Raymond Purves, and new baby brother Robert is two-year-old Sandra Purves, of Warrawee. Mrs. Purves was formerly Betty Field.

ON seven months' leave from her home in the Philippines, enthusiastic skier Mrs. Tom Jackson (she was Cynthia Butler) scarcely had time to unpack before she set off again with her two elder daughters, Carolyn and Diana, for two weeks at Mount Kosciusko. Doting grandparents Mr. and Mrs. A. Butler, of Vaucluse, and a Filipino amah are looking after baby Victoria.

EVERYBODY is glad to see Mrs. Betty Gilly in Sydney again, even for such a brief visit. She is staying with her son, James Fairfax, at Bellevue Hill, and will return to her home in England within the next few weeks.

PRESIDENT'S LUNCH. Guests at the President's lunch after the opening of the N.S.W. State Parliament by the Governor, Lieut.-General E. W. Woodward, were (from left) Mrs. Clarrie Martin, Mr. Graham Pratten, and Mrs. Pratten.



INTERESTING ENGAGEMENT. Alan Mortlock and Judy Robb, who have announced their engagement. Judy's parents, the Len Robbs, are moving from Government House Cottage to Mosman.



ENGAGED. David Pattinson, of Boremore, and his fiancée, Kim Brownhill, of Mudgee. Kim is the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Gordon Brownhill, and David is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. L. N. Pattinson.



LEAVING St. Mark's Church, Darling Point, are David Robertson-Cunningham and his bride, formerly Deirdri Gill. After a honeymoon at Hayman Island the newlyweds will live at Culloden, Wellington Vale, Deepwater.

VISITORS from across the Tasman are Mr. and Mrs. Noel Cole, of Auckland, who will be in Australia for four months. The Queen stayed at the Coles' lovely home, "Moose Lodge," on the shores of Lake Rotoiti, during her N.Z. tour. Mr. and Mrs. Cole have taken a flat at Marton Hall for their Sydney stay.

DARK-HAIRED Ann Considine, of Mosman, has announced her engagement to Ian Neill and is wearing a diamond solitaire engagement ring. Ann is the only daughter of Mr. Roy Considine and the late Mrs. Jean Considine . . . she is planning a wedding next February.

Anne



Modess.... *because*

... with whisper-soft masslinn for new,
luxurious softness... or gauze cover
as you prefer... Modess gives greater
than ever protection and comfort.

PRODUCT OF JOHNSON & JOHNSON • THE MOST TRUSTED NAME IN SURGICAL DRESSINGS

FOR TEENAGERS

Here's your answer

By LOUISE HUNTER

● Love has many guises, some easy to recognise, some hard. The ability to recognise it and judge its quality puzzles and worries teenagers. If it is of any comfort to them, they'll be interested to know that adults have exactly the same problem.

HERE is the letter that has prompted these remarks:

"I WOULD like to know if there is such a thing as love. My parents have never showed or seemed to be in love. That is as far as I can remember, so I thought that maybe love is just what we read about in books. Could you please help me with this subject?"

K.E.K., Queensland.

I'll try. But to talk about this and give you a satisfactory answer I'd need many more words than would fit on this page.

There is such a thing as love and it is wonderful. It is not as it is described in books, popular songs, or in the movies.

There are two states in love — one is being in love and the other is loving. Being in love is when you first meet, and you're miserable one moment and happy the next, and live from telephone call to telephone call.

Loving is the happier state, and that is the state your mother and father are in.

The visible outward signs of love are not recognisable as such to anyone but themselves, but they are there. Long years of marriage disguise them.

They are clean shirts in the drawer, crispy potato chips perhaps, a husband who supports his wife's decisions, who comes home in time for dinner; a wife who keeps herself and her home the way her husband likes it. These all add up to loving—which may sound dull, but is wonderfully satisfying.

Someone once said that the difference between being in love and loving is like that between beauty and charm. Beauty fades but charm is there forever, deepening and holding people like your mother and father together.



A word from Debbie...

EMILY POST said "an asparagus eater is an ungraceful sight." But, ungraceful or not, the correct way to eat asparagus is with your fingers. Pick it up by the white end, dip the tip in salt or the sauce it is served with, and bite off the tip. You're sure to strike trouble sometimes with a stringy bit, and butter dripping one end and juice the other, but that can't be helped; lower it gradually into your mouth and use your table napkin.

I don't know what Emily says about eating corn on the cob, but it's an in-the-fingers job, too. Don't wear too much lipstick when you eat it; it is most unappealing to see a fair lady eating corn smeared with her favorite shade of scarlet.

There are, of course, some parents who believe that the love between them is a more public emotion and demonstrate it, but this doesn't mean they are more in love than the ones who don't.

"I AM very much in love with a girl who is going steady with one of my best friends. We used to go out quite regularly until a couple of years ago, when I went interstate to live. Now that I have come back I find she is very friendly with my boyfriend. I know that she still likes me and this makes things difficult for both of us. If I go out with other girls she may think I no longer care for her, but, on the other hand, should I tell her how I feel about her I may risk dampening any love she has for me, besides perhaps ruining my friendship with the boy with whom she is going out. I don't feel inclined to wait until things sort themselves out, and I certainly do not wish to rush in and ruin everything. Please suggest what I should do."

"Roy S., N.S.W.

I think all you can do is operate on the proverbs, quotations, and old saws. Remem-

ber "All's fair in love and war," "Faint heart ne'er won fair lady," and go ahead, closing your ears to things like "Do unto others as you would have them do unto you" and "You never feel the ache in the other man's tooth." You'll gather I don't think what you do will greatly affect the outcome of the situation. After all, three of you are involved.

"I AM 18 and have never taken a girl out. Lately I have been taking an interest in a nurse of my own age at the local hospital and I would like to take her out. As I do not know if she returns my interest, although she smiles at me in the street, could you please advise me what to do?"

R.L., N.S.W.

Next time you see her in the street, stop her and ask her if she would like to go to the pictures with you.

Actually I take it that you have met and talked with her, but if you haven't, stop and talk to her next time you see her, and if she seems to enjoy your company, suggest a trip to the pictures.

Even if she refuses to go with you, the sky won't fall.

***** DISC DIGEST *****

THE best-selling LP in the United States (as at a couple of weeks ago) is now on release here. No, it's neither Belafonte nor Sinatra. This time the honor goes to Nat "King" Cole for his 12-inch disc "Love Is The Thing." That smooth, sepiamagician of the intimate style has the tasteful support of Gordon Jenkins' Orchestra, and among the twelve tracks on this irresistible disc are "Stardust," "It's All In The Game," "Ain't Misbehavin'," and "Stay As Sweet As You Are." Fans will buy W.824 for the album cover alone—a portrait, not a mere photograph, of the "King."

In an interview on the "Pal Joey" set, Frank Sinatra said that Pat Boone is the best of the new young singers, Boone

has "better technique and is the better singer because he can sing different kinds of songs," said Sinatra. You can see whether or not you agree with his opinion when you play over Pat's first LP, appropriately entitled "Howdy!"

He applies his fresh, unaffected style to a dozen worthwhile tunes such as "Begin The Beguine," "All I Do Is Dream Of You," "That Lucky Old Sun," and those haunting "Harbor Lights." The number is HAA.2030. I hear it's to be followed by another LP in September which has all the big hits which skyrocketed Pat to fame in the U.S.

With so many American mood-music albums on the market it's a refreshing

change to come across one which introduces a batch of rattling good tunes by English composers and one that really does create a mood. It's called "Piccadilly 2 a.m." and it's beautifully played by Ray Martin's Orchestra on 330CX-1052. I don't suggest that you sit up until two o'clock to play it, but it's perfect for that last record at the end of a party or for dinner "By The Fireside," which, incidentally, is one of sixteen tracks. Among the others are "These Foolish Things," "A Nightingale Sang In Berkeley Square," "The Very Thought Of You," "Limehouse Blues," "The Touch Of Your Lips," "I'll See You Again," and "Goodnight, Sweetheart."

—BERNARD FLETCHER

ANTHONY HORDERNS'

FIRST IN AUSTRALIA — JONATHAN LOGAN ORIGINALS

BY PASADENA AT £6'19'11

Early blooming Jonathan Logan Originals by Pasadena exclusive to A.H.'s Cotton Shop in a window-box profusion of colours and designs to wear from Calendar to coatless spring! In floral stripes and dark prints — what could be prettier? SECOND FLOOR

WW36-1: The Jacket Dress — with a jacket that's perfectly matched and stopping short at the waist. It's in no-iron cotton (which means no worries) in an exclusive 10-colour print as illustrated. Sizes SSW to NW. The price is a tiny **£7/19/6**

WW38-2: The Dark print Sheath, beautifully draped in lovely shades of Aqua, Tangerine, Blue and Black floral. Available in sizes SSW to W. And what is the price? Yes! Just **£6/19/11**.

For the pigtailed or pony-tailed
'JUDEE ANN'
AMERICAN COPIES
FROM
58/-

WW28-1: Tyrollean Girl's Frock in easy-to-care-for stripe poplin with reversible bolero. Aqua or Pink. Sizes 22, 24, 27, 30" at 58/-. Sizes 33, 36" at 67/-. Size 22 with pants.

WW28-2: Tyrollean Separates for pony-tailers in easy-care poplin skirt (elastic at back) in Red, Green, and Blue. Sizes 33, 36, 39" 48/-. Size 42" at 51/-.

WW27-3: White or Lemon Blouses — 24, 27, 30" for just 22/6. 33 to 42" priced at only 24/6.

WW27-4: Toddlers Tyrollean Spot Frock with plain contrasting ric-rac braid trim, Red or Blue. 18, 20 and 22 inch, and priced at only a tiny 31/6.

JONATHAN LOGAN FROCKS, SECOND FLOOR — JUNIOR CENTRE, SECOND FLOOR, BOX 112, C.P.O. POSTAGE EXTRA. B 0931

A week in hospital..

a major operation

**CAN COST MORE THAN YOU
PAY IN 10 YEARS FOR
H-C-F, M-B-F PROTECTION**

Unexpected hospital and doctors' bills can add up to big money these days, but the H-C-F and M-B-F can—and do—help thousands of families like yours to avoid using up savings or going into debt to meet those bills. A few shillings a week gives you complete peace of mind—and your contributions are deductible from income tax. JOIN TO-DAY!

No medical examination • Over 8,000 Groups & Agents • No age limit

IMPORTANT. If you have changed your job lately, make sure your Fund contributions continue.

The Hospitals Contribution Fund and the Medical Benefits Fund... Non-profit funds operated for YOUR benefit!

(Registered under the National Health Act)

H·C·F

THE HOSPITALS CONTRIBUTION FUND OF N.S.W.

M·B·F

MEDICAL BENEFITS FUND OF AUSTRALIA LIMITED

A BLUE CROSS ORGANISATION



HOW TO JOIN : Fund Offices at 199 Liverpool Street, Sydney, or 32 Jamison Street, Sydney. Also at Canberra, Lismore, Newcastle and Wollongong. Agents (usually chemists) everywhere. Ask your paymaster at work about arranging contributions from your pay.

Q203A



I'm living on velvet!

- Super soft for baby skins.
- Hygienically packed in 'Cellophane'.
- Greater absorbency for perfect cleansing.
- Recommended and used by Maternity Hospitals.



TERRY NURSERY SQUARES

Available in two qualities "STANDARD" and "POPULAR QUALITY"

BUY QUALITY BY ACTIL

AUSTRALIAN COTTON TEXTILE INDUSTRIES LIMITED

Page 18



MISS ELIZABETH WILLIS, a teacher at Wahroonga School for the Blind, shows Sandra, a pupil, a page in one of her special "picture" books for blind children.

Blind children get a touch of reality

● A new type of picture book, designed to convey realism to blind children, has been produced by a Sydney schoolteacher.

THE book, by Elizabeth Willis, who teaches at Wahroonga School for the Blind, was displayed at the Children's Book Week exhibition recently.

It is a startling departure from the conventional braille "pictures" currently used in books for the blind.

Braille illustrations of raised dots, says Miss Willis, do not give the "reader" any conception of texture or depth.

Nor are they realistic. For instance, when feeling a conventional braille picture of a dog, a blind child will often ask, "Which is the part that wags?"

This kind of question is unnecessary in Miss Willis' type of book, because the "picture" is as close a reproduction of the animal as practicable.

For a bird, feathers are sewn to a piece of cardboard, a head becomes an eye, and even the wings are hinged, so that they can be moved.

The whole is glued to a page on which a braille caption is embossed.

Miss Willis has made lively, imaginative use of ordinary materials in her work.

In one picture, an old celluloid tennis shade was cut and shaped to form the teeth of a whale.

Miss Willis' first effort was a version of the well-known children's story "The Little Red Lorry."

She has since made other books with the co-operation of Somerton Children's Braille Book Club members.

This club does most of the illustrating today, with materials given by firms in Sydney and Tamworth, N.S.W.

Club members also are making maps, with principal towns indicated by small beads, mountains by feather-stitching, water by plastic, and railway lines by knotted cotton.

The maps are being made into atlases for the blind pupils at Wahroonga.

Although this will be the first time these pupils have been equipped with atlases, their favorite books are still in the fiction department, with "The Little Red Lorry" at the top of the list.



SENSITIVE fingers of Robert, another pupil at Wahroonga, enable him to "see" the picture carefully created by Miss Willis and members of the Somerton Children's Braille Book Club.

A child needs two or three years to learn braille. Miss Willis claims that her pictures will entertain and make the subject easier for beginners and more interesting to advanced students.

Her work, and that of the Somerton Club, has interested people in other States and overseas.

Miss Willis and club members plan to extend their work as far as possible, through the formation of new groups.

But Miss Willis' immediate aim is to make each of her pupils at Wahroonga a book for Christmas.

Children showed the most interest in a display by the Braille Writers' Association at the Children's Book Week exhibition.

One small boy confided that when he grew older he would "learn to use" those stylus things to make books, so my cousin, who's blind, can read them."

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 1957

BIGGER CROPS... lovelier flowers... *in half the time!*



ZEST

**PROMOTES ASTOUNDING
GROWTH OF VEGETABLES,
FLOWERS, SHRUBS,
PERENNIALS, TREES,
POTTED PLANTS,
CLIMBERS ETC.**

WHAT ZEST IS

ZEST RAPID GROW is a highly concentrated, 100% soluble, energised Plant Food and Fertiliser, based on the scientific discovery that plants can actually drink food through their leaves. For years, scientists have known that ordinary fertilisers applied to the soil furnish no nourishment until dissolved by rain or thorough soaking. This led to the search for new types of plant foods that could be absorbed immediately, by leaves as well as roots. ZEST RAPID GROW is the result.

ZEST RAPID GROW is a highly concentrated blended form of soluble organic nitrogen, plus balanced quantities of phosphorus, potash and other elements needed by your plants for good health and quality crops — ALL the essential elements of natural manures in clean, colourless, convenient form.

ZEST RAPID GROW is the Universal ALL SEASON Plant Food and Fertiliser.

HOW ZEST WORKS

ZEST RAPID GROW dissolved in water, forms a liquid Plant Food, which when fed through the leaves or roots is absorbed immediately. Zest Rapid Grow enters the blood-stream of your plants right after application, supplying immediate life-giving essential foods in a readily assimilable form. Any solution which runs off the leaves will be available for quick absorption through roots too.



The actual photographs reproduced here are the convincing results of exhaustive field tests.

Plants fed with Zest Rapid Grow grow stronger, healthier, larger, faster because Zest completely feeds plants through both leaves and roots. Every drop is active.

ZEST IS IDEAL FOR

- Bigger, healthier, vegetable crops more quickly.
- Starting seeds in boxes, drills or beds; new lawns.
- Quickly establishing transplanted seedlings, divided plants, new cuttings, trees, shrubs, preventing wilt and shock, stimulating root formation and healthy growth.
- More showy flower beds, more flowers and bigger flowers.
- Greener, lovelier trees and shrubs.
- Reviving sickly plants, shrubs and trees, including citrus and fruit trees.
- Keeping plants "going" during excess dry, cold or wet when plants can't take up Nitrogen and Minerals so well.
- Luxurious growth even in poor soil.

ECONOMICAL. Very highly concentrated nutrients — no waste. A packet of ZEST RAPID GROW will make over 2 cwt. of active plant food rich in soluble organic Nitrogen, Phosphorus etc. No bulky useless residues. Every grain is 100% active — you can use all you pay for.

CONVENIENT. Easy to make and use — accurate dosage — uniform distribution — will not deteriorate. No smell — clean to use — no flying dust. Saves labour — can be incorporated with many pest and disease sprays.

EFFICIENT. Quick acting — immediately absorbed by leaves and roots when plants need it, regardless of soil or excessive weather conditions. Long-lasting.

With ZEST to help speed up your crops you don't have to be an expert gardener to get results — ... ZEST will save you time, money and labour.

MONEY BACK GUARANTEE
PROVE for yourself that ZEST Rapid Grow is the most revolutionary development in home gardening... apply ZEST in accordance with directions to a 6 foot section of a row of vegetable seedlings, and if you cannot see a remarkable difference in growth compared to the rest of the untreated row, return your ZEST carton to the manufacturer and your purchase money will be refunded in full.



Both planted at the same time, in identical soil, but the ZEST sprayed flower plant at right quickly became a more showy, vigorous grower, outstripping its companion.



Here are crops from two separate seed potatoes planted the same day, in the same soil. The ZEST treated plant was given one application when it first showed above the ground and a further application three weeks later. Result as shown on right — 6½ lbs from the one plant.



Both these tomato plants were transplanted at the same time but the one on the right was treated with ZEST. Transplanting wilt was reduced and quick establishment and growth assured, compared to the untreated plant.

garden with
5/9 A CARTON AT SEED SHOPS AND STORES
(Slightly higher in Country areas)

ZEST
RAPID GROW

IF UNABLE TO OBTAIN LOCALLY send postal note for 5/9 to the manufacturer: Trimol Laboratories Ltd., Wembley House, Railway Square, 841 George Street, Sydney. Telephone WB 1256.

Safeguard your family's Health



MODERN, HEALTHY
SANITATION FOR THOSE
LIVING IN
NON-SEWERED
AREAS



Septic Closet

- ★ Uses no chemicals—only one to two pints of clean water required for flushing after each usage.
- ★ The benefits of sewer in non-sewered areas!
- ★ Self cleaning.
- ★ Healthy and hygienic.
- ★ Modern pedestals in a range of colours.
- ★ Practically no maintenance required.
- ★ Designed to meet and comply with N.S.W. Health Dept. Regulations.
- ★ Free plans for presentation to your local health authorities

Healthy, hygienic, TROUBLE-FREE SANITATION all the year round with a Humes Septic Closet. You owe it to your family—yourself—to provide this modern system in your home! Write now—or ring BX 4165 for full details!



HUMES LIMITED, 43 Margaret Street, Sydney. BX 4165

POST THIS COUPON:

To: Humes Limited, 43 Margaret St., Sydney
Please send—free and post free—your Septic Closet leaflet and three sets of plans for me to present to my local council.

Name _____

Address _____

FACTORIES IN:

RYDALMERE, TAMWORTH
LISMORE, QUEANBEYAN,
ADAMSTOWN, GRAFTON, HARDEN

Back to school...



PAST and present pupils of Emu Plains Public School. In front row are Mr. George Banyan, Mrs. Mary Clissold, Mrs. Polly Howell, Mrs. Linda Thomas, and her husband, Mr. William Thomas.

Hearts were as young as girls and boys in faded photographs

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

● "Do you remember?" was the phrase most frequently used when former pupils of the Emu Plains Public School returned to the sandstone building to celebrate its 80th anniversary.



SIGNING THE ROLL. Mr. Vician Colless, a pupil of 1881, who travelled from Katoomba to attend the school's 80th birthday. He retold stories of Headmaster Breyley's time.

STYLED rather like a church, Emu Plains Public School is about 40 miles from Sydney, beside the main Western Highway which soon rises to climb the Blue Mountains.

Driving along the highway last year with her husband, Mrs. Hazel Nelson pointed to her old school and said: "One day I'd like to see it again."

"Why don't you organise a 'Back to Emu Plains' week?" asked Mr. Nelson.

Mrs. Nelson liked the idea. She contacted the present headmaster, Mr. J. Garland, and with his help and that of the Parents and Citizens' Association, past pupils were traced and invited to return.

Tracing was not too difficult. People born in the historic village of Emu Plains (founded 1823) are apt to stay there, marrying and farming as their ancestors did on the rich plains of the Nepean River.

On the 80th birthday of their school, 65 men and women filed through the doorway to sign the admission register, writing with copperplate perfection, carefully printing the year of starting school beside their names.

"William Paul, 1879," and "Mary Clissold (nee Innes), 1880," were the oldest entries, but there were more of their contemporaries than you



ELEVEN-YEAR-OLD TWINS Mary and Bill Holleman showed their day's work to Mrs. Mary Clissold (nee Innes), the earliest woman pupil present at the anniversary. Mrs. Clissold, who still lives at Emu Plains, was a "new girl" at the school in 1880.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 195

at Emu Plains



OUTSIDE THE DOORWAY of Emu Plains Public School. At right is Mr. William Paul, who started school in 1879, with his wife, also an ex-student. Mrs. Hazel Nelson, who organised the "back-to-school" anniversary, stands sixth from the left.

would think, representing nearly every year from 1879 to 1900.

Most had attended school before World War I, although a few scholars represented the 1920s and 1930s.

They searched one another's faces. They smiled, kissed, or shook hands.

To the 150 present pupils watching, these folk looked old from the outside.

But in their hearts and minds they were young again, as they were in those faded photographs passing from hand to hand; photographs showing long-haired, pinafored girls sitting beside solemn-faced boys in jackets, knickerbockers, and long black stock-ings.

They talked of headmasters who had died—Mr. Justilius, Mr. Campbell, Mr. Breyley.

"Remember Mr. Breyley?" they asked one another. "Remember how he'd give you five cuts with the cane if your writing lacked the correct lines and slant? How he wouldn't give you a new nib until you proved the old one was crossed beyond repair?"

Two former schoolmates, Mr. Albert Lucas and Mr. Brian Colless, talked about headmaster Breyley's time, when pupils sat on benches in the big schoolroom; when you copped a "clip under the earhole" if Breyley caught you carving your name on the desks.

But Mr. Breyley trained you well, they agreed. He organised wonderful concerts. Can't you see him now, walking around, striking his tuning-fork, calling "Take that, wh!"

"Mr. Breyley kept ducks," remembered Mr. Colless.

Sometimes, instead of I-tty or football in recess, we'd tie a piece of string, put a pin on the end of it, bait with bread, and throw it to the old duck, who'd gobble it. Then we'd pull him in.

Mr. Breyley caught us, and the cane stopped that time.

Remember the other things,



OLD PHOTOGRAPH shows former headmaster Mr. Breyley with pupils. Two who attended the reunion were Miss Hilda King (top row, right) and Mrs. Walter Wood, formerly Amy Banyan (second row, third from right).

How the local orchardists dumped crates of oranges outside the school, so that after lessons you had only to help yourself?

How in the heat of summer, when the water supply failed, you had to have it rationed or bring it yourself?

These past pupils were talking living history. They could remember the days of the horse, the times when milk was a shilling a gallon, butter fourpence a pound.

Local history

Mr. George Banyan, who began school in 1885, is an expert on local history. From him, present pupils have heard how their school is built on portion of an old convict farm. They have seen his collection of aboriginal relics as well as the rusted convict leg-irons the plough upturned from the earth.

He has taken them on excursions to historic Lennox Bridge and to places where aborigines made rock carvings.

Local geography and history have always been stressed at Emu Plains. Two sisters, Mrs. C. N. Johnson and Mrs. L. Baker (formerly Beulah and Gladys Moorcroft), recalled Mr. S. E. Clifton, their headmaster in the 1930s.

"What a pity," they said, "that he couldn't manage to come today. We'll never forget how he'd take us for walks and make nature-study live.

"He taught us about weather, too. Each morning we'd check the gauges in the schoolground. Then we'd note the clouds and the wind and write our forecast for the day. Just before we went home in the afternoon, the forecasts would be compared with the actuality."

At Emu Plains Public School the 80th-birthday weather was fine. Past pupils sat around the square watching the modern generation in a folk-dancing display. There were speeches, and afterwards a tree-planting.

The 20 "oldest" pupils spaded in mugga ironbark, narrow-leaved ironbark, and blue-gum saplings. Plaques will be fixed to these as well as to the two trees planted by present pupils.

The trees won't take long to grow. Certainly, by the time Emu Plains Public School holds its centenary, today's children will be able to stand in their shade and to use the same old phrase about the 80th birthday—"Do you remember?" . . .



when the
BIG WASH
is over

a dirty spot's
not funny!



SUNLIGHT-
PURE AND MILD
AS A SOAP CAN BE

"It's enough to make you weep! A big wash done and that soup stain still showing on my best tablecloth. Just the night John's boss is coming to dinner, too!"

Just a touch of good, golden Sunlight on those extra dirty spots before clothes go into the copper or washer makes sure of a wash that's clean all over. Use all the extra washing power in Sunlight and get clothes really clean Sunlight clean.

EXTRA DIRTY
SPOTS NEED
SUNLIGHT'S
EXTRA WASHING
POWER



Su.193.WW143g

Page 21

KINKARA gives you most cups
to the pound

**whichever way you
prefer your tea!**



Whichever way you prefer your tea you'll find that, strength for strength, there's no other tea that gives you more lift, more full-flavoured drinking pleasure OR more cups to the pound than KINKARA. For MOST cups . . . MOST flavour . . . MOST lift . . . drink KINKARA TEA.



**FOR
MOST FLAVOUR
MOST LIFT!**

Junior Farmers, talkative and gay

By ANNE BRADLEY, staff reporter

A girl who works in a solicitor's office during the week and with stud cattle at weekends, a 23-year-old who has his own sheep and cattle property, and a 20-year-old girl who is a herd-tester were among 240 country-minded young men and women who attended the Junior Farmers' first State Conference.

HELD at Dungog, N.S.W., the two days' conference debated hotly but happily 70 motions from Junior Farmers' Clubs.

Nearly all suggestions were for Junior Farmer projects, and the conference voted that aviaries, first-aid, veterinary first-aid, photography, handicrafts, basket-making, floral art, woolclassing, woodwork, mushroom-growing, and seedling-raising be introduced as new projects.

These resolutions will be sent for consideration to the Junior Farmers' State Council.

Dungog is in the Williams River Valley, and the debaters came from all parts of New South Wales, from as far away as Tweed Heads, Bega, Barmah, on the Murray River, and Inverell. There were two observers from Victoria; one from Queensland.

Victorian observers were Wallace Bruce, a good-looking, 21-year-old from Yarrowonga, State president of Victorian

Young Farmers, and Elaine Eudey, a poised 20-year-old from Wangaratta, junior vice-president.

Wallace, who has his own sheep and cattle property, said he didn't get enough time to

look after it. "Being State president is too demanding," he said.

Stud cattle are his greatest interest; his hobbies are water-skiing and photography.

Elaine, who has been a Young Farmer for five years, has played in Victorian country-week tennis tournaments.

She is a herd tester—testing milk for butter-fat content.

Queensland observer Doreen Rose, a member of the Queensland executive, has been a Junior Farmer for eight years.

Delegate with a keen interest in stud cattle, attractive 21-year-old Nancy Clissold is club leader of Upper Castle-reagh.

Nancy works during the week in a solicitor's office. Her stud cattle, with which she has won several awards, are an after-work and weekend interest at her parents' dairy farm outside Penrith.

Many delegates credited much of the conference success to Don Brown, teacher of agriculture at the Dungog school. Don, slight, smiling,



JUNIOR FARMERS who inspected the 5000-million-gallon-capacity Chichester Dam during their first State Conference in Dungog, N.S.W. The dam is about 16 miles from Dungog.

Jill's husband, Geoff, is president of the Illawarra Club. They think they may be the only married couple in the movement.

Other conference personalities:

• John Hogan, aged 23, from Condong Club, who was noticeable for more than his eloquence. The first day he wore a brilliant canary-yellow waistcoat, the second day a scarlet one.

• Clifford Blake, 20, of Muswellbrook, a fourth-year agricultural science student.

Mr. F. McTackett, State Council president, said: "Clifford is an outstanding livestock judge for his age. He'll

go far. He's a brilliant student."

• Peter Buckmaster, of Canberra, whose every argument was based on finance. "They just don't realise," he said, "that all these things cost money. Someone has to point it out."

Peter was not even silenced by a Junior Farmer who suggested that "the honorable member for Canberra has let his district go to his head. Is he any relation to Sir Arthur Fadden?"

All the delegates hope to attend the second State Conference to be held at the same time next year in the Central-West. Dubbo and Bathurst have been suggested.



ARMIDALE club leader Rosemary Lucas, chairman for a conference session.

Which is your hair problem?



Hair too dry?

Lady, you need SUAVE... the hair-dressing that instantly makes hair shiny-soft... relieves dryness restores that healthy-looking glow.



Hair won't obey?

SUAVE makes hair magically easy to comb, set, arrange... and keeps hair perfect without stickiness or oily film.



Dull... no shine?

A kiss of that fabulous hairdressing, SUAVE, and, presto! —dull hair sparkles, glitters with twinkling highlights. Leaves no oily look or feel—ever!



Brittle... abused?

Use Helene Curtis SUAVE to condition your hair... make it satin-soft, luscious, eager to wave! Contains amazing new greaseless lanolin.

NEW—With amazing greaseless lanolin

HELENE CURTIS
Suave
HAIRDRESSING & CONDITIONER

Solves hair problems instantly!

New, Improved SUAVE brings you a revolutionary Helene Curtis discovery—greaseless lanolin! Now—in SUAVE—get the famous benefits of lanolin without oily look and feel! Let New, Improved SUAVE solve your hair problem... today!

Helene Curtis THE WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURER OF AIDS TO HAIR BEAUTY



* TRADEMARK



Enjoy this succulent corn . . .
Birds Eye Whole Kernel Corn . . .
fresh, young, plump and juicy.

You'll love the natural flavour and freshness sealed in by Birds Eye miracle quick-freezing

Just taste the difference between delicious Birds Eye peas and ordinary peas in pods which have loitered from farm to market, to shop, to you. It's amazing! That's because Birds Eye peas are picked at their dewy best and quick-frozen *within two hours*. All their colour and flavour is sealed in and held, right to your table.

Back again! Sweet, young Birds Eye Peas

— peas that really taste "fresh from the garden"

SHELLED, WASHED, READY TO COOK

Now YOU CAN again enjoy really fresh peas — snatched from the pods at the moment of perfect sweetness, colour and tenderness, then shelled and quick-frozen so fast by Birds Eye, that all the sweet flavour and goodness is sealed in.

You save work and time. No tedious shelling — simply pop the peas straight into the pot. Birds Eye peas are so young and tender, they cook in only half the time. Let Birds Eye show you the way to buy peas *really fresh*, sweet — and already shelled, into the bargain.

You get full value. You don't pay for yellowish, starchy old peas — or wasteful pods. Birds Eye select only the pick of the crop. Every pea in the Birds Eye packet is perfect — lush green, tender, sweet.



12 OZ. PACKET EQUALS 2 LB. PEAS
IN THE POD — SERVES 6

If a packet of Birds Eye peas is more than you need for a meal, a sharp tap will divide the frozen peas. Neat!



Recipe

MAKE YOUR DESSERTS MORE
DELICIOUS THAN EVER — WITH
BIRDS EYE ORCHARD-FRESH FRUITS!

Whipped up in minutes — a delicious dessert of fresh, sun-ripened *Birds Eye Peaches*, peeled, sliced, packed in pure syrup. Pile into glass sweet-dishes, top with a swirl of whipped cream or ice cream and a sprinkle of chopped nuts.

Try Birds Eye fresh *Raspberries* served, perhaps, in a rich butterscotch sauce — *Loganberries* baked in a tender pie-crust — or Birds Eye fresh *Tropical Fruit Salad* (tree-ripened bananas, passionfruit, pineapple, pawpaws) served very cold in a tall glass, garnished with mint. What a difference *really fresh* fruit makes!

BE 46 WWFPC

THESE ARE
AUSTRALIAN:

KINGS OF THE SKY

● The two proud heads on this page belong to eagles. The Wedge-tailed Eagle at right is one of the world's largest, and a close relative of Europe's famous Golden Eagle. It ranges across the continent and is a magnificent sight as it soars and spirals over the coastal ranges, riding on the up-currents created by the broken land surface. The great nest of sticks in a tree-top is sometimes eight feet wide and nearly as deep. From it the sitting bird has a commanding view of the countryside.

Whistling Eagles (below) are smaller and more numerous than Wedge-tails, and their name comes from the loud, whistling cry, which is audible at half a mile, sometimes more.

● Order coupon for nature book,
"The Living Bush," on page 55



LEFT: The Whistling Eagle (*Haliastur sphenurus*), photographed by Mr. V. Serrenty, Perth.

ABOVE: Wedge-tailed Eagle (*Uroaetus aedax*) was taken by Mr. Graham Pizzey, of Victoria.



Mother look !

YOUR FAMILY HAS MEN

WHO'D LIKE HANES UNDERWEAR TOO !

Quality plus value ? My word yes. And will they enjoy wearing their Hanes regularly ? You just try them. Hanes are tailored from soft absorbent long stapled cotton for perfect fit, perfect comfort. Wash—wash ; wear—wear. Hanes can take it. No sag ever and whiter than white always. The tunnel-top rubber waist band stays strong throughout the garments long life.

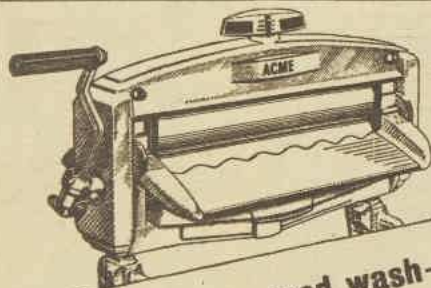
For men and boys

Fig Leaf briefs . Trunks . Athletic Singlets & T-Singlets

GET MORE THAN YOU BARGAINED FOR—GET

And La Mode make those wonderful Hanes sport shirts, too !

HANES
OF AMERICA



You've done a good wash—
now make it even better !

However well you wash your clothes, the final results still depend on the wringing. And only Acme wringing makes it certain that washday after washday your clothes will be as clean, crisp and sparkling as ever you could desire. Five million women already know this. Whether they use a washing machine, sink or tub, they all say

However you wash—
you should have
ACME wringing

Factory Representatives: J. CHALEY & COMPANY
Pioneer House, 353 Flinders Lane, MELBOURNE, G.I.

Manufactured by ACME WRINGERS LTD DAVID ST GLASGOW S E SCOTLAND

Letters from our Readers

£1/1/- is paid for the best letter of the week as well as liked on this page. Letters must be the writers' original work and not previously published. Preference will be given to letters signed for publication.

WEEK'S BEST LETTER

WHY is it regarded as slightly shameful for a woman to marry a man younger than herself? The tongues begin to wag as soon as it is discovered that Miss So-and-so is two or three years older than her fiancé. In the teens and early 20s a man is usually younger for his age than a woman, but in the late 20s and 30s maturity is an individual matter. As long as mental and emotional ages are reasonably close, what difference does it make who is older in years? I would rather see a girl marry a man five years her junior than 10 or 15 years her senior.

£1/1/- to Margaret Ritchie, Ripponvale R.D.2, Cromwell, Central Otago, N.Z.

IT'S absurd the way many wives whose homes have big, empty backyards moan about their large housekeeping bills. Vegetables must cost them pounds each month, and this could be saved if they spent just an hour or two gardening each week. I buy a year's supply of vegetable seed for less than £1, and with the little bit of spare time and effort I put into the garden I am more than rewarded. So, girls, you can save your money, have a nice hobby, and enjoy the fresh air just as easily as this.

10/6 to "Kinter" (name supplied), Robinvale, Vic.

WHY do many people eulogise New Australians to the detriment of their fellow Australians? This does nothing but cause ill-feeling. Recently I heard a woman praise a New Australian conductor because he helped her place a baby's stroller on a tram. Then she said she wished old Australian conductors could be as courteous. I thought her statement was very foolish, because I've seen many courteous acts performed by both old and new Australians.

10/6 to Brenice K. Cooper, 105 Frederick Rd., Seaton, S.A.

I HAVE scant sympathy for the martyrs who persist in going among their fellow workers while they're suffering from influenza. This applies particularly to those who handle foodstuffs, because this endangers other people's health. Apart from the danger of catching flu from them, you have to put up with their hacking coughs and the continual moan about how ill they feel. It would be interesting to know just how many people are infected by these die-hards. They would certainly be doing the best for themselves and other people if they were to stay in bed until they were cured.

10/6 to "Anti-Sneeze" (name supplied), Little Bay, N.S.W.

MUST manufacturers invent so many new names for colors? Mail-order shoppers, when confronted by taupe, wild-rice, fiesta, and other such names, have no idea what is meant. Sometimes one shade seems to have a wide variety of names. Recently I sent away for an oatmeal skirt and my sister sent for a wild-rice twin-set. When these arrived they were both the same color—fawn.

10/6 to "E.B." (name supplied), Cunnamulla, Qld.

Use the wrappings

THE complaint by "Iris" (7/8/57) about the wasteful and inadequate way butter is wrapped makes me wonder whether she has ever thought of saving the wrappings and using them for greasing frying-pans and other dishes when cooking. I am sure if she does this she will not continue to complain about the way butter is wrapped. I find butter wrappings so useful I would hate manufacturers to introduce carton packages. The present wrapping is hygienic, and tops as far as I'm concerned.

10/6 to Miss I. Miller, 45 Christian St., Clayfield, Qld.

Fresh air for baby

I CAN assure Mrs. Potts (14/8/57) she is wrong in thinking today's babies don't get fresh air. They are still put outdoors in their prams during the day, but most mothers place them in their backyards, which are usually more sheltered from strong sunlight or wind. This means the prams are out of sight of people in the street, and this no doubt is responsible for Mrs. Potts' false impression. Every clinic throughout Australia advocates plenty of fresh air for babies, and I'm sure most mothers follow this advice.

10/6 to Mrs. A. Simons, 27 Boomerang St., Haberfield, N.S.W.

Family affairs

MY small son went through a phase where he would find matches, no matter where they were put. He would then retire to a quiet corner, either inside the house or in the garden, and strike and toss aside the matches until the box was empty. We solved this dangerous problem by asking him to strike a match any time we wanted one for lighting the fire, a cigarette, or any other purpose. He was quite content to do this, and has never since taken a box on his own account, although we no longer hide them or put them "up high."

£1/1/- to Mrs. E. L. Brighton, Box 40, Dareton, N.S.W.

Each family is faced with problems that must be given a workable solution. Each week we will pay £1/1/- for the best letter telling how you solved your family problem.

Ross Campbell writes...

THE old saying that all the world loves a lover is an exaggeration.

If it were true, I would have loved Norm and Haze. But I didn't.

I came across this young couple last Sunday on a ferry on Sydney Harbor.

My wife and I were taking Uncle Fred, from Melbourne, on a sight-seeing cruise.

With most of the other passengers we looked out of the windows while a guide described points of interest.

I noticed a young man and a girl, however, who did not look out of the windows. They only had eyes for each other.

They were Norm and Haze. She was wearing mauve matador pants, and he was in a two-tone sports coat.

The guide's voice said over the loud-speaker: "That island is Pinchgut, where they used to send convicts to live on bread and water."

Norm, who had an arm round Haze, gave her a pinch. She squeaked and said, "Cut it out, Norm!"

THE LOVE PARADE

I thought they might be familiar with this part of the Harbor, and would show more interest in the scenery later on. But this was not the case.

"Here we have Long Nose Point," said the guide. "It got its name from that large rock shaped like a nose."



Norm and Haze, who were gazing into each other's eyes, rubbed their noses together.

"Afternoon tea is now being served," the voice continued.

But the romantic pair did not seem to want refreshments. As we approached Hunter's Hill they started wrestling.

"This district is noted for its colonial houses and old-world charm," the guide remarked.

Norm put a headlock on Haze, and she bit him playfully on the hand.

My seven-year-old son asked: "What are that man and lady fighting for?"

"It's only a sort of game," I said. I did not pursue the subject further.

Going up the Parramatta River they quietened down for a bit. Norm lay with his head on Haze's lap while she fed him peanuts.

But before long he sat up again. He tickled Haze all the way from Callan Park Mental Hospital to the Mortlake Gas Works.

On the way home they played handies, ruffled each other's hair, and had a series of football scrums.

They looked up for the first time with some surprise when the boat got back to the wharf at Circular Quay.

Why do couples like Norm and Haze bother to go on sightseeing trips?

I'm hanged if I know. But I suppose you must at least give them credit for making their own fun.



Dragging young Clarice along behind her, Mrs. Mull took to turning up unexpectedly along her husband's trolley route, much to his dismay.

The Kiss at Croton Falls

An amusing short story

By

IRWIN SHAW

FREDERICK MULL was a huge rollicking man, with a russet moustache, but when they took the trolleys off Third Avenue and put him on a pension he sickened and died—he who had never missed a day of work in his life except for drunkenness or wounds incurred in the kind of arguments a man from time to time could not avoid in the company of high-spirited and honorable men.

It was bad enough when they took away his conductor and made him make his own change in the front of the trolley, with all that traffic of New York charging and howling around him, but when they put the buses on and told him he'd have to learn how to drive if he wanted to stay with the company, he knew and the company knew he was finished.

All this shows how long ago it all was, when there was snow in the city every winter and the lakes froze over and all the comfortable brown buildings hadn't been torn down for brick and glass office slabs and it didn't take all day to go from the Bridge to Yorkville by surface transportation.

He had his faults. He drank whisky when he could afford it and beer when he couldn't, and they carried him home to his wife one night with a concussion, which lasted two days, that he got in a bar owned by a man named Mulloy near Fortieth Street, defending the hanging of Roger Casement.

His father had fought in the Union Army, under McClellan, and he was an unswerving patriot. He was part everything, he said, because his father's family had come from the Midlands and his mother was one-eighth Indian.

He had a slow, barrelling baritone, and when he had drunk one or two he would sing "Flow Gently, Sweet Afton" and "Good King Wenceslas" and "Oh! Susannah." But most of all he was partial to "John Brown's Body Lies a-Mould'ring in the Grave" and "Who Is Sylvia?"

According to his wife, he also had a weakness for women. The sole basis for this belief came from something that happened in the summer of 1921, when they were at a hotel at Croton Falls, recovering from the birth of their daughter, and Mrs. Mull looked out of her window on a moonlit night and saw her husband kissing a redheaded woman whose husband was not due to arrive until Labor Day.

Mr. Mull's story was that before he knew what she was up to, the redheaded woman pinned him against a pillar after dinner, while he was quietly smoking his pipe, and threw her arms around him and kissed him, missing his mouth, in her anxiety, by a good margin. But Mrs. Mull would have none of that, and from that moment until the day he died Mr. Mull enjoyed the reputation with his wife of being a wild, philandering ladies' man.

It was her contention that the women of the great city of New York rode on the Third Avenue trolley for the sole purpose of corrupting her husband.

There was a story, it is true, that on a spring day in 1919 a widow in a veil walked forward along the aisle and slipped her address on an embossed card into his hand while she was waiting for the car to stop at Seventy-ninth Street, but there were many stories in those days about motormen and

locomotive engineers and people like that, not all of them worthy of belief . . .

To forestall any other widows or soft-eyed young girls or dissatisfied wives with similar cunning tricks, his wife took to waiting along the route at odd and unsuspected hours for his trolley to appear.

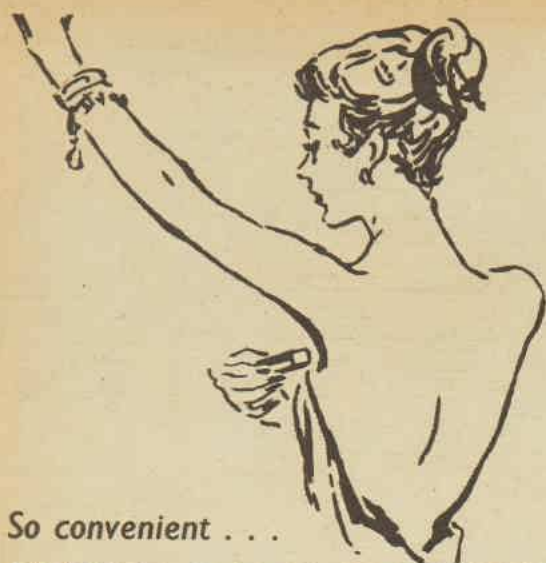
Once or twice he saw her in time, standing there next to the elevated pillar holding their little dark-haired daughter, Clarice, by the hand and he merely passed her by. She would scream like a forsaken bride, shaking her fist after the trolley car rattling down the tracks towards the Bowery, with the taxi-drivers stopping their cabs to gawp at her in wonder, but naturally she couldn't denounce him to the company.

So she descended to guile and picked corners where there'd be sure to be at least eight or ten other passengers waiting who, for his job's sake, he couldn't dare sail by. Even years after she had given up the practice, he'd tighten visibly when he approached Twenty-third Street or Thirty-fourth Street or the back entrance of Bloomingdale's.

When she climbed into the car, she'd nod icily to Mr. Byrnes, who was her husband's conductor the best part of the time, pay her nickel, march up the aisle towards the head of the car, glaring at any other woman who happened to be sitting there.

She'd never say a word to her husband. She'd just sit

To page 42



So convenient . . .

NEW ODO-RO-NO PUSH-UP STICK DEODORANT

Just push-up! Stroke it on! One stroke
wipes out perspiration odor instantly!

Protection starts the second you smooth on this superior new stick deodorant. One quick motion and NEW ODO-RO-NO banishes odor and all signs of underarm moisture . . . keeps clothes fresh and free from ugly stains. Only the ODO-RO-NO triple combination formula gives:

- NEW glide-on action that dries as you apply instantly sponges up excess moisture.
 - NEW instant ingredient that destroys odor on contact.
 - NEW skin softener to smooth sensitive underarms.
- Try ODO-RO-NO Stick in the handsome plastic case today . . . it's ideal for you . . . for him . . . for every member of your family.



NEW INSTANT
ODO-RO-NO
PUSH-UP STICK DEODORANT

Odo-Ro-No's round the clock
protection is also available
in cream and spray form.



B 212

When the time comes for

her very first bra
have her fitted with the

KAYSER "TEENAGER BRA"



Anatomically correct, with the
freedom of action her rapidly
developing figure needs.

In easy-to-laundry crisp white cotton
poplin. Sizes 30", 32", 34".
Look for the new compact
self-service pack. Just . . .

10/6

KAYSER "Teenager Bra"

The foundation for a lifetime of loveliness

WRITTEN ON WATER

Third long instalment of our dramatic
serial, a story of love and high adventure

By **VICKI BAUM**

ILLUSTRATED BY THEO BATTEN

IT seems that the beautiful, wealthy TRACEY COWLES has succeeded in capturing GLENN HAMMERS, handsome, down-and-out member of an exclusive San Francisco naval family, whom she meets in a nightclub in Mazatlan, a Mexican port. She takes him off to look at the Arundel, a luxury yacht she intends to buy, and leaves five thousand dollars behind for Glenn's old friend BOB THUMBORN (Thumbs) to buy the necessary equipment to set up the shark-fishing enterprise Glenn has been planning. An organisation in San Francisco, the Chempax firm, promises to take the output of shark-liver oil, which has suddenly become a valuable commercial item. Thumbs is told to form a company, the Cooperativa de Pescadores, with VIDA PACHUELA as its head. Vida is the half-Spanish-Indian girl who is in love with Glenn, and who had bitterly resisted

every action of Tracey's, knowing that the girl's influence on Glenn is very strong.

When Tracey and Glenn return to Mazatlan, Thumbs sees that they are equally infatuated with each other. They sail in the Arundel for the Galapagos Islands on a hunting expedition. On board also is PRINCE BARANY, Tracey's Hungarian husband. The voyage seems doomed. They find the Galapagos strange, inhospitable, cruel terrain, and on their one disastrous expedition ashore Barany is seen in the worst possible light. It ends with Tracey openly showing her hatred of him. When they regain the Arundel and put to sea they run into heavy storms. One afternoon there is the sound of shots, and everyone rushes on deck to find Tracey standing, gun in hand, crying that she had tried to shoot the sharks which attacked the prince when he fell overboard. NOW READ ON:

THE weather calmed down shortly after six bells that evening. The first mate took over the bridge and the captain interrogated everyone about the horrid accident. It appeared that Tracey had been the only eye-witness, and this is what she had to report:

Her husband had come on deck because he had felt too sick and miserable in his cabin. She and the steward had packed him in the dry, warm corner behind the deck-house, where he was protected. But he had complained about the smell of hot oil that made him feel sicker and she had sent the steward to the bar for some whisky.

The prince had tried to struggle towards her and she had signalled him to stay where he was. The deck was wet, littered, a slippery mess, and the pitching of the boat threw him off his feet. She had worked her way towards him along the ropes, at the same time shouting to him to get back to the saloon. But he kept on creeping on his knees towards her.

Then a sudden sea had washed over the deck and swept him away.

Horrible as this was, she had not lost her head, but had cried: 'Man overboard!' At the same time she had grabbed the nearest lifebelt and thrown it to him. She had seen him lifted up on the shoulder of the next wave, and for a crazy moment she had hoped he might be swept back on board. Then she had seen a big, blue shark come to the surface and she had taken the gun and shot at him.

She had kept on shooting in a panic until the magazine was empty. She didn't know if she had hit the shark that had been coming up against her husband like a torpedo. She hoped she had. But then another shark had torn the struggling body away from the first one and under. Then the next sea had washed over the deck and when she could see again there was nothing left but the gushing spray and some sharks' fins boiling up and some blood in the water.

The captain asked her where she had got the gun. She looked at him, surprised, like a sleepwalker who has been rudely awakened, and she said she didn't know. It had suddenly been in her hand and she had shot. It was the same old Army pistol Barany always carried in his pocket; the same gun with which she had helped that dying dog out of his misery.

'You don't think much in such a moment,' she said, and the men easily believed her.

'Could it have fallen from his pocket when he crept towards you and you picked it up almost without knowing it?' the captain suggested. Tracey gave him a pale ghost of a smile and said yes, that was probably how she'd got it. The captain quizzed all hands and especially carefully the sailor and the cabin boy who had come running when they heard the cry: 'Man overboard,' and the shots.

They had thrown another lifebelt and the sailor claimed that he had seen the struggling form of the prince in the water and how he was drawn under by the shark. Every man confirmed Tracey's own statement with his little scrap of information. Only the wireless operator, Sparks, made a face as if he knew better. When the captain told him not to smirk but to speak up, he said that he had heard two shots first and only afterwards the cry: 'Man overboard!' He had heard them while he was in his radio room, a cubicle aft of the bridge. He had rushed out and just seen the princess throw a lifebelt and heard her call again: 'Man overboard!'

Well, the captain asked him, what did this prove? Sparks shrugged his shoulders. Didn't it simply prove that he hadn't heard her first cry before she tried to shoot the shark? Or that he hadn't paid any attention to it? Yes, maybe so, Sparks declared reluctantly. After that the captain closed the

investigation, made his entry in the log-books, and a report was radioed to the American Consulate in the nearest port of call, Salina Cruz.

The entire crew felt rather sick and no one came to mess that night. Ironically enough, the sea was like oil a few hours later and the moon came up and the radio played tangos and jazz as if nothing had happened. In a way they were glad it did, it made things appear less ghastly. The steward heard Sparks retching and heaving several times during the night, getting up from his bunk, and wandering around.

Tracey remained in her cabin and when she came out two days later she had herself well under control. The only thing that had changed — outside of Barany not being among those present any longer, of course — was the fact that the captain and Tracey seemed to avoid each other from then on. She didn't visit him on the bridge and he didn't come to the saloon to have cocktails with her as before. Neither did she light cigarettes for him any longer.

More than anything else, this sudden strain in their relationship seemed suspicious, and the crew began to circulate all sorts of rumors. After all, wouldn't it have been more natural if Glenn had stood by her in her shock and grief? And if she had sought his company as she had done before? But nothing of the sort happened. Instead, Tracey took up her evening promenades on deck with Sparks and allowed him to explain to her the stars and the sky.

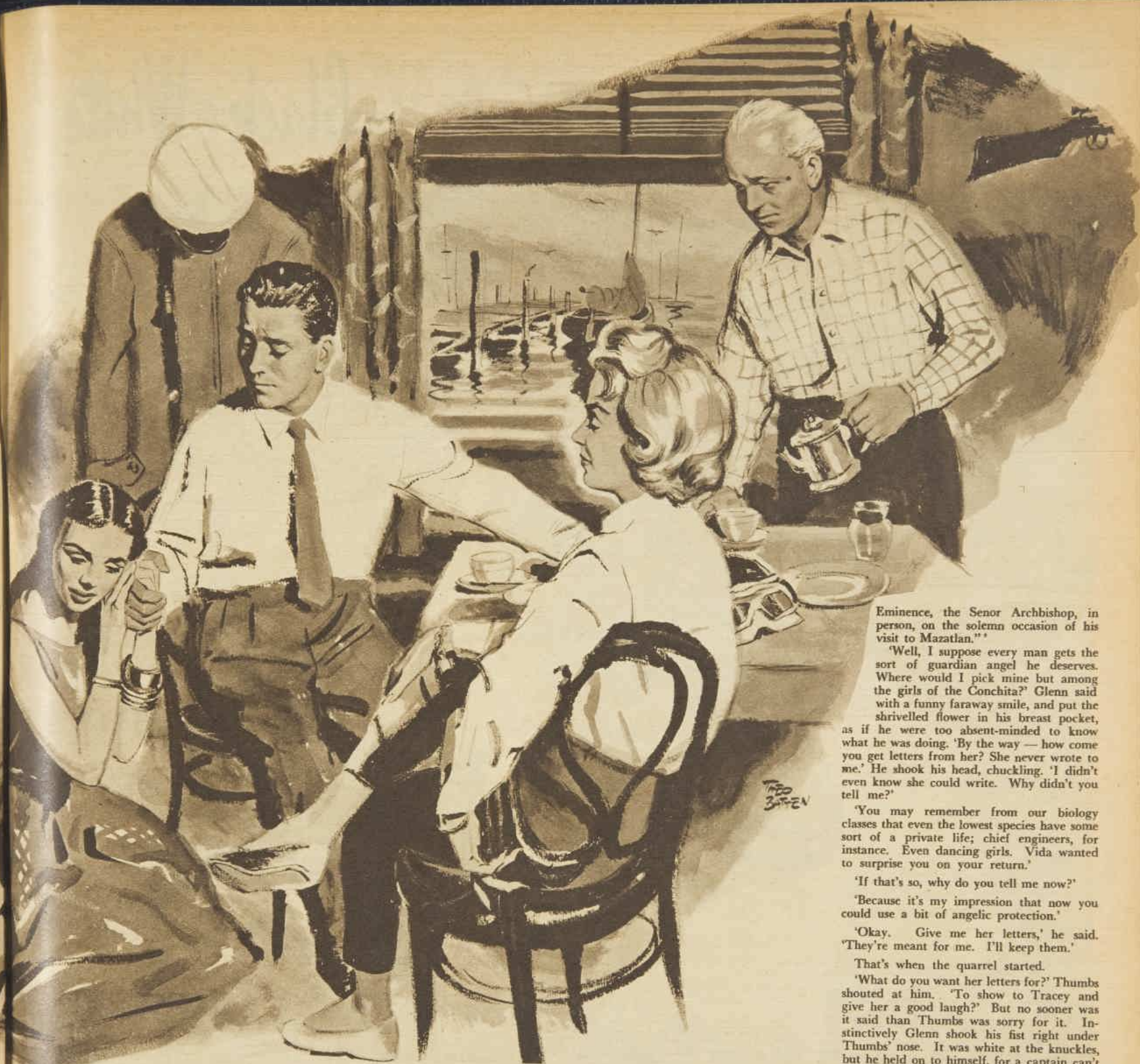
It troubled and upset Thumbs and he wrestled with his own confounding speculations. He refused to think that Tracey had shot her husband and then tossed him to the sharks. On the other hand, with a woman of Tracey's kind anything was possible. If she wanted desperately enough to be free to love and maybe even marry Glenn; and if the only obstacle in their way was that miserable, cruel, half-crazed, seasick wretch of a husband, Thumbs wouldn't have put it beyond her that she would have stood back and let matters take their course, if an obliging, conveniently hungry shark were taking care of him. Thumbs wrestled with the possibilities and never reached a final decision.

There was, of course, also that night when he went topside because he wanted to show the captain a certain letter but stopped, surprised, when he heard Tracey's voice behind the door of Glenn's quarters. It was a letter from Vida, and Thumbs had an idea it might do Glenn good to read it. It was such a peaceful and simple letter.

The first part was more or less all about the Cooperativa Pachuela — the poor orphan el capitan left in the care of my humble self and Manuel Perez — as she put it. The orphan did not exactly seem to flourish. Towards the

In a passion of weeping
Vida clasped Glenn's
hand and begged him
not to leave her again
and go off with Tracey.





end, though, she had written such words as only the Spanish language finds when it is filtered through an Indian mind.

"I do hope it goes well with the capitan. Because his eyes are mine eyes and his smile is mine smile, and his heartbeat lies in my breast and in my prayers. I beg you, senor, that you may take good care of the one who is your friend as he is the dearest friend of

Your devoted servant,
Vida Renata Maria Pachuela."

So there Thumbs stood outside the captain's door with this letter in his hand, a silly and bewildered grin on his face, and feeling like a sentimental fool, and there, inside, was Tracey talking excitedly and with a queer little crack in her voice.

Now why would she visit the captain in his room late at night if during the day she treated him like a stranger? Thumbs asked. He certainly was no eavesdropper, but the door was on the latch and in the narrow passage he couldn't help hearing a few words of their conversation.

"You won't let me down, Glenn, say that you won't let me down," she urged.

Then there was the clinking of ice in a glass, as if he were mixing himself a drink, before he answered: "Don't worry. I won't let you down."

And then she said in a small voice Thumbs would never have recognised as hers: "I do love you so, Glenn, I do love you desperately —" And then there came nothing and he didn't wish to hear Glenn's answer and so he crept back into his bunk.

The letter was one of several Thumbs had, to his great surprise, received from Vida. Her first epistle had reached him in Buenaventura on the out-bound voyage. It was written in beautiful calligraphy and in such stilted Spanish that he understood only half of it. In it she apologised profusely for writing to the Senor Ingeniero, but she was ashamed to send this letter to the capitan. Because, lacking some fundamental education, she had not written it herself, but had the letterwriter at the market do it for her.

However, now she was receiving regular instruction from a retired schoolteacher, as there were many things a person might wish to express yet could not dictate to a third person. And also on account of wishing to make herself of some use to the capitan perhaps later on in the great enterprise that went under her name.

From then on a letter was usually waiting in every one of the small ports of call — a stiff, childish scrawl, but rich and innocent

behind the groping words. By and by her handwriting and expressions became more fluent. By and by Thumbs began to wait impatiently for those humble little documents, even if she had nothing to report but that there was little fishing because of bad weather or that three nets had got lost: value, Peso 750.

The day after he had involuntarily come upon that night's conversation Thumbs almost had a fist fight with the captain over those letters.

"I have a little present for you. Wanted to give it to you last night, but you were too preoccupied," he told Glenn.

The captain shot one of his sharp, bright seaman's glances and then he looked at the dried and pressed hibiscus blossom held out on the chief's calloused palm. "What's the riddle?" he asked.

"From Vida. For you. She writes — wait, let me read it to you: "For a favor, senor, have the kindness to tell the capitan I picked this little flower from the shrub in our patio where he said adios to me; possibly he still remembers. I beg him to wear it on his body constantly. It shall protect him against any harm that may befall him, as I dipped it in holy water and had it blessed by His

Eminence, the Senor Archbishop, in person, on the solemn occasion of his visit to Mazatlan."

"Well, I suppose every man gets the sort of guardian angel he deserves. Where would I pick mine but among the girls of the Conchita?" Glenn said with a funny faraway smile, and put the shrivelled flower in his breast pocket, as if he were too absent-minded to know what he was doing. "By the way — how come you get letters from her? She never wrote to me." He shook his head, chuckling. "I didn't even know she could write. Why didn't you tell me?"

"You may remember from our biology classes that even the lowest species have some sort of a private life; chief engineers, for instance. Even dancing girls. Vida wanted to surprise you on your return."

"If that's so, why do you tell me now?"

"Because it's my impression that now you could use a bit of angelic protection."

"Okay. Give me her letters," he said. "They're meant for me. I'll keep them."

That's when the quarrel started.

"What do you want her letters for?" Thumbs shouted at him. "To show to Tracey and give her a good laugh?" But no sooner was it said than Thumbs was sorry for it. Instinctively Glenn shook his fist right under Thumbs' nose. It was white at the knuckles, but he held on to himself, for a captain can't have a fist fight with his first engineer, not even if they have known each other since they were boys and there was something worth fighting about.

"Don't you know what Vida means to me, you silly ass?" Glenn said at last, gave him a shove, and relaxed his fist.

"Yeah? And what does Tracey mean to you?"

"Oh, Tracey —" he said. "That's something different. That's one of the things a man has to get over with. Like the first cigar or getting drunk for the first time. Or a bout of some fever. A gale. You've got to ride it out and hope for the best."

Anybody who reads the papers at all must still remember the ugly noises that went up on the arrival of the Arundel in San Diego. "Boy, there was a juicy story for the reporters, and did they go to town on it!" said Thumbs. Everybody's photo got into the news, even those of the steward who had taken the prince on deck and the sailor who had thrown the lifebelt. After the Press had mucked around to their hearts' content, federal agents and police got hold of the case and all hell broke loose.

Seems that punk, Sparks, had made a denunciation; claimed to have witnessed from

To page 46

NOW is picture time! *Colour?* Black & White?



Naturally, with
Kodachrome
colour film

For amazingly realistic slides in exciting colour, Kodachrome is your choice and the world's most popular colour film!

Available in sizes K135 and K828.



New Kodak
VERICHROME PAN

Your favourite film — now better than ever! Gives you better pictures in *any* light — sunlight, dull light, flash. Finest all-purpose film made.



Kodak
TRI-X Film

This super-speed film gets those "difficult" pictures in dull light or under ordinary home lighting. Best for "action" shots, too.



Cine-Kodak
KODACHROME Film

Captures "your world" in action-packed, life-like full colour movies — just as easily as with black-and-white film. Available in 8mm. and 16mm.



KODAK DEALERS EVERYWHERE

KODAK (Australasia) PTY. LTD. BRANCHES IN ALL STATES

A piece of her mind

A short short story by JOAN VATSEK

IT was a pleasant enough little kitchen, if you didn't mind having four yellow walls practically within arms' reach.

But Paula was tall and just now felt hemmed in, and although the thought of having her first baby was exciting it was also frightening.

Dinner was simmering on the stove. And she had her hands deep in much-advertised pink suds, doing dishes that had been delayed because she had felt too tired earlier to do anything more than stumble upstairs and spend most of the day lying down.

The pink suds did not have the desired effect of making her feel glamorous. At the moment she felt so full of dissatisfaction that she was ready to cry almost.

She leaned against the sink and gazed out at the backyard.

If she squeezed forward and peered out far enough she could see a house on her right and a house on her left, identical with theirs. Out of sight were nine other cracker boxes, just like the one they had found that lovely spring day.

This was the one where the houses were places in a price range they could afford — just barely. Now they were in the country.

Oh, they were in the country all right! They were so far in the country that it took Jim an hour and twenty minutes to get to his job in the city. It was seven minutes' drive to the nearest crossroads store. But the air was fresh — especially as it blew around her ankles through cracks in the shrinking boards.

She'd been a city girl all her life until that deceptive spring day. Why hadn't anything ever looked like that again? It must have been the light, or the feeling of getting out of the city, or the apple trees in bloom along the hillside.

And she hadn't realised how much she was going to miss having people around, people to talk to. Jim probably had a rosy vision of her being neighborly all day long, when actually she saw the other wives only briefly, hanging out the wash, or over an occasional cup of coffee. That wasn't enough—not nearly enough!

Jim must think it was, though, because when he came home at night he certainly didn't make any effort to talk to her.

He sat in the one comfortable arm-chair in the living-room, listening to the radio—it would be a long time before a television set could be squeezed into their budget. The radio was on now. A female voice crooned flatteringly, as if addressing itself to an audience of one man—tall, lanky,

young, and seemingly quite unaware of the fact that his wife in the kitchen was almost ready to scream just to attract his attention.

She wasn't going to do it, though. No matter how much she ached to have him come out in the evening and join her, put an arm around her waist, kiss her behind the ear, and whisper funny little words of endearment to her, she wasn't going to say anything.

If he didn't realise—if he wasn't sensitive enough to know how much she wanted his companionship—Paula sniffed, dashed at her eyes with one sudsy hand, got soap in the corners, and felt her resolution fast failing her.

She'd decided when they were married not to quarrel with Jim. Marriage counsellors said that, if you could avoid the first quarrel, the second would never happen. Both sides must make allowances, said the marriage counsellors.

All right, Jim was tired, too. Trying all day to sell insurance to people who were already insured against everything except the hydrogen bomb! Leaving at six-thirty and getting home at seven! Going to bed at nine in order to get up at five-thirty in order to catch the six-thirty train in order to get back home again at seven . . .

All right, all right, Paula told herself wildly. All Jim wanted to do was sit in a chair and relax. What about her. Just because she acted so darned cheerful didn't mean she didn't need him—didn't mean she felt cheerful.

Paula drained the water out of the sink. But the pink suds remained fluffily where they were. Angriily she turned on the hot water, and it shot out of the unreliable tap, scalding her finger. She gave a cry of pain, drowned out by the radio, and looked in dismay at the delicate flowered china cup that she had dropped and smashed—one of their nicer wedding presents.

"That does it!" she said aloud, nursing her throbbing finger. "That really does it!"

All the marriage counsellors in the world be hanged! There came a time when you just couldn't hold in any longer! You had to get things off your mind, quarrel or no quarrel. You had to!

Suddenly she realised that this was the time to put it all into words, to shout it out. It might not accomplish anything, but she'd feel better, anyway.

She found herself standing, arms akimbo, in the kitchen doorway. The crooning radio filled the living-room.

She was across the room like a fury, clicking off the radio, and turned defiantly towards Jim's easy chair.

"Jim!" she exclaimed. "I've simply got to get a few things off my mind. And I'm going to have my say!"

Silence followed the sound of her shrill, angry voice.

"When I married you," she cried, "I was a free woman. I lived in my own apartment in the city with another girl and we shared the chores. We went to the theatre, concerts, the ballet, museums, libraries, movies! At five o'clock I was through at the office and could enjoy myself as I pleased. It's true that what I pleased was to be with you and talk about getting married—"

She paused, faltered, and then held up her hand like a policeman.

"No, let me finish! What do we do the minute we get married? We move to the country so we can have a family. Then you plump me down here and leave me. I spend the day alone. I spend the night alone—you're so tired you can hardly talk to me even in the two hours you're here and awake.

"And I've got to say what I think about the way we're living. Why, we hardly dare add up our bills at the end of the month. We can't even go out for an occasional meal. We can't go to a movie because it means extra driving. Besides, you might break down and take me somewhere afterward!"

"And all for this! Why, the doors are beginning to warp, the wind comes in the cracks and I already worry about the baby crawling around on icy floors and catching pneumonia!"

"Worst of all, I never see you! And when you are at home, you sit there!" She glared. "Oh, I know you're tired!"

"But please, please, let's not pretend any more that it's fun, that it's all a lark! Don't bounce in every evening as if you didn't have a worry in the world and make me carry on in the same idiotic manner. I don't feel like it, Jim! It's a struggle, we both feel grim and let's admit it!"

She turned and marched back into the kitchen. There, she thought. She'd let it all out of her system. It had helped. She felt much better.

Behind her the silence was prolonged.

She glanced at the clock uneasily, waiting for some sign from Jim. Five minutes passed. Ten minutes. Nervously she stirred the pots on the stove. Needlessly, she straightened the gay mats on the table.



The living-room remained ominously quiet.

Paula swallowed hard a couple of times and glanced at the clock. Suppose Jim—

Then the front door opened. She heard firm, familiar footsteps come in. In an instant she had raced through the empty living-room, past the empty easy chair, to fling herself into the arms of the tall, gauntly dark young man who stood there and grinned at her.

"You're late!" she cried. "The train was late," he said. "Then the car wouldn't start. But here I am at last."

He held her very close and tight, and Paula relaxed in the luxurious security of his arms, feeling peaceful now. What a wonderful idea, she thought happily, to do your quarrelling with your husband before he got home!

"Everything fine?" Jim asked in her ear, and she nodded energetically, her head against his chest.

"Everything's fine," she proclaimed. "With both of us." And then, because he looked extra tired tonight, she added, "Did we ever tell you that we love you?"

(Copyright)

Paula looked angrily at Jim's chair. "I've simply got to get a few things off my mind," she said.



Open

But home here at Meade, where it had all taken place, the atmosphere was very different. I saw that it could well seem rather shocking to the home folk that I should want to marry Laurie, of all men in the world. I believe that at that moment, if it hadn't been for the memory of his hurt face and shadowed eyes, I would have abandoned my

course at the University Hospital, where we had met, and never gone back.

I am a child psychiatrist and I take my job with a passionate sincerity which would be rather a bore, I'm afraid, if the subject weren't so desperately important.

It was the reason why I had gone out of my way to get to know Laurie while I was working in the hospital where he was one of a brilliant team of research chemists. I knew who he was, and I was interested to see what effect the experience in his childhood had had on him.

I walked into it with my eyes open. The instant we met I was lost. When Laurie and I first saw each other something happened to both of us. There is only one thing certain about those cheerful idiots who inquire if one believes in love at first sight, and that is that they have never experienced it. It is not a phenomenon which leaves room for any doubt, my goodness!

After our first meeting Laurie and I managed to see each other all the time when we weren't actually working. We talked about every subject under the sun except two. We did not mention the shooting—although the shadow of it hung between us like a sheet of glass—and we did not actually talk of love.

After a few weeks the position was unbearable and I fled to spend a couple of nights at home with the laudable idea of trying to clarify my mind. The clearer it became, the more wretched I grew.

The story of Dorinda's death was one of those mysteries whose solution appears only too obvious from the very beginning. In nineteen thirty-one my father had been one of the more popular doctors in Meade. Laurie's father, Sam Butler, was the county architect. I was a few months old and Laurie himself was a child. We lived near each other and belonged to the same set.

My father's sister, Dorinda, was just nineteen, and beautiful. She had come to spend the summer with us, partly to help Mother with me and partly to take a share in the social season which in that pre-war time was gay enough to attract any young girl. From the outset she was a tremendous success. I grew up with a child's belief that she was the most dazzling heroine of romance who had ever lived, but, if not quite that, it does appear that she was unusually pretty and popular and vivacious.

The whole town was shaken when tragedy overtook her. Early one evening, about eight weeks after her arrival, her body was found in a meadow by the river on the outskirts of the town. She had been shot at close range with a light sporting gun, which lay on the grass a few yards from the body. Our family punt, in which she had been seen alone earlier in the day, was tied up to some willows nearby.

The police identified the gun very quickly. It belonged to Mr. Butler. He and his wife were away on a weekend trip, but Laurie had been left behind in the care of a housekeeper and already had been punished twice for shooting without permission. Also he had told several people that he wanted to bag a water-rat.

After that, it was only a matter of hours before they discovered witnesses who had actually seen him trotting down to the water-meadows, the gun under his arm.

The inspector who was in charge of the case was a family man himself and it was said that the business broke his heart. He talked to Laurie and made up his mind that it had been an accident, and that the child was too frightened to own up. He thought the boy had been showing the gun to the girl when the shot was fired, and he did everything he could to make him admit it.

Unfortunately Laurie had a different story and nothing would make him alter it. He agreed that he had taken the gun, knowing that he was doing wrong, and that he had gone down to the river to wait for a rat. He was in position, he explained, crouched down by a tree stump, when Dorinda came along in her boat, singing and strumming on a ukulele. He called to her, asking her to be quiet and not to scare the rat, but he thought he frightened her, for she turned very red, he said, and was furious with him.

She brought the punt into the bank and asked Laurie if his father knew that he was out shooting. Laurie had to confess that he did not, whereupon she insisted that he give her the gun at once before he did any harm with it.

He was not enthusiastic, naturally, but she was grown-up and quite capable of telling on him, so finally he gave way. He parted with his prize and according to him the last time he saw it was as it lay in the bottom of the punt as she proceeded downstream. After that, he said, there was no point in waiting, and so he came home and played in the garden until supper-time.

It was an inconclusive tale, highly unsatisfactory in the circumstances. The hideous fact remained, Dorinda was dead. No one believed Laurie.

Sympathy for both families was very great in the town, and the Coroner's court, with a kindness more well meant than actual, brought in an open verdict. After a while Sam Butler resigned his job and the family moved elsewhere.

As far as I could gather afterwards, our family behaved very well, but my father never made any bones about his beliefs. For him there was no mystery. Dorinda had been the victim of a tragic accident, and the Butler boy was a dangerous young liar with bad blood in him somewhere. So there it was.

I looked at Mother again. "You don't think Father's attitude may have mellowed?" I began, but she soon silenced me.

"I know it hasn't. He was speaking about it only the other day. He surprised me. He's still very bitter about the lying. He feels that if only the child had been made

to own up it would have settled things once and for all, and there wouldn't have been all the talk about the poor girl afterwards."

"Talk?" I murmured, surprised. "I thought she was supposed to be the complete innocent."

"Oh, well, of course she was." Mother's round face grew even pinker. "No one could criticise her when she was dead, dear." She paused, honesty compelling her, no doubt, and added unexpectedly, "To be truthful, she was something of a nightmare to me. I was only five years older, you see, and I couldn't begin to manage her. Girls were wild in those days. However, don't repeat that. Your father would never forgive me."

"I won't," I said hastily, but she had made me curious. "What brought the subject up?" I inquired. "You noticed that paragraph in the paper about Laurie's experiments, I suppose?"

"No, darling, I'm afraid I didn't." With extreme delicacy she managed to convey that, while being on my side, she still didn't like to hear the tabooed name on my lips.

"We heard on the news that John Ryder, the painter, had died somewhere down in Cornwall, and we began to talk about him. He and his wife were staying at the Johnsons' cottage down here when it all happened. He was very struck with Dorinda and he had asked your father if she could sit for him. There was some talk that the portrait might get hung in the Royal Academy and we were all wildly excited about it."

She caught my eye and laughed. "We were a very ordinary lot of provincials, I'm afraid. Oh, Judy, my dear, you're horribly right, it is a long time ago."

I kissed her and let the matter drop. Both she and Father are darlings and I adore them both, but their life in a small country town has not made them exactly flexible in outlook. With the years, to put it mildly, their ideas have tended to become set. Meantime my own predicament had not grown any easier. I found I was searching my heart almost eagerly to see if I was missing Laurie any less, which was absurd. He filled my whole world and there was never going to be any escaping from him. I felt that in my bones.

I assumed that Mother had decided to let well alone and would ignore our talk, but I was wrong. On Sunday evening I broke my necklace while undressing for bed, and I was grovelling for stray pearls under the little Victorian couch that had been exiled to my room when the drawing-room was redecorated when she came trotting in with an envelope.

"Look, Judy," she began, sounding faintly conspiratorial, although Father could hardly have heard her down three flights of stairs. "this is what I meant about Dorinda. See how lovely she was and how—well, how wild."

She sat down on the couch, opened the envelope and shook out two photographs. I knelt beside her and turned them over curiously. They were snapshots but they had been printed on square sheets of paper with official-looking hieroglyphics printed under them. Each was a picture of the same girl in different poses, and one was very much clearer than the other.

I saw that she had been a raving beauty of the period, very much more made up than we are today, and that there was certainly provocation in her attitude as she sat on the grass, looking up and smiling. The other photograph, although it had been taken at the same time, since the dress and

"MY dear Judith, it's the name I don't like to hear. I can't bear you using it. I realise you can't be talking about the same Laurie Butler, but if you're going to marry him, or even to bring him home here, you'll have to call him Laurence."

Mother, who is round and charming and normally reasonable, had the grace to blush as she regarded me through the looking-glass above her dressing-table, but her eyes were almost frosty.

"I'm sorry," she continued, "but that was the name of the child who killed Dorinda. She was father's only sister, and he worshipped her. I daresay the story is ancient history to you, but to your father and me it's only twenty-five years ago, and that isn't terribly long when you're fifty, as you'll find out one day."

As I stood behind her I could see my startled face hovering in the dark mirror above her head. She and I are not very alike. I am tall and rather thin, with Dad's fairish coloring, and my bouffant hairdo looked almost flippant above her regular grey waves.

She was bluffing, of course. I realised that. But I was shocked to see how much she cared. I put my arms round her neck and laid my cheek against hers.

"It's the same person, darling. He was only eight years old then and he's thirty-three now. He's grown into the best man I ever met. I don't know if I'll marry him because he hasn't asked me yet, but I do know I want to."

I sounded breathless and even a little unsteady. I had not admitted quite so much to myself before. In the looking-glass I saw her bleak expression giving place to a worried one.

"Oh, Judy," she said helplessly. "How perfectly awful, darling! What are we going to say to your father?"

I did not answer. It was a question I had been pondering ever since I stepped on to the train which would bring me home to Meade for the weekend. I was at the University, on a refresher course, and even up there, where nineteen thirty-two is apt to seem as remote as ten sixty-six, the position had appeared to be a little awkward—or indelicate, rather.

Verdict

A dramatic murder
mystery story

By MARGERY
ALLINGHAM

background were the same, was very blurred. One could only just make out her shadowed face as she leant back against a tree trunk, the leaves making patterns across her distinctive white skirt with a scalloped hem.

"You can guess she was a handful," Mother went on. "There was such a lot of men about just then. Young husbands, and old ones, too. I had quite a time one way and another. The wives always came to me."

I could imagine they would. It would hardly be much use going to the young baggage in the photograph. I felt I was getting a new angle both on Dorinda and on my mother. I turned the pictures over.

"What are these?" I inquired idly. "Exhibits at the Coroner's court?"

"I suppose they must be," she agreed. "The police gave them to your father when the case was closed. They were found in her camera, which was lying beside her in the grass. Two exposures had been made, so the police developed the film. That was her new dress. She was wearing it for the first time that day. See the scalloped hem? That's how they knew when the snaps were taken. She'd only had the dress on for those three hours before she died."

"Really?" That was a piece of data I'd never heard. "Did they discover who took these, darling?"

"Oh, they were certain the boy did. I don't think he admitted it, but it was quite obvious that he met Dorinda and that they talked, and she asked him to snap her, and then he started showing her his gun and of course it went off. I always blamed the parents. Fancy going away for a weekend and leaving a gun where a child could reach it!"

I hardly heard her. I was looking at the photograph of the lovely face smiling so invitingly at the camera. The curve of the full throat was sensuous and the shape of the swelling breast just apparent under the silk dress.

"Have I seen this before?" I demanded. "I think I have."

"You may have done, dear. That was the one the police reproduced everywhere on the off-chance that someone would come forward to say they'd seen the two together that afternoon. The other wouldn't reproduce. No one did come forward, though. My word, she was a pretty girl, wasn't she?"

"Staggering, as far as I can see by these," I said and handed them back to her.

She studied them again and began to talk as people do about old photographs.

"If only this one had come out properly you'd see what I mean about her so much better," she rambled on. "It wasn't only her appearance. I don't suggest there was any harm in her, but she did like to provoke people. This second picture shows that if you study it, but it's no good, the negative was over-exposed and I should say the child moved when he took it. All the same," she added brightly, "I do believe those old box cameras took better pictures than the very expensive new ones."

"They were more foolproof, certainly," I murmured absently. I was still bothered by the first picture, the one the police had reproduced. Something about it had struck me as being curious, but for the life of me I couldn't define it. Mother cut into my thoughts by suddenly gathering her papers and rising.

"I don't hold it against the little boy," she said in a sudden burst of confiding. "but, my pet, do get over it if you can. It's

irrevocable, you see. At this distance nothing is true about a thing like that except what people believe. Your father and I forgive the boy, but we could never get it out of our heads that he's naturally careless and tells lies. It isn't only us, either. The case made quite a sensation. You'll find that nearly everyone of our age or older will feel exactly the same way about it. You being you just turns it into a story people will want to tell."

She went out, leaving me so flattened that I did not notice until later that she had left the second photograph—the bad one—on the couch. Without thinking, I put it in my handbag, which was lying on the side table. She was right: I could see that. As I lay on the little couch, thinking about Laurie and me, the future looked bleak.

I went back to the hospital and work, and for a few more days Laurie and I kept up our pretences. I did not broach the subject, because I was terrified lest anything should shatter the dream in which I seemed to be wandering, but in the end matters came to a head. It happened almost casually as such things so often do.

We had been for a long walk together and had come back through one of the pretty villages just outside the university town, and as we crossed a stone bridge over the river we paused to look down at the shallow water hurrying over the pebbles. I remember thinking that the spot was traditionally romantic and that Laurie was downright conventionally handsome with his Nordic face and tow-colored hair, and then I laid my hand on the parapet and he dropped his own over it.

"Oh, Judith," he said, in probably the most unromantic way such a declaration was ever dragged out of a man, "this can't go on. I shall be sick."

Fortunately, I laughed so much it did not matter that my eyes were watering.

"That's exactly how I feel," I said.

He did not speak at once, but went on holding my hand very tightly. Finally he turned

Even though the photograph was old and faded, I could see why she had been considered a beauty in her time.

To page 45

Edunley

lasting comfort for
active feet



Here are longer-wearing shoes . . .

that are lasting companions for running, jumping, hopping and skipping.

Snug and really comfy, Edunley shoes are made on scientifically designed lasts for active, growing feet.



634. Punch Vamp Derby



707. Fancy Twin Bar



715. Fancy Derby

5 Reasons for longer, lasting comfort

- **BACK:** Moulded heel stiffeners ensure longer life and better fit.
- **LINING:** Lining of soft leather throughout gives snug foot fitting comfort and increased weather resistance.
- **UPPER:** Supple and enduring, the uppers are finely finished from specially selected leathers.
- **TOE:** Wide toes allow for growing feet. Hardened for protection and extra wear.
- **SOLE:** All Edunley shoes are available with leather, crepe and the extra long-wearing Wearite or Aircellette soles and heels.



Ask for Edunley shoes in the candy striped box.

Edunley shoes are available in sizes 3 to 1½ and 2 to 5.



729. Centre Buckle



617. T-Bar Sandal

Edunley

fine footwear
for children

AVAILABLE AT ALL LEADING CITY, SUBURBAN AND COUNTRY STORES

EDUNLEY SHOE CO. PTY. LTD., 58 CHARLES ST., UNLEY, S.A.

Worth Reporting

THE yellow, black, and white Cessna 310, first twin-engined light aircraft to make the east-west crossing of the Tasman Sea, looked like a streamlined wasp.

Invited for a spin, we travelled to Bankstown airport, N.S.W., accompanied by dark doubts, for the last plane we travelled in was the gigantic 99-seater Bristol Britannia. The Cessna seats five.

But we felt much better after we'd been shown over the plane by enthusiastic Sydney representatives of the aircraft company.

"Look, every safety device," they said. "Arm-rests. Jet-type tail. Indoor lighting. Just like a limousine. Get in—wipe your feet first."

The makers recommend the smaller Cessna 172 for use by country women. It costs about £5000, and "would be ideal for shopping."

Rabbi's legacy of rare books

TWO Australian travel books written in Hebrew, a 17th century Dutch bible, and a "Guide to the Perplexed" printed in Italy in 1552 are among a rare collection of books in the just-opened Rabbi L. A. Falk Memorial Library in Sydney.

The library is housed in a specially built room in the Great Synagogue war memorial centre.

The late Rabbi was a chaplain in the 1914-18 war, and was minister of the Synagogue from 1923 till his death last May.

The library, which is irreplaceable, consists of about 8000 books, all collected by the Rabbi.

The library will be open to students of all faiths for research and reference.

Novel opals for Irish designer

FINDING an appropriate gift for Sybil Connolly was the problem members of the Irish Linen Association faced recently when they entertained the famous designer at a luncheon in Sydney.

A decorative memento of the occasion was needed, but who would dare give jewellery to a woman with such personal and pronounced taste in fashion as Miss Connolly?

Finally the association decided on a three-inch-high miniature opal mine rig, formed into a paperweight.

The rig, made of silver with a bucket filled with opals, is set on a piece of Queensland opal quartz. It was designed by Miss Mildred Cameron, of Bellevue Hill, who works for a Sydney opal specialist.

In Dublin, the rig will take pride of place on Miss Connolly's desk beside the paper-knife set with opals which she was given by the Irish Linen Association when she visited Australia in 1954.

SPEAKING of the proposed Sydney Opera House, the 1957 Danish Foreign Office Journal describes Joern Utzon's design as a "mushroom-like construction."



"I'll hold your eyes open for a second. Try to remember where everything is."

AMERICA has added another occupation to the long list of baby-sitters, dog-sitters, cat-sitters, and bird-sitters.

When Navy Commander Edmund S. McCawley, of Suburban Ithan, Pennsylvania, is away from home, he hires an orchid-sitter to regulate the temperature for delicate beauties in his orchid-house.

Trials of a child prodigy

VISITING American violinist Ruggiero Ricci looks back with a rueful smile at his "bad old days" when he was a child prodigy dressed in black velvet Fauntleroy suits and white lace collars.

"It was bad enough not being allowed to eat all the lemon pie you wanted," he told us.

"It was worse to be kept from playing marbles and fighting other kids, even when they ragged you to death about your bobbed hair."

"But the wet kisses from the old ladies really took the cake."

"Sure as shooting, whenever I finished playing, scores of old ladies would climb up on the stage and start hugging, squeezing, and pawing me. Then the kissing would start:

"Oh, you little darling. How tired you must be." (Smack.) "Doesn't that pretty little head of yours ache from all that study?" (Smack.) "How do you memorise all those notes, my dear little man?" (Smack.) "Does your arm hurt, sweetheart?" (Smack.)

"Finally, comes the worst of all. The old dear who has a grandson the same age, who's marvellously musical and who's also studying the fiddle. She's brought little Pierre or Herman along, and 'it would be just too wonderful if you two dear little boys would be friends.'"

"You shake the clammy hand of the grandson and try to be polite, but all you want to do is take him out in the alley and push his pasty face in."

Ruggiero, who will tour Australia till November 4, doesn't need a concert to find his most critical audience. His wife, formerly Ruth Rink, is a violinist of distinction, and their three children, Riana, 12, Rosalin, 10, and Roger, 5, whose names, like their parents', have double-R initials, all play the fiddle, too.

Insurance is their field

WOMEN and insurance are in the news. One woman has retired after 42 years with one insurance firm. Two have done well in examinations at the beginning of careers.

Miss Muriel Carmichael, the only woman in Australia with a fellowship degree of the Incorporated Australian Insurance Institute, retired recently from her job as assistant to the Accident Secretary of her company.

Miss Carmichael completed her associateship (in accident insurance) with honors in subjects in 1924. She became the first woman fellow of the institute in 1937, and last month was made an honorary life member.

Attractive Gladys Appleton, of St. Lucia, Brisbane, has become an associate of the institute in two years instead of the usual six.

Eighteen-year-old insurance clerk Beverley Porter, of Clovelly, wants to be the first woman loss assessor in Sydney.

Beverley recently gained top marks in a class of 200 men in the fire-branch examination, the first step towards an associate degree.

HUMANS, like sheep, often blindly follow their leader.

In the Barossa Valley vineyard, a visitors' book is provided for sightseers, and because many signatures are illegible an extra column is supplied for the name to be printed.

Mr. E. Butcher headed one page, and he clearly printed "Butcher" in the extra column.

All the subsequent signatures have occupations—"domestic," "gardener," and "caretaker"—added in the extra column.

They can forget to remember

MORE than 800 Melbournians, including an absentminded professor, have found an easy way to remember wedding anniversaries, birthdays, and other social dates—they forget them.

This isn't as harsh as it sounds. These people are members of the Tempus Club, which, for £2/2/- a year, will remind members of dates, book tables for dinner, or buy theatre tickets.

On joining the club, members submit a list of dates they "should" remember.

Two days before the event the club telephones a reminder, and asks if the member wants flowers sent or any other service.

The Brotherhood of St. Lawrence formed the club to raise funds for the Brotherhood's social work.

Miss Nell Rawlins, auxiliary organiser at the Brotherhood, said that several women had joined the Tempus Club on behalf of their husbands.

"When I ring a man to remind him of his wedding anniversary, or his wife's birthday, I often get a surprise. 'What's all this about?'"

The club also reminds members of business engagements, insurance and hospital benefit payments, and birthday purchase instalments.

THIS YEAR JELDI CELEBRATES ITS 25th ANNIVERSARY



Fairytale
beauty for your
bedroom ...

DREAM
"PRINCESS"
and
"ANNIVERSARY"
GRACEFUL SILVER ANNIVERSARY BEDSPREAD ...

"PRINCESS," Jeldi Design No. 255—a Jeldi showpiece. Dainty garlands glow from a fascinating knobby background. In ice shades of Pink, Blue, Green, Gold; also White. Tailored style in double and $\frac{1}{2}$ sizes.



by



"ANNIVERSARY," Jeldi Design No. 121. Deeply embossed and elegant. In so many enchanting shades—Ice Pink, Ice Blue, Ice Green, Ice Gold, White; pastels Pink, Blue, Green, Gold; Champagne, Mushroom, Rose, Blue, Green, Gold, Grey, Beige, Off-White. Tailored style in double and $\frac{1}{2}$ sizes.

"Anniversary" and "Princess"—lovely, luxurious bedspreads with all the magic of inspired Jeldi designing, and all the blissful comfort of lovable Jeldi chenille—the fashionable fabric that almost looks after itself!

There are so many reasons for losing your heart to "Anniversary" and "Princess"—their delightful patterning, richly embossed or delicately embroidered ... their captivating colours, glowing or gentle ... the sculptured flattery of their clever Turnatop, folding so smoothly across your pillows ... the tender touch of their deep, down-soft chenille.

Jeldi—so simple to launder, so really uncrushable—the bedspread that brings carefree beauty to the bedrooms of Australia!



—So much lovelier... for so much longer!

JELDI MANUFACTURING PTY. LTD. Production centres at Sydney, Bankstown, Lithgow, Mudgee (N.S.W.); Melbourne and Croydon (Vic.).

JE 115.FRCWW

Page 35

Now! In one swift beauty step!

Silky waves that last from shampoo to shampoo!



RICHARD
HUDNUT
NEW CREME

Rinse'n Set

MAKES YOUR HAIR PRACTICALLY CURL ITSELF

NO DRYING
ALCOHOL
OR LACQUER

- Easy, fast to use.
- Softens the hair, leaves it easier to comb.
- Makes hair easier to set.
- Conditions the hair.
- Gives body to the hair.
- Holds the setting from shampoo to shampoo.
- Economical — a little goes a long way.

RICHARD HUDNUT new Creme RINSE'N SET is the only creme rinse that beauty-sets your hair. Just one swift beauty-step! You don't have to mix with water... you don't rinse it out. Just pour a few fragrant drops on your shampooed hair direct from the bottle, immediately after the final shampoo rinse, and comb through.

It's almost like magic, the way RINSE'N SET smooths out snarls and tangles so the comb runs through like a flash. And your hair seems to want to curl... it literally pushes into soft waves and rolls into pincurls with no effort.

Your wave is beautifully soft because, unlike hair sprays, RINSE'N SET contains no drying alcohol or lacquers. No more nightly pin-ups after RINSE'N SET. The setting holds and the hair stays soft and wonderfully manageable until your next shampoo.

In handsome flask-type bottles,
at chemist and stores everywhere 5/6.

Use Rinse'n Set at any time
without shampooing

Simply damp your hair slightly and apply RINSE'N SET right away. Then comb and set.

A CREATION OF Richard Hudnut NEW YORK • LONDON • PARIS • SYDNEY

Wrong phone number was right, after all

• A dramatic experience told by Mrs. J. Harrison, c/o 102 Frederick St., Launceston, Tasmania, wins the first prize of £20 in this week's Strange but True Contest.

AFTER the birth of my first baby an operation was essential, but the doctor required that I be given a blood transfusion first.

The hospital rang several donors of my blood group, but, since it was a Saturday afternoon, they were all out.

Finally, when asking for "Mr. Blank," they were told that there was no Mr. Blank at that address and that the hospital must have the wrong number.

"How odd. My sister is to have a transfusion at your hospital this afternoon," commented the unknown voice at the other end of the line. Further inquiries deduced that the telephonist was speaking to my sister, who had come down to Hobart to be near me.

So, by the coincidence of that phone call, my sister,

STRANGE but TRUE

whose blood group matched mine, came to lie in the bed beside me, donating the blood I needed for the transfusion.

Prizes of £5 were awarded for:

NAMESAKES

MY children were always asking if Grandma would one day leave her native Holland and join us in Australia.

I told them she was too far away to come soon, but that one of these days she might arrive, perhaps by aeroplane.

Soon after my suggestion, whenever they heard an aircraft flying over they would call "Oma," the Dutch word for Grandma.

• Write your "Strange but True" experience clearly and in not more than 250 words. The story must be true and must not have been published previously. It can be amusing, sad, dramatic, or romantic.

Send your entries, giving clearly name and address, INCLUDING STATE, to "Strange but True," Box 5252, G.P.O., Sydney.

No entries can be returned or any correspondence entered into.

I was outside with them when they called again and were answered by the lady next door, who leant across her fence asking if the children wanted her.

I was surprised, and told her this was not so.

"Well, you see," she explained, "my surname is 'Oma.'"

Mrs. W. Bruijn, 66 Vincent St., Mt. Lawley, W.A.

HAT TRICK

I COULDN'T get my husband to part with his old digger's hat, although the crown was coming out of it.

Fishing in the Macleay River one evening just on dusk, a gust of wind blew the hat away just as my husband had hooked a large fish.

The tide was running out and, by the time the fish was landed, the hat, much to my relief, was out of sight.

Three hours later, when the tide had turned, a dark object, looking rather like a piece of wood, floated towards the launch. My husband put his hand out to push it away, and, of all things, his fingers closed upon the hat. Yes, we've still got it as a souvenir.

Mrs. M. A. Evans, Stuart Point 2C., N.S.W.

Next week:

NEW ENLARGED HOME SECTION

• Next week's paper is a bumper issue for home-builders and home-makers.

It launches the first of our new enlarged home sections with 16 continuous color pages.

As well there is a 16-page lift-out booklet "About Building a Home."

It gives you tips on obtaining finance, buying land, choosing a builder, and selecting materials. You'll want to keep this booklet.



• Contributions are invited for our Sweet and Sour Contest in which each week we award £2/2/- for The Nicest Compliment and The Best Backhander. Here are this week's winners.

THE NICEST COMPLIMENT

HOME from the wedding of our granddaughter, my husband turned to me and said: "Well, Mum, you certainly looked wonderful. I was proud of you!"

I am in my mid-eighties, and I know that "beauty is in the eye of the beholder," but I've been smirking ever since. Just how old does one have to be not to enjoy flattery?

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. M. Perry, 53 Balmoral St., East Victoria Park, W.A.

THE BEST BACKHANDER

AS a teenager I was very fond of dancing. One night a partner remarked:

"My word you are light on your feet." But my answering smile wavered somewhat as he added: "Especially for a girl of your size."

£2/2/- awarded to Mrs. C. W. Price, 9 Violet Street, Gympie, Qld.

• Send your entries to "The Nicest Compliment" or "The Best Backhander," The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

DRESS SENSE *By Betty Keep*

● The dress and matching jacket continue to be good fashion for spring-into-summer.

THE above fashion item answers a reader's enquiry. Here is her letter and my reply:

"I HAVE 6yds. of cotton tweed to make some type of between-seasons outfit and would like your advice. I don't want a suit, as I want to wear the ensemble when I go out at night. The material—really very nice—gives the effect of black and white. As I prefer to make my own clothes for economy reasons I will require a pattern in size 36in. bust."

The dress and matching jacket I have chosen in answer to your letter are illustrated at right. The Empire-line sheath-dress is finished with a square-cut neckline and short sleeves. Without the jacket the dress is suitable for late-day and later. The easy-fitted jacket has a yoke and bracelet-length cuffed sleeves. You can obtain a paper pattern for the design in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Under the picture are further details and how to order.

"AS I am not exactly slim—38in. bust, 30in. waist, 39in. hips—I would like your advice on the correct corset under a beltless frock with a fairly straight skirt."

A one-piece foundation will give the smooth body-line required by a beltless narrow silhouette.

"I ALWAYS read with interest your replies to other readers and now have a very special request of my own. The problem is an idea for a bridal headdress to be made in real orange blossom, but I don't know how to have it arranged."

Fresh orange blossom would make a charming bridal headdress. The blossom could be arranged in a simple wreath, a small tiara, or a halo. However, it is not a job for an amateur; you will be wise to have the headdress made professionally by a florist.

"COULD you give me an idea to finish off a bridesmaid's frock made in pastel pink chiffon? The dress is very plain, with a high, round neck, wide skirt to mid-calf length, and a small self-material belt. Also, what colored shoes would be best?"



DS258.— Dress and jacket ensemble in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 5½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/9. Patterns are obtainable from Betty Keep, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

Replace the self-material belt with a wide cummerbund, finished with two flying back-panels reaching to hem level. Have the cummerbund and panels made in dark rose-pink chiffon. Wear the dress with satin shoes in the same shade as the cummerbund.

"AS a guest at an evening wedding in December I need a light wrap to go over a floral taffeta short-skirted evening frock. I do not want the expense of buying a coat."

I suggest a stole in matching taffeta or, if you haven't enough material, one in a contrast. Have the stole to hem-line length and finished with fringed ends.

"I HAVE 7½yds. of a rather crisp floral-printed silk for a short dance dress and want something very new and perhaps a bit unusual. I am 18 and take an S.S.W. fitting."

A street-length dress with a "harem" or "bubble" skirt would be very new and pretty. The former could be interpreted by all-round skirt fullness turned under at the hemline; the latter by unpressed pleats drawn in to a slightly "hobbled" line at the hem. Whichever you decide on, have the bodice-top sleeveless and finished with a self-cuff cut on the bias and tied at centre-back with a soft bow and streamer ends.

"Wasn't it lovely in the bath tonight..."

with lots and lots of bubbles to blow... and something nice to keep her skin so rose-bud fresh and clear. Mummy loves little Penelope Anne to wash with Pears, because she herself has been using Pears ever since she was a little girl... and everyone agrees that her skin is still as smooth and pretty as her own baby daughter's.

Penny's Mummy knows that Pears is pure and mild, because Pears is matured for a full fourteen weeks to ensure perfect blending of its fine oils. There couldn't be a lovelier complexion care!



For soft,
smooth skin like theirs...
use PEARS

So pure... you can
see right through it



ECONOMICAL BECAUSE IT LASTS LONGER

Pl.82.WW142g

Page 37

Beauty in brief EIGHT TESTED HINTS

By Carolyn Earle

● Some of the most helpful beauty hints are the simplest to follow. For example, a smart girl knows that:

- Mascara applied to the outer upper eyelashes makes eyes look wider apart.
- Ankle-circling—clockwise and then anti-clockwise—helps keep ankles slender and supple.
- Hair fluffed up at the back helps counteract a short neck.
- A piece of cut lemon rubbed over the hands is a safe and mild bleaching agent.
- Make-up applied over the slightest remnant of cleansing cream will never "set" correctly.
- Iced astringent, applied with cotton-wool, is a wonderful skin pick-me-up.
- Dry hair can do without a lot of brushing. It needs massage and nourishment with a little olive or almond oil.
- An empty perfume bottle kept in the wardrobe gives clothes a delicate scent.

there's
confidence
in colour . . .

. . . colour that is permanent as in the
'LIGHTNING' zipper with matching
metal 'n' tape. You'll feel truly confident
and poised in a gown that is finished with
the best zipper money can buy
— a 'LIGHTNING' coloured zipper.

Packaged for easy selection from the 'LIGHTNING'
dispenser at your favourite store.



BLACK PACK
—featherweight, for frocks

RED PACK— lightweight, for skirts

GREEN PACK—open end, for jackets



Guaranteed by
**IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES
OF AUSTRALIA AND NEW ZEALAND LIMITED**

ZF 1864/3264

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 1957

AS I READ THE STARS by Eve Hilliard

For week beginning Sept. 2

Your Sign Your Luck Your Job Your Home Your Heart Socially

<p>ARIES The Ram MARCH 21 — APRIL 20</p> <p>TAURUS The Bull APRIL 21 — MAY 20</p> <p>GEMINI The Twins MAY 21 — JUNE 21</p> <p>CANCER The Crab JUNE 22 — JULY 22</p> <p>LEO The Lion JULY 23 — AUGUST 22</p> <p>VIRGO The Virgin AUGUST 23 — SEPTEMBER 23</p> <p>LIBRA The Balance SEPTEMBER 24 — OCTOBER 23</p> <p>SCORPIO The Scorpion OCTOBER 24 — NOVEMBER 22</p> <p>SAGITTARIUS The Archer NOVEMBER 23 — DECEMBER 20</p> <p>CAPRICORN The Goat DECEMBER 21 — JANUARY 19</p> <p>AQUARIUS The Waterbearer JANUARY 20 — FEBRUARY 19</p> <p>PISCES The Fish FEBRUARY 20 — MARCH 20</p>	<p>Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, violet. Gambling colors, violet, silver. Lucky days, Tuesday, Thursday. Luck in good health.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, green. Gambling colors, green, light blue. Lucky days, Friday, Saturday. Luck in mild speculation.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, rose. Gambling colors, rose, grey. Lucky days, Thursday, Sunday. Luck through the family.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 2. Lucky color for love, white. Gambling colors, white, gold. Lucky days, Monday, Friday. Luck at the end of a short journey.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 8. Lucky color for love, black. Gambling colors, black, white. Lucky days, Wednesday, Saturday. Luck in playing safe.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 4. Lucky color for love, orange. Gambling colors, orange, brown. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in swift action.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 5. Lucky color for love, grey. Gambling colors, grey, navy-blue. Lucky days, Wednesday, Friday. Luck in a quiet corner.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 1. Lucky color for love, yellow. Gambling colors, yellow, black. Lucky days, Tuesday, Saturday. Luck in a romantic adventure.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 6. Lucky color for love, light blue. Gambling colors, light blue, white. Lucky days, Tuesday, Friday. Luck through those in authority.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 7. Lucky color for love, any pastel. Gambling colors, tricolors. Lucky days, Wednesday, Sunday. Luck in looking ahead.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 3. Lucky color for love, mauve. Gambling colors, mauve, green. Lucky days, Monday, Wednesday. Luck in caution.</p> <p>Lucky number this week, 9. Lucky color for love, red. Gambling colors, red, white. Lucky days, Monday, Saturday. Luck in making others happy.</p>	<p>Your job is most important at the moment and you may be obliged to sacrifice other interests to it. Since vitality and morale should be excellent, you work wonders.</p> <p>Some turn work into play, others make hard work out of what should be relaxation. Whatever you are doing, these two elements will be tied together.</p> <p>Should you be leaving your present employment with nothing in view, you are likely to welcome a brief holiday. Otherwise, more time off than usual.</p> <p>For those concerned with communications, correspondence, or teaching, chances of promotion have never been better. In some cases transfer to a new area.</p> <p>It's not only the money you receive which counts—the way you spend it may be even more important. The bargain-hunter pays in energy for her success.</p> <p>You must take the initiative when others hold back. If pushed forward as spokesman, don't let stagefright upset you. If in charge of a project, act boldly.</p> <p>Most of us learn through our own mistakes, but this week you may have a chance to learn through the mistakes of others, and that is pure gain.</p> <p>A competitive spirit is fine, but defeated rivals may be upset. Little digs may come your way, based on private disappointments. Just smile and let folks calm down.</p> <p>Any reasonable favor you ask will probably be granted. A piece of work you do will bring more prestige than cash, but it's worth while to please those with influence.</p> <p>Are you up on the latest techniques connected with your work? Many a short-cut saves time, and many a novel method can produce surprising results. Be alert.</p> <p>A small windfall could be spent just because you are feeling flush. Invest in something permanent, for a pocket with a hole in it is risky. Sew it up now.</p> <p>Many of your waking hours are passed in company with fellow workers or associates whom you did not choose. It is sound policy to be friendly to all.</p>	<p>Home is your workshop where you practise every art which makes for civilised living. There are many bold adventurers who spend all their lives at home.</p> <p>If a parent, you give the small fry a party. Some try painting with color combinations which would have astonished the older generation.</p> <p>If you put wheels under your home you'll have the joys of new scenery. If you shift only the furniture you may discover a better arrangement.</p> <p>Try building a new decorative effect with possessions which rarely see the light of day because they are precious through sentiment or a little outdated.</p> <p>Home finances are a big factor. Any system that tells you exactly where you are is a good one. Check accounts, pay them promptly, and plan ahead.</p> <p>The amateur dressmaker or milliner could shine this week, remembering that careful attention to details pays dividends. Obtain perfection through simplicity.</p> <p>Castles in Spain are fine if you do something to make them come true, but absent-mindedness around the house can lead to accidents otherwise avoidable.</p> <p>It is pleasant for the neighbors to drop in, but it may hold up your schedule. The housekeeper who has meals prepared and her home neat can enjoy the break.</p> <p>Social affairs gang up on you, so you step out and lock the door, glancing in your escape from the domestic scene. Your morale benefits in consequence.</p> <p>Books play a part in your activities. It's a good idea to consult the expert, then modify their suggestions to suit your own requirements and pocketbook.</p> <p>A minor illness in the family might change your plans for a few days. If you are home more than usual you can find time to look into postponed projects.</p> <p>Possibly you help a neighbor and the favor is returned. Others find it enjoyable to take their work with them on informal visits which brighten the day.</p>	<p>Should the horizon be bare of romantic possibilities, be a philosopher. You'll appreciate love when it comes after a dull time. New interests are in the offing.</p> <p>This is the dramatic moment for that first meeting, that new thrill! You may go around in ecstasy counting the hours until you see him again.</p> <p>Bring him home to meet the family. This may be trying, but family approval is a great asset. Perhaps you will be allowed to invite him on family excursions.</p> <p>If you are studying any subject, you have an interest in common and this will mean regular meetings without committing either of you to going steady.</p> <p>If your love appears to lack ambition, is amiable but a drifter, stop, look, and listen. If there is disappointment on your side now it is bound to grow worse later.</p> <p>Although your sign hates to be thought bold, a helping hand with your love affair can be extended without loss of dignity. Create the opportunity for affection.</p> <p>Do you admire him from a distance, and blush if he speaks to you? He may not have thought of you as a lover yet, but he will quite soon.</p> <p>Pals of the opposite sex give any young person social understanding. Don't start going steady too soon. Your ideas will change. Friends will narrow to one later.</p> <p>Regard social life as essential to a happy love affair. It forms a background which enables you both to appear to best advantage. A jealous boy-friend is a total loss.</p> <p>Monotony is fatal to romance. Try out new places to visit; don't just follow the crowd. Have you ever thought of exploring together an art gallery? It's different.</p> <p>Your beloved may be facing a decision in connection with his career, or family obligations. Don't let him down when he needs your sympathy and understanding.</p> <p>This week is fine for all those lovers who have met the one-and-only. Calm assurance goes with mutual loyalty. Trivial events are important if shared.</p>	<p>You may engage in a project merely for sociability, only to find that the activity itself becomes so attractive that you determine to continue it for its own sake.</p> <p>Everything from sports to theatre-going, dances, concerts, reunions, celebrations will be under smiling stars. Teens and twenties are especially favored.</p> <p>Your home is your headquarters where you can best enjoy yourself. Hospitality is ace high, brings pleasure to others as well as yourself, and gaiety.</p> <p>Gossip is going the rounds. Much is friendly, harmless conversation, but if one or two members of a group exaggerate, you defend the absent.</p> <p>Sum up the cost and see if that crowd you've been running around with is worth the expense involved. You may quietly drop out, having far more important uses for cash.</p> <p>If you have office thrust upon you, influences are very favorable to successful action. Support your helpers in every way possible, but avoid interference.</p> <p>Steady effort carries you farther than spasmodic interest. If trying to improve skill in a sport, keep practising. Be content to stay in the ruck for a while.</p> <p>Any out-of-doors amusement is beneficial. Balance thought and action. Either without the other causes frustration. You may be invited to join a new group.</p> <p>By this time you should know what folk can be relied upon to keep promises. Those who are swayed by the wind will end up as a broken reed.</p> <p>Just a little time out for a short weekend trip could do you a world of good. Book early for summer holidays. Investigate possibilities and plan a vacation wardrobe.</p> <p>Those concerned with starting a new setup should decide on a definite goal, adapting social relationships accordingly. Aimless drifting is unsatisfactory.</p> <p>Friendly as a pup to all the world, you'll let everything else slide to back in popularity. Quite a few practical advantages may accrue along the way.</p>
--	---	--	---	--	---

You can have softer, smoother hands on washday

NOW! NEW PERSIL MADE TO CARE FOR YOUR HANDS

...because New Persil now contains

33% MORE PURE SOAP

New Persil has a wonderful new gentleness your hands will love. Its softer, soapier suds treat skin and nails with very special care and kindness, keep hands smooth and pretty, no matter how big your wash.



GIVES THAT FAMOUS PERSIL WHITENESS EXTRA GENTLY

New, milder Persil is the answer to every woman's wish for greater hand care on washday. Now you can have softer, smoother hands as well as that famous Persil whiteness. You will find that the suds are softer, soapier, longer lasting than ever before because New Persil

now contains 33% more pure soap. And these same busy suds work through and through the weave, gently easing out all the dirt. Persil washes whiter because it washes cleaner... and with a special new gentleness your hands will love.

PERSIL WHITENESS IS GUARANTEED

P 157 WW 762

French Cotton

THIS season, cotton has joined the ranks of high fashion; it is seen in a variety of weaves and textures, in glorious colors often printed as lavishly as silk.

The clothes on these pages were among those shown in a parade of French cottons at the Trocadero, Sydney, to aid Legacy. There are three Candy Hardy models and three Fashion Frocks. All are from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd. and were part of a collection made by Australia's leading fashion creators. The pictures were taken by staff photographer Keith Barlow against backgrounds of Elizabeth Bay, Sydney.

Paper patterns are available for the seven designs illustrated. The patterns may be obtained from Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Address Mail Orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.

See detailed sketches overleaf.



4646.—Pink and white Jacquard-striped Marcella pique from Cotoriere de St. Quentin is the material choice for this button-through beltless coat-dress. The moulded bodice has a neat collar and three-quarter-length sleeves finished with split cuffs. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6½yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Model by Candy Hardy.



4643.—Dress, made in white cotton from St. Quentin. The neckline. The full, boxy lines. bust. Requires 4½yds. 44in. lining, price 4/-. Model by Candy Hardy.

on Parade



4641.—Satin cotton, splashed with pink flowers and green leaves, from Wallach, is chosen for this new-age feminine-type shirtmaker. The dress has a contrasting lime-green cummerbund. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7½yds. 36in. material, 1yd. 36in. contrast. Price 4/-. By Fashion Frocks.



4645.—Satin cotton from Wallach, printed with a white coin-spot on a lilac ground, is the material used for the Empire-line dress above. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. By Candy Hardy.



matching coat (above) made of faille from Cotoriere de St. Bath-dress has an open square lined with pink organdie, has and dress in sizes 32 to 38in. 3½yds. 36in. material, price material and 4½yds. 36in. Model by Fashion Frocks.

4647.—Check cotton from Boussac (right) features a monotone overprint in a flower-basket motif. The dress was designed ideally for the teenagers. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. By Candy Hardy.



4642.—Contemporary cotton print (above) in black, yellow, and white from Taco is the choice for this one-piece dress. The sleeveless bodice crosses at the front to form a deep V neckline, and button tabs trim the shoulder-line. The full, circular skirt is finished with large pocket. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 6yds. 36in. material. Price 4/-. Model by Fashion Frocks.

"I always insist on Tek"



SAYS TENNIS CHAMPION
Ken Rosewall
because

Tek
is the best
toothbrush
money can buy!



You'll be
better protected by

BAND-AID
ADHESIVE BANDAGES



Continuing . . . The Kiss at Croton Falls

from page 27

there boring holes in the back of his head with her eyes, until he couldn't stand it any more, and he'd draw the leather curtain they had around the motorman's position to keep the reflection of the lights within the car from confusing him on the night run.

The night shifts were, of course, the worst. She'd sit up for him in the dark cold kitchen with a blanket wrapped around her, like a fisherman's wife during a storm waiting for the lighthouse keeper to come knocking on the door with the bad news.

And when he did come home she'd pretend to be making coffee and getting out the biscuits, but all the time she was sniffing him for perfume like a hound on new tracks, and her eyes would be going over him for lipstick and signs of disarray like a pirate over a bloodstained map.

He was a good-natured man and he made no complaint. He'd been married only that once and he supposed that was what the institution was like.

He was content enough. He had his whisky on and off the route and he played with Clarice and taught her "Who Is Sylvia?" He endured the reproaches of his wife as he endured the weather and traffic policemen, and in the end he took it as a sign of love, which indeed it was, and he would have been lonely and lost without it.

Everything considered, they lived together for nearly thirty years in what would certainly pass in these days as happiness.

He lived to see his only daughter married to a good man by the name of Smalley, who had a dependable job as an insurance adjuster, and at the wedding he said to the groom, "Ah, man, at least in your trade they'll never tear the tracks out from under you."

Mr. Smalley was of a different breed from Mr. Mull, which was only to be expected, since Mrs. Mull had spent a good part of her life warning her daughter not to marry a man like her father. Mr. Mull had heard many of these warnings in his time, and while he had not actively set the seal of his approval upon them, he had been seen to nod in quiet agreement with his wife's directives. He admired her intelligence vastly.

The only pleasure Mr. Smalley took outside his home was prevailing upon people who had broken legs in industrial accidents or who had lost their

goods by fire to settle for less than they had originally asked from the company.

He had never seen inside a saloon and he looked at his shoe tops when he passed women in the street. Mr. Smalley was a good provider, he insisted upon Clarice having a maid come in three afternoons a week.

When Mr. Mull died, Mrs. Mull mourned him truly, keeping his photograph on the mantelpiece, and saying to visitors over a cup of tea, "Ah, nobody knows the life that man led me."

She dreamt about him constantly through the years, conversing with him in her sleep in wifely tones and walking over the next morning to her daughter's home to tell her about it.

"Your father visited me again last night," Mrs. Mull would say, "and we had a nice long talk about the time we went up the river to Newburgh and the picnic steamer almost capsized in the rain." Or, "We had a serious talk last night and he promised to drink only beer until the Sunday after Easter."

And sometimes Mrs. Mull would hurry over with her eyes shining, to say, "He was in very good spirits last night, not affected by drink or anything like that, you understand, but jolly, and he sang 'Flow Gently, Sweet Afton' and four verses of 'They're Hangin' Danny Deever in the Mornin'."

Clarice took the reports of these conversations calmly. She had loved her father and thought him by far the most interesting man she had ever known, and it seemed to her entirely natural that his memory died hard.

And her mother was a lonely old woman, living in one room with very little to occupy her after an exhilarating lifetime of nagging an obstreperous and lovable man, and Clarice felt that these matter-of-fact nocturnal visits from the grave lightened her mother's solitude and gave point to her days.

But one morning the whole atmosphere changed. Her mother appeared early, white-lipped and angry. "He came again last night," she said, almost as soon as she walked through the doorway of Clarice's apartment.

"Did you have a nice visit?" Clarice asked, according to her usual formula.

"We did not," Mrs. Mull said. "We had a mortifying evening."

"Oh, Mother," Clarice said, "Is that nice?" "I would like to see what you would have done," said Mrs. Mull, "in my place." "You must be careful not to hurt him," Clarice said soothingly. "Remember, he's an old man."

"Hurt him!" Mrs. Mull snorted. "Try to hurt that man. He has the hide of an elephant."

"What happened?" Clarice asked.

"The bell rang," said Mrs. Mull, "and there he was, standing there, with that smirk on his face he always has when he knows he's doing something that will annoy me."

"Now, Mother," Clarice began, "you mustn't read into things . . ."

"Read into things!" Mrs. Mull said. "Wait until you hear the story and then say read into things. Do you know what that man had the cold,



icy courage to do last night?"

She paused and Clarice dutifully said, "What?"

"Finally," Mrs. Mull said, "he overstepped the bounds. I'm a tolerant woman and I've learned to take the bad with the good, but even saints have their limits. And when I saw them standing there outside the door last night, I knew . . ."

"What?" Clarice asked puzzled. "What do you mean, 'them'?"

Mrs. Mull said tightly, "What I mean, exactly, is them. Your father and that red-headed woman in a crepe-de-chine dress so tight you'd wonder how she could breathe the air or digest her food, and the child."

"What child?" Clarice asked faintly.

"A big, lumpish boy," said Mrs. Mull, "growing out of his clothes, with the same smirk on his face. Put a moustache on

him and he could go down to the depot any day of the week and take out a car and run the full length of Third Avenue and nobody would know the difference."

"Now, Mother," Clarice said. She had heard, of course, of the red-headed woman on the porch at Croton Falls in the summer of 1921, but this was the first intimation of issue. "I never heard of any child."

"Neither did I," Mrs. Mull said, "until last night. Oh, he was the most deceptive man who ever walked the streets of the city. But last night he tore away the veil. Standing there, as cool as you please, with that woman's hand on his arm and that unmistakable child, saying, 'Bertha, I've brought some friends. Are there any refreshments in the house?'"

"And what did you do then?" Clarice asked, humoring her mother, but curious also.

"Oh, I was polite," Mrs. Mull said. "I never held with making scenes before strangers, and your father knows that and depends upon it. I gave her a cold bow and I took the boy's cap and I ushered them in with all civility and I made them tea and set out half a loaf of crumb cake that I had in the cupboard."

"I sat there, putting in a yes or no from time to time while that woman talked about Croton Falls and how she found the summer weather a little sticky and how she suspected they used margarine in the kitchen for cooking, although they swore they used butter."

"I'll tell the truth, I didn't go out of my way to make them comfortable, and they cut their visit mercifully short. I took the opportunity of getting your father off to one side for a moment and I told him in no uncertain terms that that was the last I wanted to see of that woman and their child of sin. I said, clear and definite, so there would be no misunderstanding in the future, that if he expected to see me again he would have to make his visits alone."

"What did Father say to that?"

"He didn't say anything," Mrs. Mull said. "Before he could open his mouth, she came into the hall and put her hand on his arm and said, 'Frederick, it's getting late, we're expected downtown, and off they went together, after kindly thanking me for

To page 44

STOP!

USE
TRUSHAY
FIRST!



Dirt and dust just don't have a chance when you use TRUSHAY. TRUSHAY prevents roughness and dryness. Wash your hands afterwards, and grime slides off like a glove, leaving your hands soft, smooth, satiny. (TRUSHAY keeps "working" hands a lovely violet!)



IN ITS
IODISED
FORM it guards health, assists to
prevent and guard against goitre.

**Ragged nails
cause
snagged nylons**

SPLIT CUTICLE not only spoils the appearance of your nails, but is one of the main causes of snagged nylons. To correct this condition, apply Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover around the sides and base of the nails. Then simply wipe away loosened cuticle.

Instantly, nails have a smooth outline that looks trim and well groomed—that will save you many a run in your precious nylon stockings! Discover Cutex Oily Cuticle Remover today.

French Cotton on Parade

Continued from
previous page

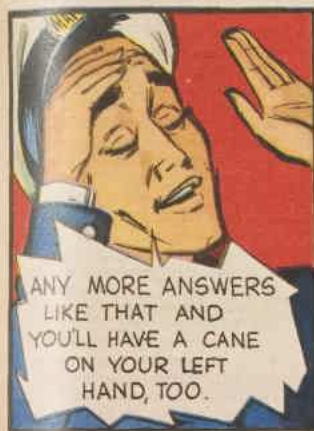
HERE are detailed sketches of the model dresses made in French cottons shown in color on the previous two pages.

Paper patterns for the designs are available in sizes 32 to 38 in. bust.

They may be obtained from Fashion Patterns, 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney. Address mail orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. Please state clearly the number of the pattern you require.



Fun with MAC and ROBBIE TEACHER'S FAVOURITE



Only Mac. Robertson gives you this delightfully different chocolate block.

Mac. Robertson discovered the delicious way to make peppermint candy into crisp, crunchy chips. And the tangy mint flavour blends wonderfully with Mac. Robertson's fresh milk chocolate. Treat yourself to Mac. Robertson's Chip-O-Mint today.

Made by
Mac Robertson
The Great Name in Confectionery

Watch for further fun with MAC the ventriloquist and his doll ROBBIE.

NEW! COOL! MINT-FRESH!



Your mouth never felt
so Cool and Clean—your teeth
never looked so White before!

3,600 WOMEN IN NEWCASTLE tried the new Pepsodent and voted its mint-fresh flavour head and shoulders above the rest. As a toothpaste flavour it's just right — not hot, not sticky but so cool, clean, really *mint-fresh*. And the clean, wholesome feeling lasts in your mouth the whole day through. Of course, the Irium is still in Pepsodent to give you the whitest teeth. Buy Economy size and save up to 2/2.

Continuing . . . The Kiss at Croton Falls

from page 42

the tea, all unholly shameless three of them."

Clarice was a sensible girl and she said the right thing to restore order and harmony. "I don't think you have anything more to worry about now," she told her mother. "I'm sure he'll take the hint."

"He'd better," Mrs. Mull said fiercely, "or he'll find the door locked in his face."

For the next week or so, Mrs. Mull reported, all went well. Mr. Mull visited her three times, rather quiet and absent-minded, but alone. She herself had decided to be tolerant and keep her counsel to herself and she had tactfully not mentioned the red-headed woman and the unmistakable boy.

But then the devil came up in him, again, and on a Saturday night he rang the bell and there he was with the smirk on his lips and the red-headed woman on his arm with every wrinkle of her corset showing as clear as light through her skintight dress, and, of course, that lump of a boy, with his father's Saturday-night expression built into his face.

"He stood there in the hallway," Mrs. Mull told Clarice on the following Monday morning, "grinning and enjoying his guilt, saying, 'We were just passing by and we thought maybe you'd like a little company!'"

Mrs. Mull had had to wait until Monday to tell Clarice, because Clarice had been in Providence for the weekend, visiting the family of Mr. Smalley. The enforced delay had enabled Mrs. Mull to arrange the details eloquently in her mind, and she started her story even before she took off her hat in Clarice's living-room.

"I took one look at him," Mrs. Mull said, "and I let my eyes pass significantly over that woman and her criminal son and it wasn't wasted on your father, you can be assured of that. But he brazened it out."

"Aren't you going to invite us in for a minute, Bertha?" he says, standing there between the two of them, like a prize bull at a fair. 'I warned you, Frederick,' I told him, polite but final. 'Now go away and never come up these stairs again.'

"Now, Bertha," he began, in that wheedling, sugary tone he knows how to put on. But I cut him off quick.

"I told you to go away," I said. 'I wash my hands of you. I have stood enough. Don't waste your time trying,' I said. 'This door is locked.' And I closed it in his face, not slam-

ming it, because I wouldn't give that woman the pleasure of knowing I was angry, but sharp and definite. I heard regretful whispering on the other side for a minute or two, and then they shuffled off and I went to bed.

"He came back an hour later and he rang the bell and he called through the door, 'I'm alone now, Bertha, let me in,' but I made not a move and I said not a word. He rang the bell all the night long and whimpered outside the door, but my decision was made and I didn't let him know, even by a whisper, that I so much as heard a sound.

"And in the end, with the sun coming up, he gave a last, despairing ring, and he called, 'I'm going, Bertha, it's goodbye forever,' and even though my heart fell down inside me like a weight I didn't answer him, because it's about time he was taught a lesson.

"And that," Mrs. Mull said, "is the end of your father."

Clarice started to tell her mother that she ought to give him one more chance, but she gave up when she saw the set of Mrs. Mull's jaw. She made her mother a cup of tea and tried to calm her as best she could and watched her put on her hat, squarely on her head, like a soldier putting on his helmet before a battle, and descend the stairs, implacable and alone.

Clarice thought all day about her mother and about how the love she bore her husband could burn so fiercely for forty years that she could find the strength to turn him away from her door, even though he had been dead so long, because of a kiss on a porch in Croton Falls in 1921.

And when Mr. Smalley came home that night Clarice looked at him coldly and knew, as he took off his shoes and sat down mildly and faithfully in an easy chair, putting on his glasses to read the evening newspaper, that he never could inspire such passion in any woman, and that ten days after he had been lowered into his grave she would not be able to remember even his most obnoxious mannerism.

"Ah," he said wearily, settling into his chair, "I've been busy today."

Clarice looked at him for a long, bitter moment. "Doing what?" she asked, "cheating the poor and doing sad souls that have been destroyed by fire out of their rightful damages?"

"Clarice . . ." Mr. Smalley said, looking up from his newspaper, frightened and surprised, and understanding, mournfully, that something had gone suddenly and permanently wrong.

(Copyright)

FOR THE CHILDREN

Wuff, Snuff & Tuff

by TIM



Continuing . . . Open Verdict

from page 33

me round to face him. "How idiotic that it had to be us," he said. "You and me, I mean. You think I killed that relative of yours, don't you?"

It was not at all what I had expected and I was unparagonably clumsy. "My dear," I said, "no one could blame a child of eight who—"

"That's not what I asked you, Judy. You've answered me all the same. You think I shot her. So does everybody else."

I stared at him and for the first time doubt concerning the question entered my mind, and as it did so I realised what it was that had struck me as being so strange about the snapshot Mother had shown me. Of course he had not done it; I saw it now.

"D'you mean to say you didn't?" I demanded.

He gave me a queer sidelong glance under his lashes.

"I wish I thought I had," he said deliberately. "Unfortunately I don't. I never did. That makes me odd man out. By heavens, Judy, if I shot that girl I did it in a brainstorm."

I felt my heart turn over in my chest. I was so appalled by the revelation. The agony the child must have suffered!

"Darling," I exclaimed involuntarily, "what a miracle you stood it. Of course, of course, you didn't kill her! She was going to meet somebody. That's why she was so angry when you appeared on the bank so inopportunistically."

He stared. "That's what my father tried to believe. What put it into your head?"

"The photograph." The words came out of my mouth before even I realised their full inference. "That girl wasn't smiling up at a child when that snapshot was taken."

He frowned. "Wasn't she? I don't really remember the picture. I know there was one and I recall a kindly old policeman trying to persuade me to say that I took it. But it didn't mean a thing to me. I was simply sticking to what I believed was the literal truth."

"Never, at any point in my life, have I been able to remember anything different from that story I told the police, yet now it does seem to me that if there had been any other possible explanation they would have discovered it. That's the mischief of the whole wretched situation. Nothing can ever be proved, and after all this time it's what everybody believes which is the reality."

They were so nearly Mother's words all over, I felt a wave of sheer dismay pass over me.

"But it's all wrong," I burst out, stammering in my excitement. "It's—it's monstrous! Don't let it make any difference to us, Laurie. Please, darling, that would be wicked."

I heard him catch his breath. "You're the sweetest thing, Judy. I love you. I want to ask you to marry me more than anything in the world, but I can't because I know I couldn't stand the publicity all over again and I don't think you could."

"Publicity—" I began contemptuously, but he cut me short.

"My dear, you've no idea what it's like. It's not the paragraphs in the newspapers, or even the reharsing of the whole dreary story, which can only have the same indeterminate conclusion. It's the letters from people one's never heard of."

"Good heavens," I ejaculated, "surely they didn't write to you as a child?"

"Not to me; to my people." He was bitter. "My father and mother were almost driven to suicide. People wrote condoling

or censuring, or suggesting idiotic solutions. Some were spiteful, some were ostensibly well-meaning, but they were all utterly relentless. I tell you, the public's reaction to a story which takes its fancy is fearful. It can shake you up, especially if you don't know quite how guilty you are."

I said nothing. I was both scandalised and scared. Also I loved him so much that the prospect of losing him made me feel positively faint.

"Are you sure people would still be interested after all this time?" I ventured at last.

He grimaced. "Some hardly need a reminder. Last week, as you know, there were a couple of paragraphs about this job I'm in in two very solid and respectable journals."

"Today I get a cutting from the 'Meade Courier' quoting them and then recalling the whole of the old story; while three or four days ago there was an illiterate note from some woman in Cornwall saying that her lodger, who had just died, had painted a picture of the 'lady you shot as a little boy' and asking me if I would like to buy it as 'he always said you ought to have it.' No, Judy, once our names are linked together we'd pull a hornet's nest about our ears, and yet—oh, darling, what can we do?"

I PUT my arm through his possessively. "Tell me about the woman in Cornwall. The lodger was John Ryder, I suppose?"

"That's the man." He held my arm tightly against him as we strode on down the road together.

"He was visiting Meade at the time. I don't really remember him so well as I do his wife, who was a terrifying piece of work, Spanish or something, jealous as the devil. He was quite a well-known painter then, although I can't say I've heard of him since. All the same, it shows you how even disinterested people talk. It must be the element of mystery which fascinates them. Did the wretched child pull the trigger or didn't he? Unluckily, in this case there can never be any proof."

"Someone might confess," I suggested half-heartedly.

"After twenty-five years? It's not very likely. Even so, you know, I think both the police and myself would need more than a mere statement to set all doubt at rest. Proof is the necessary item, Judy, cast-iron, irrefutable proof. At this stage in the proceedings it's just not possible."

The word lay heavy between us for the rest of the walk home. I saw this point only too vividly. I was remembering the attitude of my own people. Whichever way I turned, the same blank wall seemed to confront me, and I had never felt so helplessly miserable.

All the rest of the day I turned the matter over and over in my mind, and by evening I was in the mood to catch at the most flimsy of straws. Laurie and I were in his study listening to some records when the idea which had been nagging me suddenly took shape. I got to my feet.

"Look," I announced. "I'm going to Cornwall to see that picture. Will you drive me?"

To my relief he laughed. "I'd been afraid he might be angry."

"Anywhere in the world," he assured me. "There's nothing I'd like better. But

if it's merely a matter of morbid curiosity, I can satisfy that instantly. The lady sent the picture on approval with the letter. I hardly looked at it. It's in that cupboard, still in brown paper, ready to be returned."

We went across the room together and carried the square flat parcel to the table under the light. Laurie pulled off the wrappings and put his arm round my shoulders as we stood looking down at a canvas perhaps twenty inches square. The moment I saw it I stood transfixed, staring at it incredulously, hardly conscious of Laurie's voice continuing in the quiet room.

When at last I got hold of myself and turned to him he was still talking about the painter and his landlady.

"She didn't actually say so, but I gather he was definitely odd at the end of the time," he was saying. "She says something about him painting this picture over and over again and making her promise to give it to me when he died. But, as she points out, since he owed her nearly a year's board she thought she was justified in trying for a sale. His wife must have vanished some time ago. There's no mention of her. It's not a bad, old-fashioned factual painting. What do you say? Shall I buy it and justify the woman's faith in writing letters to strangers?"

On the last word he looked round at me and caught my expression.

"Why, Judy," he exclaimed, "what is it, my dear? What's the matter? You look as though you've seen a ghost."

"I—I have," I said huskily. "Laurie, this is it. This is the answer. This is the confession and the proof."

"Proof! Darling, what on earth are you talking about? You're light-headed, my poor pet. This is only a portrait of Dorinda. I can't even remember if it's very like her. I thought of her as being older and more—more staid than this. There's no significance here."

"Isn't there!" I exploded. "You don't understand. This is the picture, the one which didn't come out properly, the one the police couldn't reproduce because the negative was too bad. Don't you see, he knew he had taken it. He knew it was not only in the camera but in his own mind's eye. That's why he wanted you to have it. John Ryder shot Dorinda. One can easily guess why. She was reckless and he had a jealous wife. This is his confession. Moreover," I added, looking up into his disbelieving face, "as it happens, I can prove it." And I opened my handbag.

It was terrifying. The two pictures were almost identical. In each the shadow of the leaves made almost the same pattern on the white skirt with the tell-tale scalloped hem which fixed the time of wearing, but, whereas in the photograph the face was almost lost in shadow, in the painting it was unbearably vivid. Every provocative line was clearly emphasised and there was no doubt whatever about the mingled fear and infatuation that the painter had felt for that impish face forever implanted in his memory.

Laurie stood looking at the two for some time and then suddenly he put his arms round me.

"By heaven, Judy," he said, and he sounded afraid, "I thought I'd suffered, but what a hell it must have been for him!"

I made no comment. How could I, with his lips over mine?

(Copyright)



BACK TO SCHOOL IN SHOES SOLED FOR SAVING WITH . . .

DUNLOP WEARITE

"DOUBLE THE WEAR FROM EVERY PAIR"

that's a happy thought for Mothers . . . think of the saving in shoe bills.

But more important to you, Mother, is the fact that children are given the comfort of healthy flexible soling material that actually helps active growing feet. Why? Because Wearite is light and flexible, needs no breaking in . . . no discomfort with new shoes . . . Wearite actually "walks with the feet". Dunlop Wearite is waterproof and non slip too! Healthy feet mean happy children, so send your children back to school in shoes soled with Dunlop Wearite.

FOR
NEW SHOES
AND RESOLES
TOO!

DUNLOP WEARITE

More than double the wear from every pair!

1/2 THE WORK FOR LOVELIER, MORE NATURAL-LOOKING CURLS



RICHARD HUDNUT NEW QUICK Home Permanent with the amazing, non-cloudy, crystal-pure Wave Lotion!

THIS wonderful Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion penetrates so completely and quickly, that much more hair can be wound on each curler. As a result, you can give yourself a lovely, natural-looking perm in the latest fashionable soft styles, with only 20 curlers—half the winding time, half the arm work. And remember, there is only 10 minutes waving time with Richard Hudnut New Quick.

2 NEW STYLE WAVES WITH ONLY 20 CURLERS OR ONE ALL-OVER PERM IN EACH BOX. Richard Hudnut New Quick Wave Lotion is so pure and efficient that, unlike ordinary, cloudy wave lotions, the unused half can be recapped and saved for another wave. If you want a soft, 20-curler wave you get two waves from the one box. If you desire an all-over perm, using more than 20 curlers, use all the wave lotion.

A MORE NATURAL-LOOKING, STRONGER, LONGER-LASTING WAVE, WHICHEVER STYLE YOU PREFER. Whether you desire one of the latest 20-curler modern-style waves or an "all-over" perm, you will find this amazing new Richard Hudnut development will give you the most natural-looking, strongest, full-bodied, longest-lasting wave you've ever known. No more weak waving waves. . . they're deep down and won't wash out. No more dry, frizzy waves because Crystal-Pure Wave Lotion is *laminated*. And Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent leaves no unpleasant "after-permanent" odour.



Choose the Richard Hudnut Home Perm made specially for your type of hair.

The Richard Hudnut New Quick Home Permanent is made in two types—proved, tested formulations developed to wave any and every type of hair.

RED BOX. For EASY-TO-WAVE HAIR and for soft, natural curls in Normal Hair.
GREEN BOX. For HARD-TO-WAVE HAIR and for tighter, firmer curls in Normal Hair.

AT CHEMISTS AND STORES EVERYWHERE 13/-

...and for those end curls and between-perm pickups—

RICHARD HUDNUT



Quickette
END CURL HOME PERM

Keep your hair always perfectly styled in between perms with this smaller-size Richard Hudnut Home Perm. Two pickups in each package. 9/-

Continuing . . . Written on Water

from page 29

his radio cabin that Tracey had shot her husband and pushed him over the side. Tracey brushed this accusation off as a ridiculous and despicable absurdity, not worth talking about. Her statement was that the fellow wanted to make trouble for her because she had slapped his face when he became fresh, and because she refused to be blackmailed.

She was out on bail, but the investigation dragged on and on. Tracey's lawyer wrung his hands and tore his hair over her stubborn refusal to play the never-failing part of the heart-broken widow, the frail and innocent victim of tragic circumstances. If she would have played for sympathy, appeared in deep mourning, if she would have sobbed and wept and fainted, or suffered anything that might conceivably have been called a nervous breakdown, she could have easily drawn public opinion and the Press to her side. But none of those shabby old tricks for a Tracey Cowles.

SHE didn't give a hoot for what the lawyer called the imponderables; she stepped on everybody's toes; she wore her gay, simple, expensive sports dresses when she wasn't in slacks, she looked like youth, health, and life personified, which irritated the ladies; she beat our best tennis player so badly that he lost his nerve and spoiled his chances at Wimbledon—which didn't exactly ingratiate her with the stronger sex in general—and the nonchalance with which she handled the prosecuting attorney convinced him that a woman of such hardness and cynicism was quite capable of feeding her husband to the sharks.

But in the end nothing could be proved against her. The punk, Cecil, contradicted himself, and Tracey's lawyer, a sharp old guy, managed to dig up several unsavory incidents in his past; a slight bit of bigamy, a few former mild attempts at blackmail; he was a bad egg all right. But what mainly cleared Tracey and pulled her out of the mess was the way Captain Hammers stood by her.

He stood by her like a rock through the whole ordeal of the investigation, cross-examinations, scandalous publicity, and before the grand jury. On a boat the captain represents law and justice, and he had done his own investigation first-hand. What he had entered in the log was the sworn and holy truth and nothing but the truth to his best knowledge so help him God.

What Tracey had told him, what he had observed himself, what the deck-hands testified, and what Cummings had stated under oath, it all fitted together. In the end Sparks' accusation broke down completely when Glenn took the jury on board the Arundel and demonstrated to them that it was not possible to observe the deck from the radio cabin. The case was dismissed.

When the ordeal was over, Glenn felt as if he had just crept out from under the city dump and was smelling accordingly. Of garbage, sewage, sick rats. The bad odor would hang on for a long time to come, and the scandal-mongers would keep whispering that the witnesses for the defence, including Captain Hammers, of course, had been bought with the Cowles money.

There was no celebration and not much to celebrate. Tracey was hurried off by her lawyer without so much as shaking hands. Glenn and Thumbs went to a little water-

front restaurant to wash the bad after-taste away with a few drinks.

"What are you planning to do now, Glenn?"

"What can I do after this thundering scandal? Hide my face. Go away and stay away for good. There you have it, Thumbs. Now I had my little dream. Now I sailed my boat, even though it was only a lousy little luxury yacht. And where did it get me? Deeper in the mud than I've ever been. New disgrace brought upon the Hammers name. This time it's goodbye to dear old U.S.A. for good."

"Where are you going? Back to Mazatlan?"

"Where else? Back to Vida—if she'll still have me after this. And to the sharks. I have to settle a little score with them, wouldn't you say?"

And so Glenn was in Mexico; Tracey, for all Thumbs knew, had gone to the Orient, either to lie low or to have fun in the Chinese-Japanese war. Prince Barany had become a tiny blob of organic matter in the wide sea; or perhaps his spirit was dwelling in some limbo especially reserved for dead members of dead middle-European aristocracies. And the Arundel was sold very cheaply to some gang in Florida who outfitted her with fake rigging, named her the Pirate Ship and turned her into a gambling boat. As for Thumbs, he went to Monterey to recuperate from the whole mess and disgust in the dull and soothing company of his last two old aunts.

Four months later there came a letter from Glenn, followed by two urgent wires: "Can you join me question mark need you badly cannot go on alone." Coming from Glenn, this was as good as an SOS from a sinking ship and it was impossible for Thumbs to ignore a distress signal. He packed his duffle-bag and went to Mazatlan.

Glenn certainly wasn't the man to ask for help lightly, but what he had gone through with Tracey seemed to have broken some spring in the man. For the first time in his life it looked as if he really wanted to settle down and stay put and steer a straight course. It must have been an awful blow to him when he came back to Mexico and found everything in pieces.

The five thousand dollars had been spent on nets and things and the acquisition of an asthmatic second-hand launch. Most of the nets had been lost in bad weather, ruined by incompetency, stolen, torn beyond repair by sharks, and the launch suffered from plenty of engine trouble. What little shark fishing there was, Manuel and Glenn did with lines, but it was a bad year and the piffling amount of oil they boiled out of their catch was of no use to Chempax.

Their contract remained unfulfilled and was cancelled with chilly regrets. Sincerely yours, unreadable signature, Vice-President of Chempax Co. No more sensational four pesos per gallon, no Cooperativa Pachuela. A dark sky, high winds, tumultuous clouds, small rivers of toffee-like mud engulfing the flooded streets. Nothing remained but heaps of rusting tin scrap around the shed where they had canned the oil.

But the worst of it all: Vida had left.

She had left with Tia Teresa when there had been one of the ever-recurring local political upheavals; the town had been cleaned up, La Conchita closed. Manuel claimed that this broke Tia Teresa's heart. In any case, Vida had taken the sick woman to Mexico City, where a second heart attack had put an end to her life.

Nobody knew what had happened to Vida after Tia Teresa's death.

Mexicans, on the whole, are too polite or too indolent to stick their noses into other people's business. There were rumors that Vida was dancing in one of the elegant night-clubs along the Paseo de la Reforma, or that she was kept in jewels and diamonds by the richest and most notorious gangster of the capital, or that she had become a nun. Or a movie star.

In the hope of discovering her on the screen Manuel went faithfully to the Majestic, where movies were shown twice a week. Each time he came back with the same resigned lifting of shoulders and empty palms. "Nada," he would report. "Nothing, Patron. No Vida. A most diverting evening otherwise; but no Vida."

Manuel, who at that time still had both his legs, was a very good man; you couldn't with a better companion for going after shark. Also, he was crazy about motors, engines of all sorts—'Hombre, what an engineer he could have become with a little schooling! Crazy about that asthmatic, tubercular tub, too. La Encantadora, he had named her; takes a Mexican to be that fanciful! The Enchantress—my foot! Thumbs said with grim amusement. But he kept her on an even keel and his two gringos also.

Manuel had that true Indian temperament: stolid, resigned, stoical, whatever you call it. Fifty per cent. stupidity and indolence, and fifty per cent. fortitude, wisdom. Took the rough with the smooth because, obviously, they're both sent by God and neither lasts for ever. Without Manuel the two might not have stuck it out during those terrible next months.

THE market for shark hides on which Glenn had counted and which had been pretty good for a while was just about to fizzle out completely, and the best that could be done with the few sharks they caught was skin them, sell the fins to the man who traded with some Chinese restaurants in San Francisco, hang the slabs of meat over the laundry lines for drying, boil the oil from the livers, and peddle it around at the best price they could get. Thirty centavos for the gallon, if they were lucky.

Skinning sharks, cutting them up, chopping the liver, stirring the mess around in a copper pan for three hours to boil out the oil, that's tough, grinding work and pretty smelly, too, under that Mexican sun. The worst is that you get bruised and chafed when you handle their sandpaper hides, and those bruises are easily infected.

Both the captain and the chief had their paws pickled in iodine and bandaged up when the little man in the raincoat and with the portfolio appeared and wanted to shake hands. "Shake," he said, "and how've you been, Captain Hammers? Don't you remember me? Bishop is the name, Albert Bishop. I met you when you came to San Francisco to sign our contract, in E.J.'s office—remember? I understand there were a few regrettable misunderstandings between you and Chempax, too bad, isn't it? But now our legal department has ironed it all out, yessir, every last little wrinkle!"

From here on you have to deal only with me. I am representing the Crude Drug Department and here is what I suggest. You deliver the livers and we take over from there; save you the time and labor of extracting the oil. All you have to do is catch the sharks, pack.

To page 52

Bacall plans to sell Hollywood mansion

● Beautiful Lauren Bacall, shattered by the death of her husband, Humphrey Bogart, is facing life again. Still young, she has accepted her widowhood courageously. In this story, Lee Carroll, of Hollywood, describes an interview with Lauren at her Hollywood home.

"I've never seen you look younger," I said to Lauren Bacall, and I meant it.

She was wearing a white silk ribbon in her hair. Her eyes, big and clear and very blue, were framed by a face bronzed to a healthy tan.

"Why, thank you!" A wide tomboyish grin spread out across her face. "This is something every woman likes to hear. Make yourself at home. Don't mind the quietness. What will you have?"

The afternoon was hot and humid, but the huge, lifeless house was cool. She poured me a drink, but took nothing herself.

Little more than six months ago death visited this lavish mansion, to write finis to one of Hollywood's most colorful careers.

Humphrey Bogart left behind a young widow and two children, a million-dollar fortune, and a name that will long be remembered.

His widow curled up in one end of the huge sofa in the library, a willowy, relaxed, healthy girl wearing white treader pants that accentuated her perfect hipline, and a corn-blue blouse that matched her eyes.

"I've read so many scripts they're coming out of my ears," she said. "You know,

I do feel that I'm ready for a picture.

"Except that I don't want to make one just for the sake of being in one. Audiences liked me in 'Designing Woman.' This is my responsibility. My next picture must keep up the standard.

"Any day now the right script will come along and I'll be back at work. I wish I could work six months of every year and loaf the rest of the time. But I won't plan for that. I refuse to plan for anything.

"Why should I know in advance about tomorrow? I like it to be a surprise, anyway, not be the product of a pattern. All I know is I want many things. I like to travel. I would like to go abroad.

"We've stayed in Europe on three occasions, Bogie and I, and each time it was great."

The name came out easily, without pain.

"We liked London most. When they offer me a picture there next, I'll come to stay at least half a year so I can place Stephen in an English school. I love English schools. I would take a Mayfair flat, although I've found there's nothing wrong with living at the Dorchester."

"How are the children?"

"Visiting with friends this afternoon. Stevie's latest desire is to become a scientist. You never know how they progress from the desire of becoming a policeman or fireman to that, do you?"

"Do they miss him?" I asked.

"They do. The little one is different. It is taking him a long time adjusting himself.

And he has need of a father more and more. This is my great problem. They meet other children, all of whom have home, mother, and father. They come home to mother, no father.

"That's why we have to get out of here. I don't mean Hollywood, it will always be my home. I mean this house. Without Bogie it is not the same.

"Sure, it's beautiful. But we'll never have it back the way it was, and these memories are hard on a child."

She dismissed the house with a sweep of the arm. The vastness of its rooms was obviously adding to her loneliness.

"You couldn't part with all this," I said, pointing to the photographs and paintings on

the oak-pannelled walls of the library."

Above and around the fireplace there were candid shots of Bogie and friends. A sienna crayon sketch of Bacall occupied the place of honor in the centre. There was Bogart on his yacht, Bogart and Bacall together, a picture of family friend Frank Sinatra, another of friend and associate John Huston.

"But I won't plan." She was adamant. She lit another cigarette, her third. "There's plenty of time for everything. No hurry. This, I suppose, is the great advantage of still being young.

"I've been married for close to twelve years, and Bogie and I had gone together for a year before that. That's almost half my life. You can't dismiss that with a shrug of a shoulder, can you? And I have no such intention.

"But I won't arrange my future, either."

Obviously, Bacall intends to remain active in motion pictures, well aware of her youth and the fact that no woman, especially one with a responsibility to two young children, will go on alone for ever. She hinted at that. Yet, it looks like being a while before Lauren Bacall remarries.

Though she is too much of a rebel ever to do what is expected of her.

From LEE CARROLL,
in Hollywood



ELEGANT in whatever she wears, Lauren Bacall poses here in casual clothes for famous Canadian photographer Karsh.

When you see curves ahead make

RYVITA

your bread

makes you fit — keeps you slim

ALWAYS SOLD IN
PACKETS, SO ALWAYS
FRESH



The modern way to lose weight and gain energy.

If a tight zipper or too-snug waistband is warning you that the pounds have been creeping up on you, now — this very day — is the time to act! Make Ryvita your daily crispbread and in no time you'll be looking your best in today's trim fashions. There's no need to go on a tiresome, weakening diet, no need to buy expensive slimming preparations. Just enjoy crunchy Ryvita — and lose weight the healthy way.

It takes rye to satisfy.

No other crispbread can help you control your appetite — and your weight — like Ryvita, because no other Australian crispbread is made from rye. Ryvita makes it easy to say no to fattening extras, and its whole-rye minerals, vitamins and proteins step up your energy at the same time. Excess pounds are burnt up in exercise.

The whole-family
crispbread.

Ryvita is all nourishment, good for everyone, from growing youngsters to waistline-watching adults. And Ryvita is delicious with everything you serve. Make it your daily crispbread!



DEBORAH GETS A BREAK FROM GENTLE ROLES



LEFT: This lovely chiffon evening gown is part of Deborah's \$30,000-dollar wardrobe for her role of Terry McKay in her new film, "An Affair to Remember." It's a long time since her fans have seen Deborah wearing clothes that are really distinguished and elegant.

ABOVE: Art dealer Fortunio Bonanova comes to Cary Grant's Paris studio to sum up the progress Cary has made since he gave up his American millionairess fiancée for Deborah and began trying to make a name for himself as a serious artist. He finds Grant has talent.

FILM FAN-FARE

● To those who have been asking when they will see Deborah Kerr in a role that doesn't radiate sweetness and goodness ("Tea and Sympathy", "Heaven Knows, Mr. Allison") her next film will come as a welcome change.

The Deborah of Fox's romantic drama "An Affair to Remember" is a rather tarnished lady, a nightclub singer who enjoys the patronage of an industrial tycoon allergic to matrimony, a part played by Richard Denning.

In this remake of the old Irene Dunne-Charles Boyer "Love Affair," Cary Grant is the notorious bachelor whose meeting with the girl on a transatlantic liner is the turning-point in both their lives.

RIGHT: It becomes a kiss to remember each time Deborah Kerr and her co-star, Cary Grant, play one of their tender love scenes. Director Leo McCarey also made the 1939 version of the film.

BELOW: This romantic scene from "An Affair to Remember" shows Cary and Deborah wandering together in an old and beautiful Neapolitan garden.



20%



more tape
length
for your
money!

NOW
BEAR
B R A N D
TAPE

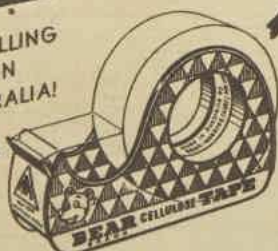
refill rolls give you 20% more
tape length at no extra cost!

It doesn't cost you a penny more to get that extra 20% tape length! You still get the same high-quality tape, the same width, and in addition you get a tape roll that is individually wrapped to keep it factory fresh right up to the time it reaches you.



FOR
BETTER TAPE BUYING
BEAR TAPE

THE TOP-SELLING
TAPE IN
AUSTRALIA!



Made in Australia by
BEHR-MANNING (AUST.) PTY. LTD.



1 ABOVE: Private Lemmon is glad when Captain Kovacs doesn't impress newly arrived Nurse Grant.
2 RIGHT: Disciplinary mortuary duty is sadistically assigned Lemmon by his old enemy Capt. Kovacs.



Comedy of Army hospital



3 ABOVE: Arranging meeting for a friend, Lemmon has to promise the innkeeper to repair damage done at a previous party.

4 RIGHT: Showing Kathryn stolen X-ray of General's ulcer, Lemmon hopes to persuade her to go with him to secret party at the inn.



5 HEARING of planned Mad Ball for all who helped repair damage, Kovacs issues orders that will make it impossible for any nurse to attend.



6 ABOVE: Ingenious plan for getting nurses to Mad Ball is hatched between Lemmon and influential Rooney.



7 LEFT: Nurses brought by ambulance, Colonel won over, the Mad Ball dancers are joined by starry-eyed Kathryn and Lemmon.

Debbie Reynolds...

LOVELY FILM STAR, WIFE AND MOTHER, SAYS:

"I use Lux Toilet Soap"

FREE TRIP TO
HOLLYWOOD
FOR
MISS LUX 1957



A glamour trip to Hollywood by Pan American Airways' luxury President service... 10 unforgettable days in the movie capital of the world — that's the big prize awaiting a girl with acting talent, bright personality and a radiant, Lux-lovely complexion.

ENTRANT No. 3



BEVERLEY JEWELL, 22, is a Melbourne girl with black hair, blue eyes, lovely skin and a burning ambition to win fame as an actress. "Most important of all," says Beverley, "one must have confidence in one's appearance. That's why I always use Lux Toilet Soap. I find Lux so mild and gentle, it leaves my skin smooth and soft, really nice to look at."

ENTRANT No. 4



Lovely Sydney girl ANNABELLE CALVERT is 19 — and a keen outdoor girl. "I like to feel the sting of wind on my face" says Annabelle, whose skin has the smooth, delicate look of a pampered complexion. "daily care with Lux Toilet Soap keeps my skin soft and clear."

Young mothers, like Debbie Reynolds, know Lux Toilet Soap is so mild, so gentle... its great purity makes Lux safe even for baby's delicate skin. And that rich, refreshing Lux lather is a favourite with husbands, too. In fact, Lux is just right for all the family — always keep plenty of pure, mild Lux Toilet Soap handy in your home.

FOR YOUR OWN
LOVELINESS...

Use Lux Toilet Soap in the bath and shower, and everytime you wash your face. Never, never let any but the purest, mildest soap touch your skin! Lux Toilet Soap — the choice of 9 out of every 10 film stars — beautifies as it cleanses... leaves your complexion truly flawless and radiant.



DEBBIE REYNOLDS stars in "BUNDLE OF JOY"

An R.K.O. picture. RKO-Scope and Technicolor show to perfection Debbie's radiant loveliness, her clear, beautiful skin... cared for with pure, mild Lux Toilet Soap.



GET THE BIG FAMILY SIZE

YOUR SKIN WILL GLOW WITH BEAUTY, JUST LIKE DEBBIE REYNOLDS'

THAT'S THE PROMISE OF PURE, WHITE

LUX TOILET SOAP

BEAUTY CARE OF 9 OUT OF EVERY 10 FILM STARS



Fashion
and
leisure
have come
to town!

with the fabulous new
TOOTAL
minimum-iron
cottons, rayons
and linen

Elegance is
easy this Spring!

These Minimum-Iron fabrics are miracle-processed for double crease-resistance and easy care! Just wash, rinse cold, wring gently by hand, and put on a hanger to dry. Little or no ironing is needed . . . just a butterfly touch at the most. When you want Minimum-Iron cotton, ask for TOOTAL SUN COTTON or TOOTOILE. Rayon? Choose TOOTRESS, the world's first Minimum-Iron rayon. And TOOTAL LINEN is on the Minimum-Iron list.

All Tootal guaranteed . . .
for your complete satisfaction.

TOOTAL GUARANTEE: Should dissatisfaction arise through any defect in the material, Tootal will replace it or refund the price and pay the cost incurred in making-up.

TOOTAL BROADHURST LEE CO. LIMITED

Continuing . . .

Written on Water

from page 46

and ship the livers, and we are willing to pay you the same price for the ton of unprocessed liver as we would have paid you for the oil! Now, what do you think of that? As a special inducement to keep these lazy fishermen on their toes —

Friendly, persuasive little man, skin like grey blotting-paper, too much gums in his smile. Waved the new contract under their noses, tried to push his fountain pen into Glenn's hand. If Glenn's paw hadn't been sore and bandaged, or if the little man's eager-beaver manners and morning-after breath hadn't irritated him so badly, he would have signed it.

As it was, he flipped the pen away: 'Sorry, Mr. Bishop, but, as you know, as an American citizen I am not entitled to sign any Mexican contracts, and the president of our Cooperativa is absent. I shall discuss your proposition at the next board meeting. You'll hear from us — and now, if you'll excuse me —' He handed the guy his hat and portfolio, and if the miserable shed which they called their office had had a door he would have opened it for him.

'Glenn, don't you think you were crazy not to sign?' Thumbs asked him afterwards.

'Maybe. It wouldn't be the first time in my life,' he grinned. 'And not the last, either.'

Mr. Bishop took a room at the Hotel Colonial and got busy. He had been flown in on a chartered plane, but now he took his time. He tried to tackle some local fishermen — Manuel Perez, for instance — who didn't understand a word of English and deeply distrusted this ill-mannered gringo. He hustled after Glenn and, sweating all over his small public-relations person, he raised the offer another peso per gallon.

But by this time the great news had reached Mazatlan. First a whisper, then a shout, then a front-page article in the local paper; excited discussions at the market, in the cantinas, under the portales, where the men stood around in agitated white or blue huddles; and at last an explosion up and down the coast: U.S.A. Chemical Industries Buy Shark Livers at Fantastic Prices. Miraculous Discovery of Scientists. La Vitamina A. Arriba El Bum — that's how the boom was spelled and how it arrived in Mazatlan.

'I always knew it —' said Glenn.

It was a dizzy time. Buyers swarmed into every cove and nook to outbid each other, corner the tons and tons of livers the chemists demanded. Sharks, which had been merely a nuisance, had suddenly become a cherished commodity, because, for some reason, the livers of the sharks which were plentiful along the Mexican coast contained a unique and spectacular load of vitamin.

Prices went up and up and up. And not until they had been stabilised by an agreement between the fishermen's organisations — the government — and the American industries did the Cooperativa Pachueta consent to enter into another contract with Chempax.

For this purpose Manuel was made the vice-president of the enterprise and taught to sign his name, which he did with pride and a great Spencerian flourish. Till then his signature had consisted of either an X or a thumb-print; but now he spent delighted hours in filling pages of a copybook with his name and dreamily admiring the newly acquired magic. Altogether, as vice-presidents go, one could only wish that they all were as experienced in

their field as Manuel Perez was in his.

When the fishing out of Mazatlan got poor because of a lot of blasting and dredging, constructing and improving in the bay, it was Manuel who moved the Cooperativa down the coast to a hidden old fishing camp or smuggler's nest called Tiburon — one of the many small coves of the same name that are scattered over the maps of Latin America. This wild and dismal hole turned out to be one of the best shark-fishing grounds south of Mazatlan, and the rough crew camping there behind cliffs and barriers of reefs knew their business. Also, there was hardly one among them who hadn't been in gaol or wished to avoid the police for reasons of his own.

There were a few ramshackle huts made of reeds and old crates and anything else the sea might sweep ashore. Up on the white palisades stood a poor wind-beaten little chapel, un-

We are nearly always
most bored by those
whom we bore.
—La Rochefoucauld.

used and rat-infested, part of a ruined hacienda buried in mud, sad remnant of some revolution.

Naturally, there hangs a rather high smell to a place where you keep on cutting up dead sharks and chopping the liver and salting it and throwing it into cans. First, when you slit the shark open and tear out the liver it's mostly sort of a reddish blue and doesn't smell very much. But if you keep it lying around in the sun for just a little while it begins to turn black and to rot and smell to high heaven. That's exactly what happened to the first good catch the men brought in.

These two stupid gringos paid them for the liver before it was chopped and canned, and the whole gang simply disappeared and left them with tons and tons of liver rotting under their noses. The Mexicans stayed gloriously drunk for three days and only after they had used up every centavo did they come back to work. The next time they didn't get paid until it was all chopped and salted and nicely put into five-gallon cans and every lid closed, and whatever was left by the seagulls and cormorants buried in the sand and everything as neat and clean as mother's kitchen.

This time they scrambled into their prehistoric dug-outs and went off towards Mazatlan around the dangerous cliffs of the Punta Negra, and when they came creeping back to work after ten days they had the most colossal hangover imaginable and were so weak and sick they had hardly strength enough to catch bait fish.

They lost two lines that day and for another week they hardly caught any sharks, while the buyers fired telegrams from everywhere and a refrigerated car was waiting in Mazatlan for the cargo and little Mr. Albert Bishop from Chempax came flying down once more what was gumming up the works and to give Captain Hammers a pep talk.

Yet how could those people in their executive swivel chairs understand that those fishermen, who had never made more than one or two pesos a day, went simply insane when they suddenly had forty, fifty pesos in their pockets?

But the worst trouble was to

occur the day the women rioted. When Thumbs and Glenn came down to the shore that morning, all the women-folk were milling around there, with all their babies and all their misery. They had torn down the little shed in which the gringos attended to business and they had rolled some fifty cans of liver into the lagoon. Some of these had burst and spilled their contents, and there was that stench again and the flies, and screeching swarms of sea birds diving for the mess.

The women, usually so demurely trotting after their husbands, had gone stark-raving mad. They had made a fire and thrown into it the thatched roof and the grand new stationery and the two chairs and everything else they could lay hands on — it made a fine blaze in the morning breeze. They spat at the gringos and shook their fists. They held their babies up to show how sick and weak they were; they lifted up their children and pointed at their thin little legs and arms and at the sores in their faces and at the white dull eyes of those who were going blind.

It was about the most horrible experience Thumbs had ever gone through and he was amazed that Glenn didn't lose his head, while he himself felt like getting hysterical and screaming and running away from that infernal crowd of desperate and enraged women.

There comes the moment when a Mexican crowd becomes ugly and cruel and begins to hurl stones at you, their age-old inexpensive and deadly weapon. Well, the stones hailed thick and fast. To Glenn and Thumbs it looked as if either would get killed or that they would have to fight their way out with their knives.

It wasn't a very nice or pleasant thought.

AND then suddenly a woman's voice rose loud and clear above the shrill hubbub.

The women stopped with their arms still up and the rocks in their hands, and their mouths wide open. Glenn pushed his knife back into his pocket and his eyes went dark, as if something black were reflected in them, and his good old grin was spreading over his face. Thumbs turned around to see what it was that made his eyes go dark: a black dress, very smart and elegant, on the small figure of a lady straddling the back of a little burro. She was riding into the crowd of women, calling them to their senses, addressing them by their names and laughing as if this awful riot were just a joke.

Glenn had recognised her instantly, but it took Thumbs quite some time to grasp that the girl on the burro and in that inappropriate get-up was no one but Vida.

Not only was she wearing a city dress but also a hat and even gloves. It was lucky that she was so overdressed, because the women were so dazzled by her elegance and so interested in discussing her frock, fingering the material, laughing about that hat and enjoying the rare fashion show, that they forgot the riot.

Vida, however, plunged at once into the business of finding out what was the matter and how things could be arranged for the better. Glenn and Thumbs, of course, knew some Spanish, but when these women began firing away in their machine-gun staccato they couldn't understand the half of it.

'What the devil do they want?' they asked Vida, and she interpreted the gist of their yells and cries: 'They say as

To page 53

Continuing . . . Written on Water

from page 52

ignorant Patron Guero," she said softly, "if you give the mamas the money, the papas will beat them up until they hand it over, and things will be worse for them than ever. Look here, you let me handle this. With your permission, señores, you will leave the women to me now, no?"

THUS dismissed, the heads of the Cooperativa slunk off to the lop-sided adobe hut with the dirt floor which was their temporary home. After a little while they saw the women scramble to their shacks; they were laughing and joking as usual and soon the smoke rising through the cracks of their walls and roofs and the slap-slap of their tamale-making announced that they were peacefully busy at their housework.

A little later Vida appeared, led by Manuel's oldest boy, Pedrito, and leading the burro on whose back the two younger ones were proudly riding, all three of them as lovable and unwashed as only Mexican kids can be. Especially El Chiquitin, the one Vida had raised on goat's milk after his mother ran away and who subsequently became inseparable from her. A small, round button of a baby with eyes like prunes and the dark copper cheeks of a luscious Indian peach.

"Okay, Patron," Vida said, "here I am."

"Yes, here you are. Just like that! High time you remembered where you belong," Glenn barked at her.

Vida blinked. "Is that all the welcome I get from you?"

"What did you expect? A red carpet, fireworks, and a parade? Just because Dona Vida Pachuela finally does us the

great honor of visiting us Did you expect I would fall around your neck and kiss you for it?"

Vida looked straight at him. "Si," she said. Just like that: "Si." It took the wind out of Glenn's sails for a moment, but he tacked to and held his angry speed and course. "I suppose it would be rude to inquire where you have been and what you did while here everything went to the dogs?"

"I was in La Capital, señor. In Mexico City."

"Had fun?" Glenn asked. Not even with Tracey had he ever

does it go? I save up some money, but it is so little you will laugh. Twenty-two pesos is all."

"Is all! Didn't you find some rich friend to support you in style?"

"My friends are poor, they are of the humble people. The Señora Echeverría where I rent a room, she is a widow with six little ones. Friends? No, señor, in a big city nobody has time to make friends. The big city is a big solitude."

"Now wait a minute—wait a minute—Glenn tried several times to interrupt her; but Vida, who could be quiet for days and weeks, had to get rid



put so much bitterness in just two words.

"How not? So many new things—sometimes my head wants to burst. Poof! Bom! The fireworks!"

"Dancing, I suppose?"

"Also, yes. Also dancing. I need money. I must live, I must eat, no? Everything is dear in Mexico City. Will you believe it, Don Galán, the Club Paraiso pays me sixty pesos a week—sixty pesos for three dances—a rare fortune, and where

in one great burst of the pressure the big city had built up in her. She took a deep breath and laughed. "So—no friends. But I am very lucky. Learning is a great happiness, yes?"

"Wait a moment," Glenn said, confused. "What learning, for God's sake? What's it all about, little muddlehead?"

"After Tia Teresa is buried, I go to college. Colegio Moderno, where they teach you the business; you cannot imagine what a rare, magnificent

school, what classes, what teachers, what learning! Before I come to Mexico City I am sad, I am not happy, no, Guero; I look in the mirror and I say to myself: "Vida, you are as stupid as a turkey hen; you are useless, you are no good, not for yourself, nor for the Patron who has given you the great honor of naming his important enterprise after you."

THEN why can't you understand where all the money went? And why are there no sharks, no oil—and what are you to answer to the impertinent letters of the Señores Chempax? Vida, you nitwit, it is high time you try to stuff a little necessary information into your dumb, empty head. Like reading and writing real good, and typing, and accounting, and some book-keeping and 'the Fundamentals of Business Correspondence' and—"

"If that's what you did in Mexico City, why didn't you write me a line?" Glenn shouted her down. "Why didn't you let me know? Why did you let me fret and worry and slowly go nuts, you thoughtless, indolent, inconsiderate, irresponsible—"

"Why? You ask me why, why, why?" Vida cried in a blaze of hurt. "Because I read in the magazine how you are occupied with the complications which that gringa—the bad one—made for you. When I see in the periodical your picture with her at your side, naturally I have no wish to write to you."

"What periodical, for heaven's sake?"

"The American magazine which has the same name as I: 'Life.' La Vida. I learn the American language from it: 'Okay.' 'Super-duper.' 'Says who?' 'Oh, boy!'"

"Listen to her," Glenn said; he

cleared his throat, swallowed hard. "If you aren't the craziest—craziest—just listen to her, Thumba? Have you ever seen a crazier kid?"

Through her angry and happy tears she surveyed the neglect of their bachelors' shack: muddy shoes and dirty laundry tumbling about, two breakfast mugs and a greasy pan on the rickety table, some old underwear draped over the hammocks and a handful of muddy socks stuffed into the hole in the roof where yesterday's rain had leaked through.

"Why do you live like swine?" she asked very gently, dangerously quiet. "Who takes care of you?"

"Well, nobody. I mean, we ourselves. That is—Lupita was to look after the laundry, but —"

"Lupita who? The thin one with the squint? 'Don't let me find her filthy person near this place, ever! Her children have more lice than hair on their poor little heads.' She pulled off her gloves and the city hat, kicked off her high-heeled shoes, shed the sheer stockings, and gathered up her skirt."

"From now on I take care of you. I take care of everything—with your permission, señor." She searched Glenn's face and, reassured, she whispered: "You are glad that I am here, no?"

"Yes, Vida," said Glenn.

It cannot be said that Tiburon became a paradise after Vida took over. It just wasn't that kind of place.

The men still got drunk and they still beat up their women, and the children were still sick and inert from centuries of abject poverty. It made Vida furious. "The whole village smells and drips with your marvellous vitamin-rich shark-liver

To page 55

NAMBA WAN HAUS MONI TRU

(Number One House Money True)



Throughout New Guinea, from the rapidly growing towns on the coast to the almost inaccessible parts of the rugged interior, the COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK, known as Number One House Money True, is serving the population, European, Asiatic and native, from its numerous Branches and Agencies.

Soon after the Patrol Officer penetrates uncontrolled country, the services of the COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK are made available to the native population and the benefits of saving explained to them.

As in New Guinea, so in Australia, the services of Australia's most experienced Savings Bank are available to you from its over 6,200 Branches and Agencies. There is a Branch or Agency of the COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK in your locality, ready and willing to serve you.



COMMONWEALTH SAVINGS BANK

EVERYWHERE FOR EVERYONE

Sunbeam ELECTRIC FRYPAN



MAKES MEALS TO REMEMBER!



TO-MORROW IN YOUR OWN KITCHEN

Yes, in your own kitchen, you can cook delicious meals to the same glorious perfection shown in the natural colour photograph above. Don't delay another day — be one of the hundreds of wise women who cook the modern, wonderful, Sunbeam way. Buy your Electric Frypan tomorrow!



EVERY MEAL EVERY DAY FOR EVER AFTER

This is the fabulous frying pan that *not only* tries, but grills, braises, roasts, bakes, casseroles, etc. You'll use it for breakfast, lunch and dinner; you'll use it for snacks and suppers, too! In fact, you'll use it so often that you'll wonder how you ever did without one!



AUTOMATIC HEAT CONTROL IS THE SECRET

The handle contains the super-accurate Sunbeam thermostat which has made this appliance the rage of Australian kitchens. Scientifically correct temperatures are clearly indicated for each cooking operation. Set the dial — switch on . . . then watch the food cook perfectly, the automatic Sunbeam way.

BUY THIS FABULOUS APPLIANCE ON EASY TERMS AT SUNBEAM DEALERS

oil—this she had gathered from a Chempax prospectus—and look how many babies are dying!" she cried out.

"Yes, but look how many babies are born. Balance of nature," Glenn tried to console her.

"There is no higher mortality rate of babies in Tiburon than in the rest of the country," Thumbs put in.

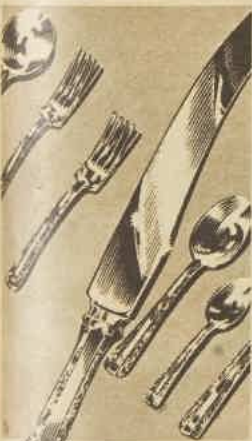
"Yes, and why? Because people are poor, everywhere. Don't give me any soap about how happy the poor Mexicans are in their poverty and squalor, oh, so much happier than your millionaires—your—your—like that bad one whose name I do not care to mention. They love their babies and they want them to be fat and happy and healthy and they grieve deeply over the ones they lose. Perhaps our Mexican grief has a different face, broader and darker, that's all."

"Sure, Vida—but you can't change that—"

"Who says I can't? Oh, yes, I can. I'll stop them from drinking unboiled water and I'll feed them the vitamin A and I swear I'll make a healthy life for my little Chiquitin."

"Oh, Vida, what a pain in the neck you have become, what a punishment for all my sins! Glenn would groan in mock protest. 'So help me God, I fear you are a good woman, and good women taste dull, like soup without salt.'"

But that wasn't Vida's sort of goodness. If you wanted to know what it meant to enjoy life you just had to watch Vida. Watch her eat, watch her bite into a tostado and savor it and lick her fingers, watch her eat a nice, golden, ripe mango dripping with juice—and suddenly you understood the whole sweetness of life. Watch her at the pier, standing up to her knees in a heap of fish and pick them up and sort them out and throw each on to the pile where it belonged. Watch her laugh, watch her sing, watch her pray, watch her dance. It made you feel as though you hadn't ever known before what wonderful fun it is to be alive.



Rodd Cutlery
Made in Australia

Here are fine examples of the Australian silversmiths' art. The makers of Rodd Cutlery recommend Silvo Liquid Silver Polish for the proper care of all silver. Silvo is gentle to delicate silver surfaces and quickly restores its rich, lovely lustre.



Restores natural lustre to all silver

Continuing . . .

Written on Water

[from page 53]

How she battled away alongside the two friends to make Tiburon a better place! Against the floods, the mud, the germs, vermin, miasma, sickness; against the ignorance, the indolence, the superstitions of the poor fisherfolk. Slowly things improved; the village grew and Glenn Hammers grew up with it. Slowly Tiburon became a better place to live in, especially after they went to work on the old hacienda whose ruins stuck out from the hillside like black, hollow teeth.

SCATTERED all over Mexico such remnants can be found, former haciendas wrecked and burned down in some revolution, acres and acres of weed-choked debris within the enclosing walls. This one had been buried up to its ancient nose, but when the mud was shovelled off to make adobe bricks from, there emerged enough remains of the old casa grande, the main house, some of the outbuildings, and the rows of the peons' cribs, to make its renovation worth while.

Thumbs went to work to build two rooms into the shell of the casa grande—"Now you shall not live like swine but like kings, señores," said Vida, who was installed in a shack connected with the enormous colonial kitchen by a tangle of rotten posts and hungry trees and strangling creepers. These she soon changed into a pretty arbor, because all Indians are born gardeners and not one is so poor that he wouldn't grow flowers around his abode.

The rehabilitation of the hacienda was one of the miracles of prosperity; similar things happened in many of the miserable little fishing villages up and down the coast under the blessed impact of El Bum. It also offered an easy solution to the housing problem for the growing population.

People left their shacks, patched up the cribs and moved on to the grounds of the hacienda, lock, stock, and barrel. They planted their mad Indian gardens, flowers, herbs, vegetables, sugar-cane, corn, everything, and they kept their children, pigs, turkeys, goats, sheep, and chickens safely within the enclosing walls.

Hombre, the noise, the quarrels, the laughter, the singing, fiddling, and plunking of guitars, and the new assortment of odors! The first they gave on the great day when Vida hung up flowered, terribly pink curtains in the bedroom shared by Hammers and Thumbs.

"You like it?" she would ask again and again. "It is of the very finest material, the shiniest I could find in Mazatlan, and such a smiling color, yes, señores? May it smile on you in

The oldest books are only just out to those who have not read them.

—Samuel Butler.

the morning when you open your eyes. Sure you like it, no?"

"I love them. Absolutely. They're enchanting," muttered Glenn, staring at the pattern of purple pineapples on pinkest pink.

"Now lie down on your bed and look at them from there, Don Galan. You too, Pulgarcito." (Pulgarcito—Little Thumbs—was her nickname for Thumbs.) "How does your home appear to you now?"

"Adorable. Beautiful. Precious," he said in Spanish.

But not for long did he remain the only great lord who owned such curtains. A week later Manuel's windows blossomed out in equal splendor,

Notice to Contributors

PLEASE type your manuscript or write clearly in ink, using only one side of the paper.

Short stories should be from 2500 to 6000 words; articles up to 1500 words. Enclose stamps to cover return postage of manuscript in case of rejection.

Every care is taken of manuscripts, but we accept no responsibility for them. Please keep a duplicate.

Address manuscripts to the Editor, The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 4088W, G.P.O., Sydney.

as if the fact that he had windows at all did not give him enough distinction.

By the third year Tiburon had made big strides; it was part of the new prosperity. They had laid pipes and built latrines and had even coaxed the men into helping Thumbs to restore the old dam designed to control the annual tantrums of Rio Negrillo, the river bed behind the camp. Every so often Glenn went off, to Mazatlan, to Mexico City, to the governor's finca, to the local dictator's ranch, to talk to the various men in official positions.

On behalf of his little mud-hole he had flattered, wheedled, shamed, coerced, and bribed the usual percentage of fierce

idealists and of hand-shaking, unreliable men of which the usual government consists, and the first results were putting out some buds: a post office, a telephone line. A train stop seven miles off. Electric power of a limited sort. They had widened and lengthened the mule trail that was their only inland connection with the trains and the world. To this rocky dirt road they had added a wooden bridge spanning the Rio Negrillo, across which Manuel could drive the truck in splendor each Thursday when he took the cans to the station.

They had two cantinas and a kind of general store. They had the beginning of a cemetery high up behind the little chapel. Once a magazine had sent two photographers to take pictures for an article: Boom in Sharks.

In the evenings they would sit together, Glenn, Thumbs, and Vida, proudly listening to the scraps of music the radio fished from the ether, and to the elegant sound of the ice cubes from their own refrigerator in their own highball glasses.

VIDA would straighten out the accounts, Glenn would chuckle over last week's American magazines, Thumbs would smoke his pipe, and Manuel would come in and importantly report that four tons of liver had been loaded on to the train. He had learned to drive the truck to the station, and it made him terribly proud that such an important job was entrusted to him. He had his oldest boy paint a highfalutin name on it—El Invincible—and talked to it as if it were a living creature.

It was very peaceful during those evenings, too peaceful for Glenn. Sometimes he would suddenly jump up, crumple his magazine, fling it into the corner and begin pacing up and down the room. Vida would look up from her work, and her eyes would follow him, watchful and a little worried, as the eyes of mothers and wives and sweethearts follow the restless steps of their menfolk all over the world.

"Does the radio molest you?" she would ask him, ready to turn it off.

"No, no, leave it on," he would quickly say. "Let's have some jazz. Turn it on louder."

"Want another drink, my dueno?"

"Yes, maybe that'd help."

"You are not happy? Not content? Why?"

"Sure, I'm happy and content, certainly. I'm so content it makes me sick."

"Is it possible that you be homesick for your country, Patroncito? If you should wish to make a voyage to San Francisco, we shall gladly take care of the business, the Pulgarcito, Manuelito and I."

"I am not homesick for my country."

"Or for a certain person in your country, no?" Vida said.

"No! I've told you a hundred times. I am not homesick for any person, dead or alive, in my country," Glenn shouted at her, pacing up and down with all the airs of the tiger at the zoo.

"Forgive me, Don Galan, I shall not mention this person again," Vida said softly, and Glenn's impatience subsided.

"If I'm homesick at all it may be that I'm homesick for a ship," he said, fiddling with the dial of the radio in the corner.

"The Arundel?" Vida asked.

"No. Not the Arundel. Can't you understand me? For a real ship, a real ship of many thousand tons and with a conning tower. I've sat still so long, sometimes I think I'll go crazy."

"You are very rich and very successful. Doesn't it make you content to have success?"

"Success! Yes, I've become a successful businessman, now isn't that simply too, too wonderful? Isn't that exactly what I always dreamed of, do the same routine day in day out, make money and plough it back into this stinking, successful enterprise! What are you laughing at?"

"Because you are smorting and pawing the arena like an angry bull. 'Eh, toro, torito!'" Vida laughed, stamping her foot like

a matador citing the bull. It was a proud and gay gesture out of one of her dances, and Glenn stopped shouting and subsided into a grumble: "What am I doing here? It doesn't make sense."

"I do not know what makes sense to you, Patron. You have three hundred and seventy-eight men fishing for you. You are giving them work and food and better living! For three weeks now not a single baby died. Does not this make sense, Guerito?"

"Yes. Maybe it does. To you it does. To me—? Thumbs, see that she doesn't squat too late over those blasted accounts and that she gets safely to her room. So long."

"And where are you going?"

"I think I'll take out the Blimp," he said, and was gone, leaving Vida worried. "Que Dios te ayude!" hanging in the empty air. She crossed herself and bent lower over her accounts. If she was crying, she did not let Thumbs see it.

"Listen, Glenn, Thumbs said one morning as they were out with the launch, 'did you hear that Manuel had another fight? He'll be laid off for at least a week this time.'"

"Yes, I went over and looked after him and cursed him. He got his arm slit open clear down to the bone. What does he pick all these fights for, I'd like to know? I told him that he's of no use to us if he keeps on drawing his knife the moment anyone makes a joke."

"And what did he say?"

To page 66

Fast on-the-spot relief...

...from Indigestion, Heartburn, Nausea, Flatulence, Dyspepsia

with

DE WITT'S ANTACID TABLETS



At the first sign of indigestion, dissolve a pleasant-tasting DeWitt's Antacid Tablet on the tongue, and halt the trouble before it develops. Made to the same well-balanced formula as the world famous DeWitt's Antacid Powder, these convenient, cellophane packed tablets rapidly neutralise excess stomach acid which is the common cause of digestive disorders. Ask your chemist or storekeeper for a packet of DeWitt's Antacid Tablets today.

At home, DeWitt's Antacid Powder is the family standby for the relief of all digestive disorders.

DeWitt's ANTACID TABLETS.

TABLETS . . . 3/3 LARGE ECONOMY SIZE—REGULAR SIZE 1/9
POWDER . . . 7/- LARGE ECONOMY SIZE—REGULAR SIZE 3/6

"THE LIVING BUSH" . . . Order Coupon

• Our all-color picture book of nature, "The Living Bush," will be printed next week. It contains 184 color photographs of Australian animals, birds, and flowers, printed on art paper. By filling in this order coupon you can have it sent post-free to any address in the world.

ORDER FORM

"THE LIVING BUSH"
Box 7052, G.P.O.,
Sydney.

Please DESPATCH copies
of "The Living Bush," price 7/6 a copy
(post free). I enclose £ / / ,
cheque/postal note.

NAME OF SENDER

ADDRESS

STATE

If more than one copy is ordered, attach list giving full name, address, State, and, if overseas, country.

ADDRESS LABEL

"THE LIVING BUSH"

PRINTED MATTER
ONLY

Name

Address

State

Sender

If undelivered, please return to Box 7052, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W.

POSTAGE

PAID

SYDNEY

eggs the greater



Yes, eggs are stars when it comes to versatility and food value, because eggs are the most complete, the most perfect health food you can eat—and you can enjoy them in thousands of different recipes.

Eggs add a wealth of balanced nutrition to every dish in which they appear—from sizzling "sunny-side-ups" that are ready in a matter of moments—to the most elaborate of cakes and confections.

Now—eggs have never been cheaper for years—so eggs mean economy as a meal, or in a meal!

With large eggs selling at 3/7 per pound a main dish serving costs only a few pence per head.

For recipes of egg dishes, just send your name and address to "Egg Recipes," Box 5340, G.P.O., Sydney.

eggs

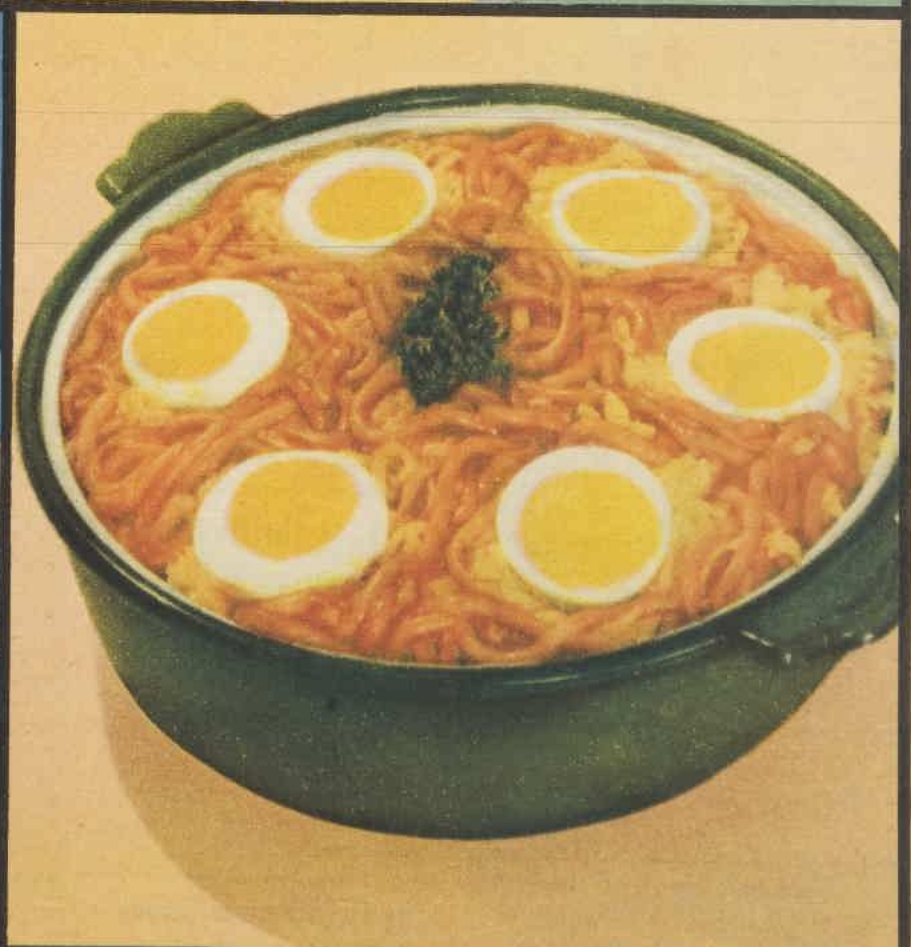
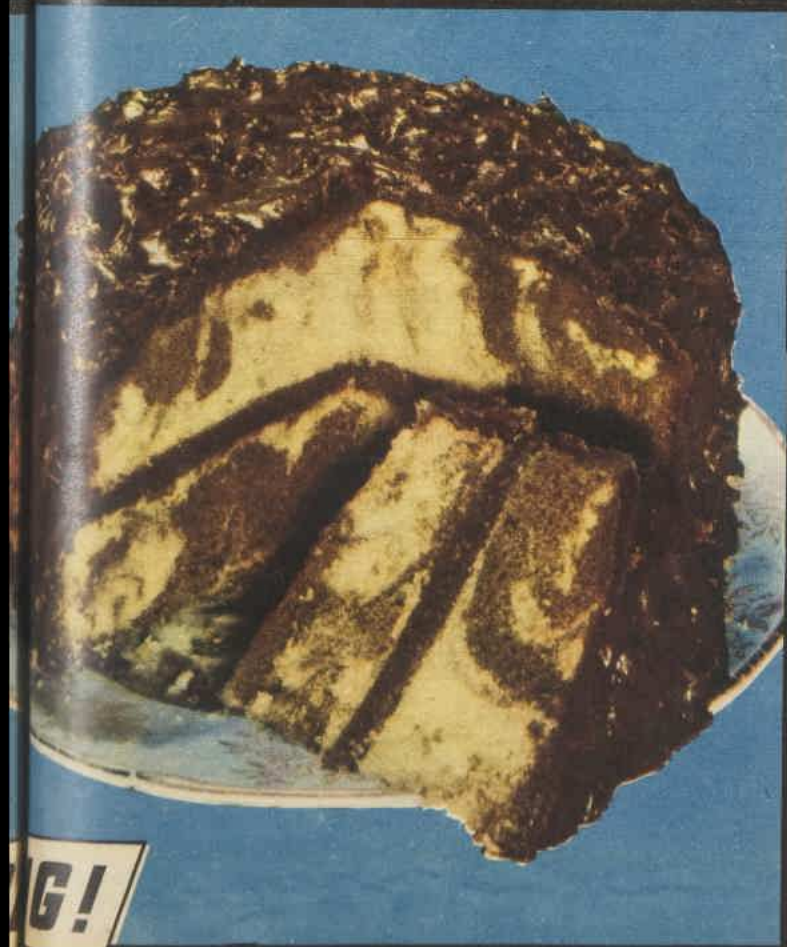
KEEP YOU GO

st variety artists *ever!*



eggs

appear in all
these delicious
foods





For making child's play of washing-up
there's no detergent like

ZIPPY

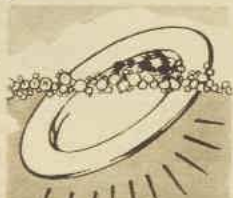
SUDS

the instant foaming, super active detergent

HERE'S
WHY



NO MORE WIPING UP
Zippy cuts out wiping-up forever! All you do is wash and rack-dry — and your dishes and glassware are clean and sparkling.



CUTS UNDER GREASE
Zippy cuts under and into grease—splits it into tiny particles that disperse immediately. Grease can't settle back on dishes.



SO KIND TO HANDS
Zippy contains lanosol — you can actually feel those rich, foaming Zippy suds being kind to your hands while you wash up.

Two wonderful ways to
buy Zippy Detergent!

Your grocer has Zippy in giant size 30 oz. bottles for super economy — and in new, American-style, 20 oz. cans with plastic pourer.

Fast thrifty Zippy
is so versatile.

Concentrated Zippy has 100 and 1 household uses. Save money on expensive garage-bought car shampoos. A quick wash using Zippy, a hose down and your car is showroom clean.

By the makers of famous
Zippy Liquid Starch.



Crochet blouse for spring

● This pretty crochet blouse with its perky neckline bow is sure to enhance the charms of any young girl who wears it.

WORKED in a delicate shell pattern that is simple to do, this blouse warrants inclusion in any spring wardrobe.

Materials: 9 balls selected color Coats Chain Mercer-Crochet No. 60; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 5 (slack workers could use a No. 5½ hook and tight workers a No. 4½); length of velvet ribbon 1½ in. wide.

Tension: 4 V sts. and 7 rows to 1 in.

Measurements: Length from shoulder, 22 in.; bust, 38 in.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; sl-st., slip-stitch; d.c., double crochet; tr., treble; sp., space.

FRONT

Right Shoulder: Commence with 133 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into 6th ch. from hook, * 1 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next ch.; rep. from * ending with miss 2 ch., 1 tr. into last ch., 1 ch., turn. (32 V sts. made.)

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into first tr., * 5 tr. into next 2 ch. sp. (shell made), 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp.; repeat from * ending with 5 tr. into last 2 ch. sp., 1 d.c. into top of turning ch., 3 ch., turn.

3rd Row: * 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into 3rd of next 5 tr., 1 ch.; rep. from * ending with 1 tr., 2 ch., and 1 tr. into 3rd of last 5 tr., 1 tr. into last d.c., 1 ch., turn.

Rep. 2nd and 3rd rows until 33rd row is completed, omitting turning ch. on last row. Fasten off.

Left Shoulder: Commence with 133 ch. and cont. as for right shoulder until 33rd row has been completed, 1 ch., turn.

34th Row: 1 d.c. into first tr. (5 tr. into next 2 ch. sp., 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp.) 32 times, 93 ch., 1 d.c. into last tr. on right shoulder, cont. in patt. to end of row, 3 ch., turn.

35th Row: Work in patt. until chain is reached, miss 2 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next ch., * 1 ch., miss 3 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next ch.; repeat from * 21 times more, 1 ch., miss 2 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into 3rd of next 5 tr., cont. in patt. to end of row, 1 ch., turn. (87 V sts.)

Work 23 more rows in patt., ending with 3 ch., turn.

59th Row: 1 tr. into 3rd of next 5 tr., * 1 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into 3rd of next 5 tr.; rep. from * ending with 1 ch., 1 tr. into 3rd of next 5 tr., 1 tr.

A PRETTY GIRL wearing a neat blouse can hold her own in any company. Easy-to-do crochet is featured in this blouse pattern of delicate shell motifs. A length of velvet ribbon trims the neck.

into last d.c., 1 ch., turn (one dec. made at each end).

60th Row: 1 d.c. into 1 ch. sp., 5 tr. into next 2 ch. sp., cont. in patt., ending with 5 tr. into last 2 ch. sp., 1 d.c. into next 1 ch. sp., 3 ch., turn.

Rep. last 2 rows 11 times more.

83rd Row: As 3rd row.

84th Row: As 2nd row. (63 shells.)

85th and 86th Rows: As 59th and 60th rows.

Rep. last 4 rows twice more, then rep. 59th and 60th rows once more.

97th and 98th Rows: As 3rd and 2nd rows.

Rep. last 2 rows once more.

101st and 102nd Rows: As 59th and 60th rows.

103rd and 104th Rows: As 3rd and 2nd rows. (53 shells.)

Rep. last 2 rows 11 times more.

127th Row: 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into 2nd of next 5 tr., 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next tr. of same 5 tr. group, * 1 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into 3rd of next 5 tr.; rep. from * ending with 1 ch., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into 2nd of last 5 tr., 1 ch., miss 1 tr., 1 tr. 2 ch. and 1 tr. into next tr., 1 tr. into last d.c., 1 ch., turn (one inc. made at each end).

128th Row: Work in patt.

Rep. last 2 rows once more.

131st to 134th Row: Work in patt.

135th and 136th Rows: As 127th and 128th rows.

137th and 138th Rows: Work in patt.

139th and 140th Rows: As 127th and 128th rows.

141st to 144th Row: Work in patt.

145th and 146th Rows: As 127th and 128th rows.

147th to 150th Row: Work in patt.

Rep. last 6 rows once more.

157th and 158th Rows: As 127th and 128th rows.

159th and 160th Rows: Work in patt.

161st and 162nd Rows: As 127th and 128th rows. (69 shells.)

163rd to 166th Row: Work in patt., omitting turning ch. on last row. Fasten off.

BACK

Join thread in base of turning ch. at sleeve edge on right shoulder.

1st Row: 1 d.c. into same place as join, * 5 tr. over base of V st., 1 d.c. over next 3 ch.; rep. from * 30 times more, 5 tr. over base of last V st., 1 d.c. into first ch., 93 ch., 1 d.c. into first of turning ch. on left shoulder, * 5 tr. over base of next V st., 1 d.c. over next 3 ch.; rep. from last * ending with 3 ch., turn.

2nd Row: As 35th row of front.

Cont. in patt. until 43 rows have been completed.

Now cont. working in patt. from 59th row of front and complete back.

TO MAKE UP

Damp and press. Sew up side seams, using back-stitch or machine-stitch. Turn blouse to wrong side. Work a row of shells round sleeves and neck edge. Damp and press once more.

Exclusive garden or patio seat, special all-metal floral design ends, unique wood shaped back. Factory price £14/18/6, or assemble prepared parts and paint it yourself, £12/18/6.

Modern streamlined swinging hammock, suitable for outdoor patio, etc. can be revolved to any position as shown, dismantled for storage, and re-assembled in matter of minutes, all-metal frame and rustproof, strong canvas in various colours. Factory price, £13/18/6. Paint it yourself, £12/9/6.

We have a section for repairs and alterations to good-class furniture, outdoor seats, etc.

Particulars: TRULINE SUPPLY CO., 84 Henderson Rd., Alexandria.

Phone, factory, MX3771. After hours, XL2318, FX3187.



THE LIVING BUSH

All-color picture book of nature, with 64 pages of best quality art paper, shows you Australia's strange animals, colorful birds, and beautiful flowers. See order coupon in this issue. Price 7/6.

THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY — September 4, 1957

*This luscious Brown Beauty is
not at all Eggs-travagant*

... now that eggs are so cheap



June Clyde "Mother's Choice" Home Economist and Cookery Adviser, has prepared a special recipe for this luscious Brown Beauty Cake. She says: "It's quite simple to make—you really can't go wrong... provided you use Mother's Choice Flour."

Remember—
it's easy to be a
**Smart
Cookie**
when you
use ...



"Mother's Choice" RECIPE FOR BROWN BEAUTY CAKE

Sift into bowl ... 2 cups Mother's Choice Self Raising Flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon salt.

Add ... $\frac{1}{2}$ cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup soft shortening, 2 eggs, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup milk.

Beat ... 2 minutes on Speed 2 of Mixmaster or with wooden spoon, then divide into two.

Add ... 1 dessertspoon orange juice and 1 teaspoon orange rind to 1 portion.

Mix in ... 3 level tablespoons cocoa sifted with $\frac{1}{2}$ level teaspoon bi-carb. soda, then 1 tablespoon milk to second portion.

Place ... in alternate teaspoonsful in 2 greased 7" sandwich pans and swirl mixture with a skewer.

Cook ... in moderate oven 30 minutes.

Fill and Cover ... with icing when cool.

BROWN BEAUTY ICING & FILLING

Sift ... 3 cups icing sugar and 6 level tablespoons cocoa.

Mix in ... 1 unbeaten egg, then 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ level tablespoons butter melted in 2 $\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons boiling water.

Mother's Choice Flour contains **AEROPHOS**, the modern raising ingredient.
Mother's Choice Flour is **VITAMIN ENRICHED** for extra goodness.

Mother's Choice Flour is **ENTOLETED** for purity.
Every packet of Mother's Choice Flour is
DATE STAMPED FOR FRESHNESS.

First time in Australia!

MADE BY *Bisley*

WASHABLE SPORTS TROUSERS

YOU DON'T HAVE TO PRESS!



'TERYLENE'
MAKES THE
FABULOUS
DIFFERENCE

HERE'S A MODERN MIRACLE to make life easier and pleasanter and save you money. Bisley brings you Wash-and-Wear Sports Trousers you can launder at home. They drip dry ready to wear, need no ironing — or at most, just an occasional touch-up. They're made of fabulous Terylene '75' — a remarkable new man-made fabric of handsome appearance and faultless drape. This fabric was first developed by Burlington Mills of U.S.A., the world's largest textile corporation for 'wash-and-wear' fabrics. It is amazingly crease-resisting and quick-drying, wonderfully light, cool and strong.



NO MORE CLEANING BILLS


The press and shape of Bisley Wash-and-Wear trousers are built right in. They'll hold their knife-edge crease through many a wash. And even after many months' wear they'll need only a light steam-press to restore their new look. Between washes, spots can be simply sponged clean.



LIGHTWEIGHT WONDERS

Imagine the cool comfort! Bisley Wash-and-Wear trousers weigh only 12 ounces — about one-third the weight of average sports trousers. Yet they're stronger by far than any other trousers you've ever owned. And they're moth-proof and mildew-proof for life!

'TERYLENE'

Polyester  Fibre

the yarn which guarantees extra wear — without a care!

Fabric by

Burlington

Leaders in Australia
of Fashion-wear Fabrics

Fitted with convenient

**'LIGHTNING'
— Zipper**

for complete comfort and reliability

Terylene '75' WASH-AND-WEAR SPORTS TROUSERS

Their good looks won't wash out

Ask to see them at your store now, in these fashionable colours: Gunmetal, Monaco Green, London Brown, Bisley Blue, Desert Fawn, Silver Grey.

£7.9.6

(Similar fine quality trousers sell in America at 16 to 20 dollars.)

Bisley

Baby's striped jacket

● A cosy jacket in a simple but effective striped design like that illustrated is a welcome addition to any baby's wardrobe.

HERE are the instructions for infant's size; changes for 12-months-old in parentheses.

Materials: 2 1oz. balls of pink, 1 ball of white F. W. Hughes' "Twinprufe" baby wool; 1 pair each of Nos. 11 and 13 needles; 5 small buttons.

Measurements: Finished knitted measurements at chest: Buttoned 18 (20) in.

Tension: 15 sts., 2in.; 11 rows, 1in.

Patt. St.—1st and 2nd Rows: With white, knit.

3rd, 5th, and 7th Rows: With pink, knit.

4th, 6th, and 8th Rows: With pink, purl. Rep. these 8 rows for patt.

Starting at left cuff, with No. 13 needles and white, cast on 40 (44) sts. Work in st-st. (k 1 row, p 1 row) for 9 rows; k next p row for hemline, work in st-st. for 9 more rows. Change to No. 11 needles and work in patt., inc. 1 st. each end of needle every 8th row (on 2nd row of patt.) 7 times. Work even on 54 (58) sts. until sleeve measures 6 (7) in. from hemline. At beg. of each of the next 4 rows cast on 3 sts. At beg. of next 2 rows cast on 40 (44) sts. for side seams. Work even on 146 (158) until 2½ (2¾) in. from side seam. With right side to you, work across 70 (76) sts. and place them on a holder for back, cast off next 10 (12) sts. for neck, complete row.

LEFT FRONT
At neck edge dec. 1 st. every other row 4 times. Work even on 62 (66) sts. until about 4½ (5) in. from side seam, ending with 2 rows of white. Break off pink and cont. to work in st-st. for 7 rows. K next p row, work 7 rows in st-st. Cast off.



RIGHT FRONT

With No. 11 needles and white, cast on 62 (66) sts. K 1 row, p 1 row, k 1 row.

Buttonhole Row: P 8, * cast off next 2 sts, p 13 (14); rep. from * twice more, cast off next 2 sts., complete row. On next row cast on 2 sts. over each set of bound-off sts. P 1 row, k 1 row. Knit next p row for hemline.

Work 3 more rows, rep. buttonhole row, work 4 more rows.

Work in patt., inc. 1 st. at neck edge on corresponding rows to left front 4 times. At same edge cast on 10 (12) sts. once. Place sts. on a holder.

BACK

Work even on 70 (76) sts. for about 4½ (5) in., ending on same patt. row as right front. Cont. across sts. of right front, complete front and sleeve

PINK AND WHITE STRIPES are featured in this appealing little jacket for a young baby. Knitted in one piece, it takes only 3oz. of wool.

to correspond to other side, reversing the shaping.

TO MAKE UP

Block to measurements worked. Seam underarms and sleeves. Turn hems to wrong side and sew.

Border: With wrong side to you, using No. 13 needles and white, pick up 138 (152) sts. on lower edge. K 1 row for turn. Work in st-st., starting with k row, for ½ in. K 1 row on p side, cast off. Turn border to right side of jacket and hem.

Neckband: With right side to you, using No. 13 needles and white, pick up 72 (80) sts. on neck edge.

1st Row: K 18 (19), place a marker on needle. K 10

(12), place a marker on needle, k 16 (18), place marker on needle, k 10 (12), place a marker on needle, k 18 (19).

2nd Row: Slipping markers, knit, dec. 1 st. before the 1st and 3rd and after the 2nd and 4th markers. Cont. to work in st-st., dec. at markers every other row, making buttonhole above other buttonholes 3 sts. in from edge on 4th row.

When neckband measures ½ in., k 1 row on p side, then inc. to correspond to decs. for facing, making buttonhole facing to correspond.

When piece measures ½ in., k 1 row on p side, cast off. Sew facing in place, whip edges of buttonholes tog. Sew on buttons.

AVOID SHRINKAGE!



Work clothes, especially, need to be washed often. Don't let shrinkage happen to you. Always look for "Sanforized" on the label. Then you will always be sure your work clothes will stay the right size—remain comfortable.

look for the



The "Sanforized" trade mark is applied to a fabric only when tests for residual shrinkage are regularly checked through the service of the owner of the trade mark, Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., to insure maintenance of its established standard.

CP1.16

Sanpic Disinfectant kills germs quicker!



You'll be amazed that a disinfectant could be so effective and have such a delightful floral fragrance.

Other disinfectants you may have used in the past cannot equal the germ-killing efficiency of Sanpic.

One bottle of this concentrated Disinfectant does the work of five similar sized bottles of other brands.

No other disinfectant does such a thorough germ-killing job! What better protection could you give your family? Ask for Sanpic — the proven, safe, fragrant disinfectant that is at least 5 times stronger and more effective than other well-known brands.

ONE bottle of Sanpic Disinfectant does the work of FIVE similar sized bottles of other brands.



equals



A product of Reckitt & Colman (Australia) Ltd., Sydney.

FLORAL FRAGRANT — As it quickly kills dangerous germs, Sanpic removes the unpleasant odours they produce, leaving the air pleasantly fragrant.

IT'S SAFE — Sanpic is non-poisonous . . . perfectly safe to use anywhere . . . to disinfect and deodorise sinks, baths, drains, garbage tins and for general household purposes.

ECONOMICAL, TOO — With Sanpic Concentrated Disinfectant you need only use a little at a time—in fact, a teaspoonful or so is all that is necessary in most instances.



Floral
Fragrant

SANPIC

Kills germs quicker—leaves air fragrant





Isn't it gorgeous?

The polka dot cake
you make so easily
with Puffin Cake Mix!



**NOW Easier
than ever to make!**



"Everyone loves layer
cake! Make it specially
delicious and gay with
colourful chocolate
buttons!" says *Betty King*
Home Economist of World Brands

This is the kind of cake you'll be proud to bring in — a high-rising, light, rich-flavoured layer cake that stays deliciously fresh to the very last slice. You make it in minutes — without weighing, creaming or tiring beating. Only *one* bowl needed. With Puffin Cake Mix, all the *hard* work has been done for you before you open the pack!

From packet to oven in minutes with this recipe!

You just add eggs and milk to Puffin Cake Mix, and bake. Then sandwich those fine, moist-textured layers with your favourite icing and frost all over. (Four easy frostings to choose from, on the pack!) Now, press those little chocolate buttons all over (we've used Cadbury's Dairy Milk Rolls). Finished! Quickest cake you've ever made!

Special ingredients in Puffin guarantee success.

You see, Puffin contains special soft flour and enriched shortening you can't buy in any other way. These ingredients are blended accurately and smoothly with fine cane sugar and a special raising ingredient to guarantee you a gorgeous cake — or double your money back!



Golden! Light!

Scones more delicious
than ever before with
New Puffin Scone Mix!



Just add milk to new Puffin Scone Mix — then mix and bake. Fifteen minutes later you're looking at the highest, lightest, most handsome scones you've ever baked! *No more weighing, sifting, measuring or rubbing in the shortening.*

All the work — gone forever! Puffin Scones are made with such little effort, you'll never stop being amazed.

Puffin Scone Mix makes many other delicious recipes, too. Pikelets, pancakes, rock cakes, savoury pinwheels and tea-cakes... they're but a few of the delicious variety of recipes you'll make so easily and quickly with Puffin Scone Mix. All the recipes are right on the Puffin packet.

Double-money-back guarantee
— so try Puffin soon as you like.



**TREAT A TINGLE
AS A
DANGER
SIGNAL!**

SAYS
MR. SAFETY-PIN

Even a very slight shock is a warning that something is wrong with an installation or appliance.

DON'T IGNORE IT!

Immediately switch off the electricity, pull out the plug and don't use the appliance until the cause has been remedied.

Call your Electricity supply authority or electrician.

ISSUED BY

**THE ELECTRICITY AUTHORITY
OF NEW SOUTH WALES**



EVERY MOTHER will be glad to receive a pair of the lovely booties shown above for her baby. Complete crochet directions are on this page.

Baby's booties

● Ideal for summer or winter wear, these crocheted booties have a dainty pattern that takes only one ball of crochet cotton to make.

Materials: 1 ball selected color Coats' Chain Mercer Crochet No. 20; Milwards steel crochet hook No. 3 (slack workers could use a No. 3½ hook and tight workers a No. 2½); 1 yd. ¼ in.-wide ribbon.

Abbreviations: Ch., chain; d.c., double crochet; hlf-tr., half treble; tr., treble; dbl-tr., double treble; sp., space; st., stitch; sl-st., slip-stitch.

Commence at instep with 22 ch.

1st Row: 1 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each ch. across, 3 ch., turn.

2nd to 7th Row: Miss first tr., 1 tr. into each tr., 1 tr. into 3rd of 3 ch., 3 ch., turn. At end of 7th row make a chain 4½ in. long, 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 turning ch. at beg. of same row. Fasten off.

SIDEPIECE

1st Row: Attach thread to centre of chain at back, 3 ch., 1 tr. into each ch., tr. closely all round instep piece, working 3 tr. into each corner, 1 tr. into each rem. ch., join with sl-st. to 3rd of 3 ch.

2nd to 7th Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. into each tr. all round, join with sl-st. to 3rd of 3 ch. Fasten off at end of 7th row.

CUFF

1st Row: Attach thread to opposite side of foundation ch. at centre back, 5 ch., * miss 2 sts., 1 tr. into next st., 2 ch.; rep. from * all round top, having a number of sts. divisible by 3, join with sl-st. to 3rd of 5 ch.

2nd Row: 1 d.c. into same place as sl-st., * 2 d.c. into next sp., 1 d.c. into next tr.; rep. from * all round, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

3rd Row: 1 d.c. into same place as sl-st., * 3 ch., miss 2 d.c., 1 d.c. into next d.c.; rep. from * all round, omitting 1 d.c. at end of last rep., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

4th Row: 1 sl-st. into next loop, 3 ch., 1 tr. into next loop, 3 ch., holding back on hook the last loop of each dbl-tr. work 2 dbl-tr. into next loop, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (cluster made), * (3 ch., 1 cluster into same loop) twice (shell made), 3 ch., holding back the last loop of each tr., work 1 tr. into each of next 2 loops, thread over and draw through all loops on hook (joint tr. made), 3 ch., 1

cluster into next loop; rep. from * all round, ending with shell into last loop, 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into first tr.

5th Row: Sl-st. to sp. between first 2 clusters of first shell, 1 d.c. into same sp., * 5 ch., 1 d.c. into next sp., 5 ch., miss next 2 sps., 1 d.c. into next sp.; rep. from * all round, ending with 2 ch., miss next 2 sps., 1 tr. into first d.c.

6th Row: 1 d.c. into loop just formed by 2 ch. and 1 tr., * 3 ch., shell into next sp., 3 ch., 1 d.c. into next sp.; rep. from * all round, ending with shell into last loop, 3 ch., 1 sl-st. into first d.c.

7th and 8th Rows: As 5th and 6th rows. Fasten off.

SOLE

Commence with 35 ch.

1st Row: 2 tr. into 4th ch. from hook, 1 tr. into each of next 6 ch., 1 hlf-tr. into each of next 2 ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 ch., 1 hlf-tr. into next ch., 1 tr. into each of next 7 ch., 1 dbl-tr. into each of next 12 ch., 5 dbl-tr. into next ch. (front), work along opposite side of foundation ch.: 1 dbl-tr. into each of next 12 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 7 ch., 1 hlf-tr. into next ch., 1 d.c. into each of next 2 ch., 1 hlf-tr. into each of next 2 ch., 1 tr. into each of next 6 ch., 2 tr. into same ch. as first 2 tr., sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

2nd Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. into same place as sl-st., 2 tr. into each of next 2 tr., 1 tr. into each of next 6 tr., 1 hlf-tr. into each of next 5 sts., 1 tr. into each of next 7 tr., 1 dbl-tr. into each dbl-tr. all round toe, i.e. 5 dbl-tr. evenly across front, work along other side to correspond, join with 1 sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

3rd Row: 3 ch., 1 tr. into each tr. and into each hlf-tr., 1 dbl-tr. into each dbl-tr., inc. 5 tr. evenly across back and 5 dbl-tr. evenly across front, join with sl-st. into 3rd of 3 ch.

4th and 5th Rows: 3 ch., 1 tr. into each st. all round, inc. across back and front as necessary to keep work flat, join with sl-st. to 3rd of 3 ch. Fasten off at end of 5th row.

TO MAKE UP

Pin sole in place on upper. Attach thread to back and working through both thicknesses d.c. closely all round, join with sl-st. into first d.c. Fasten off. Cut ribbon in halves. Lace through sps. on booties and tie into bow at front.

LEFT: Close-up of the attractive pattern - stitch that is so simple to crochet.

Which is today's
best buy in
household sewing
machines?



Check these
questions
then judge
for
yourself



Does the household sewing machine you want to buy have the following qualities?

- ☐ Does it have a LARGE WORKING SURFACE?
- ☐ Is it FULLY AUTOMATIC—does it sew from left to right and, above all, backwards and forwards without your guidance?
- ☐ Are its STITCHES AND PATTERNS UNLIMITED? Can the most varied discs be inserted to produce an inexhaustible number of entirely new stitches, or are you limited to a few inalterable stitch patterns?
- ☐ Can it do TURKISH HEMSTITCHING fully automatically?
- ☐ Does it MAKE BUTTONHOLES AND SEW ON BUTTONS?
- ☐ Does it REGULATE LOWER THREAD TENSION—for sewing with NYLON and other SYNTHETIC THREAD?
- ☐ Does it RUN QUIETLY—even at high speeds?
- ☐ Does it have a horizontal shuttle for PERFECT DARNING and easy changing of the bobbin?

ELNA has all these
big advantages!

Supermatic

£94 Available on
easy terms!

ELNA is sold and serviced throughout 105 countries. In Australia and New Zealand it is backed by a permanent organisation that will honour the ELNA guarantee and ensure continuous service, spare parts and accessories.

Available in Australia only from:

ROBERTSON REVERSIBLE SEWING MACHINE PTY. LTD.

453 PITT ST., SYDNEY. MA3487

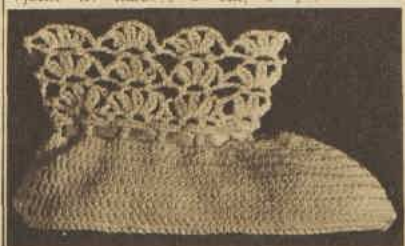
(RIGHT OPPOSITE THE HOTEL SYDNEY)

Also at Melbourne, Albury, and throughout New Zealand.

Send now for FREE literature or home demonstration

MAN!
—THAT'S
REALLY
SMOOTH!

MUMS
THE WORD FOR
CUSTARD!



Save
the
Day

the
Laundry
Way

Ring a **COMMERCIAL LAUNDRY** Now!



Butter makes it Better!

..... and cheese delights bored appetites

NOTHING EQUALS BUTTER for honest - to - goodness goodness. Little wonder, when it takes the cream of 16 pints of milk to make 1 pound of Butter! Nature's energy food, Butter fortifies the body and builds strong, healthy teeth and bones. Everybody prefers real Butter, including your family. Spread it, fry it, baste it, bake it, and you'll find . . . Butter Makes it Better!



SCRAMBLED CHEESE

1/2 cup milk	1/2 teaspoon paprika (optional)
2 ozs. (tablespoons) butter	1 cup grated cheese
4 beaten eggs	1 tablespoon chopped parsley
salt and pepper to taste	

Heat the milk and butter in frypan. Add eggs, salt and paprika. Cook, stirring constantly, until thickened. Add cheese and parsley, and continue stirring until slightly set. Turn on to well-buttered toast, and garnish with grilled bacon, sliced tomatoes and green peppers. Serves 3.

(All spoon measures are level.)

DAIRY FOODS ARE NATURE'S HEALTH FOODS
BUTTER • CHEESE • CREAM

Inserted by the Dairy Industry of N.S.W.

September is the time to ...



... Water and care for orchids ...
 ... sow seeds for a floral display ... control weeds ... fill the vegetable plot ...
 ... plant citrus trees ... and sow couch grass for new lawns.

DENDROBIUM
 RENOWN grows naturally under a wide and varied range of climates. The plants should be watered freely except during winter months.

CYMBIDIUMS, dendrobiums, vanda, and other orchids are usually at their best during spring, and should be watered regularly.

Tie up and stake racemes of blooms of these plants if they threaten to sag. Watch for ants, which will spot cymbidium stems. Paint the pots with chlordane or DDT, but don't spray the flowers. A strip of chemical round the pot-rims will keep ants at bay.

Check troublesome aphids on roses by regular sprayings of DDT or nicotine sulfate, or they will soon ruin the most promising buds. Spray with DDT to kill thrips.

Dust rose foliage with sulphur or spray with lime-sulphur solution if the tell-tale whitening and yellowing of foliage, caused by mildew, appears during the few warm days. Some roses are more resistant to mildew than others.

Apply a mulch of old manure round roses to conserve moisture, and turn in the winter as an emergency ration for the bushes.

Kill all weeds before they take control. Sharpen the Dutch hoe, and chip them up before the roots go down too deep.

Broadleaved weeds, such as catsear, dandelion, prickly lettuce, wild amaranth, purple and fumitory, die quickly if sprayed with DDT, one of the modern hormones. This, however, should be used only in vacant land, not among perennials or bushes, as the herbicide will damage everything nearby.

Fill seedboxes with partly sterilised soil. Sow seeds of half-hardy annuals such as marigold, globe, amaranth, coropsis, celosia, and French and African marigolds, and drummondii, petunia, scabious, and others for a summer display.

Cover each box with a sheet of glass and newspaper until the seeds germinate, and then

remove the paper and give the boxes slightly more shade.

Continue planting out perennial seedlings such as delphiniums, pentstemons, columbines, anchusa italica, calliopsis, chrysanthemums, carnations, dianthus, perennial gailardia, heuchera, per. phlox, rudbeckia, romneya, and thalictrum.

● Plant out citrus trees of all kinds. Make sure the soil is fertile and well drained, otherwise manure the ground heavily or add decayed compost.

Dig a deep trench and fill it with rocks or big stones (a rubble drain) if the soil holds water too freely, because water must get away from the roots at all times.

Reject citrus trees with curled, yellow foliage when buying. Such trees have been too long out of the ground, or may be suffering from disease or pest attack.

● Sow couch grass seeds for a new lawn any time this month, or during October in cool, southern districts. Dig the soil over well first: remove all big stones, roots, rubbish, brickbats, and stumps, and rake fine. Level the ground well and firm.

Sow 3lb. of couch grass seed to every 1000 square feet of space. Use finely sieved soil for cover, and do not apply more than 1in. of good quality sandy loam on top.

Water carefully—too much sprinkling in one place will inevitably lead to uneven, bumpy lawns and irregular growth.

● Sow seed this month of tomato, carrot, parsnip, beetroot, the first lot of French beans (in warm districts only), cucumber, marrow, squash, pumpkin, pepper, leek, cabbage, peas, eggplants, sweet corn, silver beet, and lettuce.

Tomato plants raised in August can be set out in the open in warm districts, but where cold winds and frosts occur in September give them protective screens of hessian, or hold off transplanting until October.



Roll out new floor beauty!

Less than £5 to cover a 10' x 12' room!

Nairnfelt is the economy floorcovering that doesn't skimp on value! This high-gloss, top-grade, linoleum-type floorcovering beautifully transforms any 10' x 12' room for less than £5. Nairnfelt's tough, enamelled wear-layer withstands years and years of solid wear—always comes up bright and shining with just a quick wipe over with a damp cloth or mop. (An occasional clean-polish with "Spred-ezi" for extra sparkle!) It stays bright and fresh even with the hardest service. More than 25 attractive, modern Nairnfelt designs to choose from! See Nairnfelt for yourself at your favourite home furnisher. Make sure it's Nairnfelt—ask for it by name!

BRIGHTEN YOUR FLOORS AND BRIGHTEN YOUR LIFE!

Nairnfelt

TOP-GRADE, FELT-BASE FLOOR COVERING

Made by Nairn's—the makers of the world's finest hard floorcoverings.



Cut floor-cleaning time in half with

Spred-ezi FLOOR POLISH

Cleans as it polishes

WON'T DISCOLOUR! PROTECTS, PRESERVES, BEAUTIFIES!

GROCERS AND FURNISHERS EVERYWHERE!

*Developed by the makers of the world's finest linoleum



Can you wash your hair . . . and go straight out?



These girls did and so can you, if you wash it the new way — with one-lather Sunsilk shampoo. With Sunsilk your hair is shining and beautifully behaved the moment it's dry.

A new and revolutionary shampoo. This is the magic of Sunsilk — it washes beautifully but it can't overwash. The secret is simple. Sunsilk is so rich, so thorough that it washes your hair gloriously, fragrantly clean with just one gentle lather.

Really clean—without overwashing. With Sunsilk there's no need for a second lather, as with ordinary shampoos . . . no

risk of washing away the vital natural oils that keep hair silky and easy to do.

Your one rich Sunsilk lather does all the work of two . . . polishing every single strand . . . washing thoroughly, but so gently that your hair is smooth and gleaming, easy to manage the moment it's dry. Try one-lather Sunsilk for your next shampoo—your hair will never look lovelier.



Bubble 1/3;
big money-saving bottle 5/6;
smaller bottle 3/9.

**Gleaming more manageable hair
with only one lather**

PEARS Sunsilk SHAMPOO

FROM THE MAKERS OF WORLD-FAMOUS PEARLS SOAP
SK.7.WW1442

Continuing . . .

Written on Water

from page 55

'Nothing. Turned the Aztec stone face on me.'

'Now wait a minute, Glenn,' Thumbs said. 'You know that it's your fault if he gets into fights. Don't blame him. Blame yourself. You know what they call him on account of you and Vida. No self-respecting Mexican will take it without fighting.'

'I don't know what you're talking about,' Glenn said, not looking at Thumbs.

'You know it very well, and it's an impossible situation all around, even for our easy-going Mexicans, when the boss makes a fool of his Number One man.'

'I wonder who's making a fool of whom. After all, when he found his wife at last that

The future is more worth working for than the present because there is so much more of it.

—Viscount Samuel.

fat calculating slob, that Aurelia, who gave him the money for his divorce? I did! What else does he want?

'Manuel had been waiting for Vida long before you ever knew her. For years she'd promised to marry him when he was free. You might say they were kind of engaged, and now she's making a fool of him. I mean if he is willing to make an honest woman of you—'

'Oh, for God's sake, shut up, Thumbs. Vida is nothing of the kind. She's our house-keeper and our partner in business, yours as well as mine, and if you—'

'Oh, yeah? Well, go and tell it to the marines. As a simple matter of honor Manuel ought to beat her up and stick a knife into you. In fact, I'm afraid he might do so any day.'

'Since when are you the great expert on Aztec psychology?' Glenn said angrily. 'If Vida wants to marry him—I'm not preventing her. And if she can't make up her mind, well, that's her own affair.'

'The poor girl, don't you see she's losing weight? She burns candles and runs to church and prays and pesters the Virgin and Santa Barbara and the padrecito to make a decision for her. And in the meantime poor Manuel hangs slowly roasting over an open fire and all the men laugh about him.'

'In a way you can't blame her. It really wouldn't make a very happy match. He's too old for her, for one thing,' Glenn remarked judiciously. 'Since the old Conchita says Vida has outgrown him by leaps and bounds. Manuel has a good hand with sharks. But with women? It's understandable if Vida doesn't quite know if she still wants him—'

'You know what she wants. She wants you. And she wants a child—children of her own. Not just the three Aurelia deserted. Not just the Chiquitin, much as she loves him.'

'But what am I to do about it?'

'Don't ask me. The only thing that would clear the air: marry her.'

'Marry her? Marry Vida?' Glenn cried, sincerely startled. 'Have you lost your mind, Thumbs? The very idea! I'm sure she herself never thought of such a thing. Not in her wildest dreams.'

'Oh, didn't she? And what's so crazy about it?'

'First of all, I'm not the marrying kind. And then, say

yourself, Thumbs—Vida and I, we are too different. We come from two different ends of the world. Her upbringing—her past—'

'Well, if it comes down to that, your own past is not as fragrant as lilac blossoms, is it?'

'That's something else. I am a man. If it comes down to that, maybe I'm not even good enough for Vida, understand me right. Or maybe she is too good for me. She's goodness in a woman—maybe I am a rotter, but it depresses me a little. I don't know if you understand what I'm talking about—'

'Perhaps I do,' Thumbs said angrily. 'What you are missing, brother, is the challenge, the fight, the piccadilly lance in your side: jealousy, girl like Tracey.'

'No, I can't marry her. No, anyone else,' Glenn said, it sounded like a piece from an interminable dialogue he was having with himself. 'I couldn't even stay married to the Navy, let alone to a girl.'

'But you love Vida, whether you know it or not.'

'Would you mind if I tell you that I prefer not to discuss this with you and if I ask you to stop your blankety-blank poking around in my life? He bent down and rummaged among the fishing gear in the cockpit, and when he came up again his face was set and there was sweat on his upper lip as if he had done some hard work.'

'All right, Thumbs. If you think it'll clear the air, I'll tell Vida to make up her mind and keep her promise to Manuel. I like the man and we need him and I don't want him to get ugly,' he said, pushing back his cap. 'And you may circulate the word that I'll knock anybody's teeth out who dares to make a dirty remark about him. Or about Vida.'

THUMBS suddenly felt sorry for him and didn't say another word. Glenn took the wheel and looked straight ahead. A few grey clouds passed through his funny clear-water eyes, and a long time later he came out with the tail-end of his thoughts. 'If I married her, Thumbs, it would mean staying in port—here—in Tiburon—in Mexico—for the rest of my life. It would cut my last lifeline with the rest of the world irrevocably. It would be goodbye to ever having another chance, don't you see?'

A chance at what? Thumbs thought, but didn't say it. Always getting back to his own country, his family, his own sort of people, his own sort of wife. My pal, he thought, you still haven't got the poison out of your system. You still have Tracey on your mind.

It was a few days later that Glenn told Thumbs about his dream. They were sitting under the palm-thatched roof of the office shed at the wharf, counting silver pesos, because it was pay-day and the firm's mammas had assembled to cash in their earnings: for the time being they were patiently crouching around the four posts holding up a roof of corrugated tin which represented the well-aid workshop of the Cooperativa Pachuela.

'Last night I had a funny dream,' Glenn said, looking out across the shore and the little bay and the reefs beyond. 'I dreamed that I came down here in the morning, but

To page 67

Continuing . . . Written on Water

from page 66

of his mind either; there were so many unanswered, nagging questions.

Where was she all this time? Had she faded out of the picture entirely? She had got rid of her husband, she had been officially and publicly cleared of any guilt and suspicion, and she was free for Glenn. How did she feel when Glenn bowed out of her life just then, to go and live with some Indian shark fishers and a Mexican dancing girl in a wilderness where they hadn't even a tennis court?

HER lawyer had advised her to lie low until the scandal had died down, and wasn't it just like Tracey that her idea of a fine, restful retreat was China at war with Japan and the political stew they had cooked up in Chungking? Indeed, things in the Far East were such a muddle that for a good while nothing was seen or heard of her. But after two years her name began popping up in papers and magazines once more.

Seems she had arrived at the South of France by way of India and the Suez Canal, and was making quite a splash with the smart set down there. One could read that she had won some auto race, and a photo of her was in one of the magazines that found their way to Tiburon. She was standing on a diving tower and she looked as good as ever in a boastfully simple and decent bathing-suit. And in an interview she said that she would like to fly her own plane across the Atlantic when she was ready to return to the United States. It sounded not exactly boastful, but at that time still fairly spectacular for a woman.

Thumbs didn't ask Glenn whether he had noticed these news items, too. If he had, he never mentioned it. Until one morning when they went out very early to inspect a group of men who had laid out their lines some twenty miles down the coast. It was a nice, becalmed morning, with a little haze in the air, and Glenn had silently watched two frigate birds playing overhead for a long while, when he suddenly said: 'If she wants to fly her own plane back to the U.S.A. she'd better do so pronto.'

Thumbs knew right away about whom he was talking and he said, 'On account of what?'

'On account of this war. Or didn't you notice they're having a war in Europe?'

This wasn't quite as silly a remark as it sounds. Tiburon wasn't the sort of place to be greatly disturbed by or even interested in the war going on over there, even though the Germans had marched into Paris a few weeks before.

'You don't think Tracey would leave a country where they're having a war?' said Thumbs. 'Why, that's just her sweet cup of tea. She'd certainly want to sit in the front row at the barrera, like at a bullfight, and get a close view.'

'Yes, I dare say she would be better company during an air-raid than most of them,' Glenn said, still watching those frigate birds, and Thumbs let it go at that.

A few mornings later when they came down to the wharf they heard an aeroplane circle overhead—it was still a very rare sound in those parts—and while they stood watching it it landed smoothly close to shore. There was a sleepy sort of commotion among the Mexicans and lots of dug-outs put out at once, and even before they came back into the cove Thumbs guessed whom the devil had blown into this quiet corner of the world.

'So she didn't keep her front seat to see the war over there

after all,' he said. Glenn was still standing there with a frozen half-smile on his face when Thumbs was already running down to the pier where the returning dug-outs scuttled around like busy brown bugs.

Young Pedrito, the oldest son of Manuel, was helping Tracey from his boat, the little devil, courteous, proud, and graceful like a son of Montezuma. Thumbs was short of breath after his little sprint, and he felt every single ounce of fat he had gained since the Arundel. Or maybe it isn't only my weight that's to blame for the agitation under my ribs, he thought.

Tracey came down the jetty, surrounded by her laughing, skipping, gesticulating escort of boys. She, too, was laughing; and 'Hijo,' thought Thumbs, 'what a glorious creature she was!' He had almost forgotten the electric shock it always gave him to see her again after one of her roving absences.

The last few steps she was running towards him, and before he could make up his

To be good is noble,
but to teach others
how to be good is
nobler—and less
trouble.

—Mark Twain.

mind how to receive her, she had thrown her arms around his neck and was kissing him, ruffling his thinning hair and pummeling him as if he were a pet dog or something.

She kissed Thumbs, but she didn't kiss Glenn, who had slowly followed the crowd to the shore.

She only held out her hand to him, very much the lady, and with her eyes in his she said quietly, 'Hello, Glenn. How are you?'

'Thanks. Splendid. Hello,' he said, and then they shook hands.

'So this is your little empire,' she said, looking around. 'I've heard about it. In Acapulco. They told me you're the king here, an absolute, autocratic, and dictatorial monarch.'

'You heard a wrong version. I'm the business manager of a

ALL characters in the serials and short stories which appear in *The Australian Women's Weekly* are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person.

small co-operative of fishermen.'

'The co-operative is overwhelmingly pungent, or are you so used to it you don't notice it any longer?' she said, wrinkling her nose, but there was none of the old bite or snap in her teasing.

'Only when the wind comes from the north-west,' said Glenn, pointing with his chin towards the sheds where the women were busy over the morning's catch.

As a boy Thumbs had deeply envied the ease with which other boys managed to run out of gas on a lonely lane at night and with the right girl in the car. Tracey's technique of running her plane out of fuel when and where she wanted was something to be equally admired. She had been on her way from Acapulco to Ensenada to watch some friend's sail-boat in a race, she said lightly, but her little crate needed to be suckled as regularly and as often as a newborn baby.

Actually, she had counted on refuelling in Mazatlan, but

when she flew over the pretty cove she was simply too curious to see how her old pals lived, and would they give her a sandwich and some coffee while their tender fed the plane? Glenn muttered that he had no tender—'Don't be absurd, Skipper!'—and a light came up in her eyes when the old nickname slipped out all by itself.

Prattling and chatting, she walked arm in arm with the two men, as they had often marched around the deck of the Arundel—before the catastrophe. They questioned her about the war, and she said it wasn't much of a war yet, nobody really wanted to fight.

'Must be dull to wait for a performance that doesn't start on time,' Glenn said sharply. 'Did you get so bored that you returned?'

'No. I was homesick,' she said.

IT was such a simple and sincere answer that Glenn bent down to search in her face whether she really meant it. She smiled at him and nodded.

'Yes, Glenn, homesick, plain and simple. But perhaps you don't know what it means?'

Glenn ignored the question. 'And so, being homesick for the United States, you took a house in Acapulco?' he said. Thumbs wondered where he had picked up this information.

'Oh, there are various kinds of being homesick, and not only for a country or a certain place. But don't let's talk about me. I want to know about you—how you work, how you live—and—well, I want to see everything.'

'All right. Shall we give her the full, guided tour of Tiburon, Thumbs? I wish, though, you had arrived on a day with a south-east breeze, when the sharks don't smell so infernal,' Glenn said. He had been rather proud of Tiburon's achievements, but they seemed to shrink and wilt as Tracey looked at them. Not that she deprecated anything. She didn't even insult him by too much praise: didn't throw flowers, as the Mexicans call fulsome flattery. She appeared interested, casual, intelligent, also a little sad.

But never had there seemed to be as many goats on the trail to the hacienda, as many pigs in the yard, as many unwashed babies playing in the mud, as many tattered shirts hung out on thorn-bush and cactus for drying. As they walked past the pile the indispensable stone trough where the Mexican women were for ever gossiping and gabbling over their laundry, Tracey stopped. 'Your private harem, Caliph?' she remarked, and there was some of the old malice in it. Still jealous! Thumbs thought. But she added quite gently, 'How pretty they are, aren't they, Glenn?'

'Matter of taste,' he said, anxious to get her away from the giggles and brash jokes of the women who didn't know the gringa understood Spanish quite well.

It hit Thumbs between the eyes how good she looked in her casual clothes. Not at all as you'd think a woman who had shot her husband would look. Perhaps I was unjust to accuse her of all the cruel doings and schemings, he thought, wondering if the captain felt the same. He had a queer way of looking furtively at her and he had hungry eyes.

'Bien venida, Princesa,' he said, bowing exaggeratedly at the threshold of the casa grande, where one of the pipes was leaking again.

'It's nice here,' she said, entering the cool, dim room almost bare of furniture.

Thumbs retreated into the



Fashion FROCKS

● "Carmel," a spring-into-summer one-piece dress, has a front-buttoned fastening, contrasting cheek trim, and skirt fullness.

THE material is no-iron Tennyson poplin in spring's newest colors.

The color choice includes lilac (illustrated), apple-blossom-pink, Spanish moss (mid-grey), lagoon-blue, and white.

The garment is on view and can be bought at Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris Street, Ultimo, Sydney.

It can also be ordered by mail. Address orders to Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney. New Zealand and Tasmanian orders to same address.

Please mention name of garment and make a second color choice.

Ready To Wear: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 97/6; 36 and 38in. bust 99/3. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

Cut Out Only: Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 57/3; 36 and 38in. bust 59/6. Postage and registration 4/6 extra.

kitchen to fix some sandwiches and coffee, and as he stood there fanning the charcoal fire in the huge old adobe stove he heard them talk, and then a silence, and more talk. They were deep in a conversation when he entered again, and he almost dropped the tray, so surprised was he at what Tracey was saying: ' . . . no, Glenn, believe me, I've seen so much misery and blood and dirt in China, I simply couldn't take it when the whole mess started all over in Europe.'

'Those poor panicked people running away from the Germans! You have no conception how it was on those jammed roads out of Paris. What happened to the old people and the sick, and the children, and the stragglers—there came a moment when I felt I couldn't stand to see another single drop of blood shed or hear another dive-bomber howl down on defenceless people. I'd go crazy if I had to touch another corpse. Give me a cigarette, will you?'

She closed her eyes and in-

haled the smoke deep into her lungs. 'And . . .?' Glenn said, stretching his hand across the table and closing it over hers.

'I've seen too much, too much, Glenn, too much. Maybe it takes a couple of wars to make a pacifist even of Tracey Cowles. Ridiculous, eh?'

'It's all right, Skipper, drink your coffee, don't get all upset,' said Glenn. 'Or give her something to drink, Thumbs. We only have tequila, though.'

'Thanks, no liquor when I'm flying. This is fine.' She gulped her coffee while Glenn watched her. 'You lost some weight, didn't you?' he said.

'No. My weight hasn't changed since I was fourteen. I only got older. I wish your eyes weren't quite so sharp, Captain Hammers. There's not a single wrinkle I can hide from you.'

'Don't. And don't fish for compliments, it's not like you. They are not unattractive, your wrinkles. Two question marks at the corners of your mouth,

To page 69

THE MOST ADVANCED WRINGER-WASHER IN THE WORLD COMES TO AUSTRALIA

Malleys brings you Whirlpool

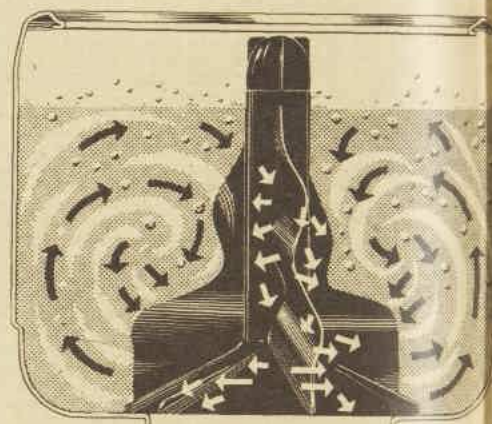
FROM THE U.S.A.!



It's here now, for you to enjoy — the wringer washer that out-performs them all! Bolt by bolt, screw by screw, Malleys has faithfully reproduced the same wonderful Whirlpool that is all-time favourite of United States and Canadian housewives.

There's the exclusive "Surgilator" . . . the amazing giant wringer . . . the revolutionary one-piece wear-proof mechanism . . . the huge-capacity tub . . . all designed to give you the sweetest, freshest, cleanest wash with the absolute minimum of effort.

Don't let this week pass without seeing the astonishing — and when we say astonishing we mean **ASTONISHING!** — Malleys Whirlpool demonstration for yourself. Just ask at your nearest appliance store.



NEW! Exclusive SURGILATOR makes "live water".

Clothes wash cleaner, last longer. Firm yet gentle movement of the massive Surgilator, creates swirling currents of water—"live water"—from top to bottom and all parts of the tub. This Surgiflow action — exclusive to Whirlpool—gently lifts, flexes and plunges clothes as they circulate, to loosen and remove every last trace of dirt. Satin smooth vanes won't tangle, snag or tear the flimsiest garments in your wash.

HEATS ITS OWN WATER! No hot water system needed with a Malleys Whirlpool! Built-in heating element gives you any temperature you prefer, from warm to boiling! **PRICE, ONLY 113 GNS.** Easy terms available. 5-year guarantee on Sealed Unit Gear-box. 12 months' free service by Malleys own experts.



NEW! Exclusive giant wringer, safest and most efficient ever built!

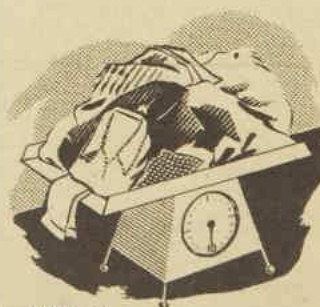
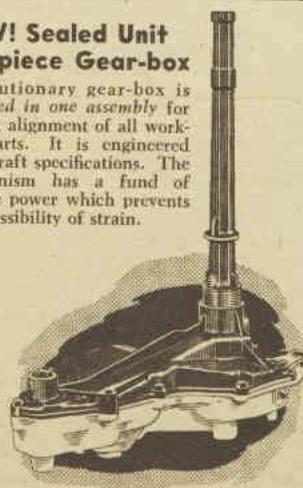
- Wringer swings out to 28 separate locking positions! Wherever you want it over tubs or basket, the touch of a finger does it!
- Two release controls, one on each side, give maximum convenience and safety.
- Massive 24" rollers squeeze much more water from clothes—quicker and more gently.
- Huge feed area speeds the feeding of larger pieces. Curtains, overalls, even heavy blankets, go through in a flash.
- Wide-view, open top ensures easy visual control.



NEW! Sealed Unit one-piece Gear-box

Revolutionary gear-box is designed in one assembly for perfect alignment of all working parts. It is engineered to aircraft specifications. The mechanism has a fund of reserve power which prevents any possibility of strain.

Choose your washing time on clear-view control dial. Just set the dial at the required washing time — your Malleys Whirlpool washes for exactly the right length of time and switches off automatically. No guess-work needed.



Smooth-rolling Casters. Roll your Malleys Whirlpool where you want it on easy-rolling casters. No installation worries, ever! Just plug it in—and you're off for happy, carefree washing.

NEW! Washes giant, 10-lb. load — pounds more than any other wringer-washer! Glass-smooth, porcelain-enameled heavy gauge steel tub is easier to clean, won't stain or rust.

Malleys Whirlpool

Created by Whirlpool Corporation of the U.S.A. Manufactured by Malleys, Australia

Continuing . . . Written on Water

from page 67

torture, suicide, people without a country, they need papers, visas, affidavits, working permits, money—in Mexico some of these things can be bought for money. And so it's Acapulco for me. Action—what do you know about action? Here? In this hole in the ground?

'Do you think catching shark is an important action? And you don't even catch them yourself, you let your men do it; all you do is sell that smelly mess at a nice profit, I suppose. No, I see no reason for you to be so smug—' Oh, Glenn, Glenn, when I think of you—the man you were—you wanted to sail your own ship, stand on the bridge and—don't you remember? . . . Gimme a cigarette, Thumbs, will you?

He fished in his pocket, but there was only his pipe. Before Thumbs could find some cigarettes Glenn had taken from his mouth the one he had just rolled for himself and put it in hers. It was the old intimate gesture in reverse, and Tracey's angry face softened.

'All right, Tracey, go on with the sermon if it makes you feel good. But ask yourself if you're quite fair; after all, I didn't choose this sort of life. You had quite a hand in it, if you remember. In my own small way I'm a man without a country myself, and I'm making the best of it. I don't even blame you for it, I blame myself, so let sleeping sharks lie. Yours and mine. You know why I stay in Tiburon, and I have a hunch you live in Acapulco for the same reason, even though you're homesick.'

'Oh, Glenn!' Tracey said. 'Oh, Glenn, why can't I convince you—'

To Thumbs it seemed high time to leave them alone, and he sidled slowly towards the door. But just then Vida blew in, wrapped in her rebozo and with bare feet. At the sight of the visitor she only gasped, banged the door shut, and was gone like lightning. Five minutes later she was back, done up in her best city outfit.

This time she wouldn't enter the sala from the kitchen, but went outside and around the house and came in by the front door. Thumbs tagged after her in case of an explosion.

But women are funny creatures, unpredictable to Thumbs. There they were, two girls, both in love with the same guy, both dying with jealousy, both full of spirit and temper, although otherwise as different as day and night.

Yet there was no explosion, nothing but the most polite smiles, the most courteous greetings, ceremonies, inquiries, and good wishes for each other's health and happiness.

THE funniest part in this little comedy was that Vida talked the most elegant English she could muster at such short order, and Tracey came back with the fluent Spanish of a much-travelled lady who spoke many languages, all with an American accent. It was once more a fencing duel of which the slow-witted males understood hardly anything.

Except that Vida acted the perfect hostess, as if the house were her house and Glenn were her man. And Tracey, acting the perfect guest, admired everything with such outrageous compliments that the very walls shivered as with a chill and the poor proud possessions, the very flowers and pineapples on the spectacular pink curtains, withered under her glance.

Again she made a great point of its all being clean, but so clean—no, really, how come it's so clean?—as if all Mexicans were choking in their own filth. While the truth is that their lives are one great heroic battle for cleanliness under the most difficult conditions. 'Really, and is it possible you yourself keep it so clean, Dona Vida? With these small, delicate hands of yours? May I

touch them? Unbelievable. Like silk. Did you notice, Glenn? The hands of a harem beauty. Now feel my hands, Glenn; they're like a stevedore's, aren't they? And she kept Glenn's embarrassed fingers in hers like a negligible piece of personal property.

'It's my Indian skin, senorita,' Vida said with a pride that made an arrogant asset out of her being a half-breed, an



"Wave my dress at WHAT Norwegian tanker?"

Indio. 'Also, my hands work much with the oil of the shark.'

'Of course. "All the perfumes of Arabia will not sweeten this little hand . . ." Isn't it a trifle depressing to get a whiff of Parfum de Requin thrown in with each caress, Glenn darling?' Tracey said sweetly. Vida looked bewildered. 'It's French, my dear, requins, sharks, tubrones, plus a bit of Shakespeare,' Tracey went on, addressing herself to an idiot child.

It was her round, but Vida came up at the count of nine when Glenn said sharply, 'If I were you, Tracey, I'd leave Lady Macbeth and sharks out of this. As for the aroma of the local caresses, if you're interested you'd have to do some personal research among the men at the pier. I wouldn't know.'

'You amaze me, Glenn, you really do. You haven't become a prig and a hypocrite, have

you? High time you got a breath of fresh air—'

And so it went. Until Vida's entrance Thumbs had fallen in love all over again with Tracey, who had changed so much. If life had boiled out of her nature the slags of cruelty, maliciousness, and superciliousness but left her strength and courage intact, Tracey would be well-nigh irresistible.

SILENTLY he had begun to repent his lack of charity and understanding. What right do you have to suspect her privately of a crime of which she has been publicly acquitted? Thumbs asked himself. Do you perhaps think the worst of her because she can play chopsticks on every nerve of yours, yet treats you like a vegetable?

But from the moment Vida entered the game it was the old Tracey again, unchanged and unregenerated, full of the devil, ready to do all the mischief she could. She swiftly switched the conversation to people, places, events which were entirely outside Vida's ken, a veritable cyclone of anecdotes, wisecracks, witty references in which Glenn was swept along.

Poor Glenn, he was asking questions, he was laughing, sparkling, as he hadn't in a very long time. How starved he must have been for a voice of his own forsaken world! And poor Vida, excluded, left out of it all. She slowly folded her hands in her lap and stared at them, a picture of dressed-up silent Indian resignation.

Perhaps, Thumbs reflected, perhaps it would be for the best all round if Tracey could recapture Glenn. Then Vida would marry Manuel, and each one would stay in his own sphere; it would clear the air in Tiburon, put an end to gossip and knifings. His thoughts were wandering off into the cloudless skies of these possibilities but bumped quickly down to earth when Glenn got up and Tracey was saying:

'All right, darling, then I'll take you up as soon as you let me have some fuel. You'll

like my crate, and I dare say a little change of air will be very good for you.'

'All right, I'll see if Manuel can take care of it. It's lucky we have our own supply of high octane. For our truck, you know,' Glenn said. Thumbs could see that he was excited like a little boy. His eyes had turned dark; they had been like this in his childhood when he flew his kites way back in the hills above Pearl Harbor. You could almost feel the tucking and tearing of the strings in Glenn's hands and hear the boy's sharp hawk's cries as the kite Thumbs had made for him soared and soared . . .

'One moment, Patron,' said Vida. 'Please listen to me. Please do not fly away in the aeroplane of the senora. By the sweet name of Jesus I beg you—'

'I won't fly away, don't be silly. We'll circle about for ten minutes, that's all. I'd like to see how Tiburon looks from the air, wouldn't you? It might be very useful to get a bird's-eye view of all those reefs and shoals and cliffs—and I'll be back for lunch.'

'By the sweet, suffering blood of our Senor Jesus, I beg you not to do it, Patron,' Vida said, trembling a little. 'Do not fly with the lady. It is dangerous.'

'Oh, for heaven's sake! What nonsense!' Tracey cried, honestly exasperated. Vida turned sharply against her in a white-hot glare.

'Si, si, si, it is dangerous. I know it, I feel it in my heart. I know it, he will get hurt, you will hurt him, you've hurt him before and you'll hurt him again. If he flies off with you he'll never come back, never—' Please listen to me—' she cried, beside herself. Glenn had never seen her like this. She flung herself on her knees, snatched Glenn's hand, kissed it, pressed it to her breasts, her cheeks; she whispered, sobbed, cursed, imploring Glenn and any number of saints.

It was a wild, savage outbreak. Who would have guessed

To page 70

WELL?

naturally I'm well

I take

ENO

says

Toni Lamond

vivacious star of "The Pajama Game"
—a J. C. Williamson production.

How are you? Are you *always* "well"—like Toni Lamond? Or are you off-colour sometimes—perhaps through over eating . . . or upset routine . . . or some other reason? Eno—the sparkling health drink—will keep you feeling happier—*really* well. And Eno's prompt antacid action relieves acid indigestion . . . settles upset stomach. It will gently correct irregularity . . . calm sick headaches. Any time, enjoy a glass of good-tasting Eno . . . feel well *all the time*.

ENO'S 'FRUIT SALT'—NOW IN CONVENIENT WIDE MOUTH BOTTLE

E.A.U.S. 1/57

Page 69

I'm Ann Traverre...



As TAA's Women's Travel Adviser, my purpose is to tell you all about air-travel from the woman's point of view. For example, I can help you plan your next holiday, advise you where to stay and what to wear. If you are elderly, or a mother with young children, you are especially invited to write to me, care of the TAA office in your capital city.

TAA
Women's Travel Adviser



JUST TELL THE WIFE
to buy **FORD PILLS**
in the larger economy
Family size, and
get over twice
the quantity
for only 6/-
EVERYWHERE

FORD PILLS

FALSE TEETH

FIT TIGHT
FOR LIFE OF PLATE
With One Application
or YOUR MONEY BACK
No More Sore Gums, Embarrassing
Loose, Drooping Dentures or Use of
Daily Powders.

GUARANTEED HARMLESS
—ORDER FORM—
ONLY OBTAINABLE
RE-NU CO. (Estab. 1932)
58 SWAN ST., opp. Richmond St.,
Vic. Phone JB1755.

1 enclose £2 Cash-P.N.-M.O.-Chq., or
10/- Bal. C.O.D., or send Free Description
Pamphlet and Testimonial
Sheet of FIT-RITE.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____

UNWANTED HAIRS



Destroy unsightly hairs permanently by the "Vanix" de-vitalising treatment. "Vanix" penetrates deep into hair tissues and kills the roots without affecting the skin.

"VANIX" is only 1/4 a bottle from all branches of Washington H. Soul Pattinson & Co. Ltd. Sydney and Newcastle; Swift's Pharmacy, 372 Little Collins St., Melbourne; Myer Emporium, Melbourne; Birks Chemists Ltd., 57 and 278 Rundle St., Adelaide; and Boons Ltd., Perth. Mail Orders (9/6 including postage) from above or direct from The Vanix Co., Box 38-A, G.P.O., Melbourne.

she had such storms in her, quiet, soft-spoken, devoted little Vida? Glenn seemed to be taken by surprise; he looked embarrassed, although he tried to look amused. He pulled her up and held the shaking girl in his arms. She was small like a child against him. 'Now, now, what's all the fuss about? Don't be so crazy, you little fool, my little monkey. Aren't you ashamed to make such a spectacle of yourself?' he murmured. He had cupped his hand around her head to tilt it back and look into her face, washed by tears and twisted into a knot of anguish. He had never seen her cry, hadn't known she could.

Tracey was watching the two with a taut little smile. 'Ah, yes, I would give ten years of my life if I, too, could be the small, helpless type. It's irresistible, isn't it? Isn't it, Glenn? Listen, Thumbs, I think now I'll have a drink after all,' she said.

Vida wheeled around and went at her with clenched fists. 'Where we go, Thumbs thought, now we're in for a good hen fight. Spitting, biting, feathers flying, cheeks scratched, hair torn out by the roots. But when Tracey got up slowly, almost lazily, Vida stopped, leaving two yards of empty air between them. 'You—I know you,' she said under her breath. 'If he goes with you I shall never see him again. You'll kill him—yes, yes, she will kill you, Guero, just like she killed that other one—her husband'

'How well your little friend knows me,' said Tracey, still smiling. 'Salud,' she said quietly, but her fingers shook so that you could hear the fine clatter of the rim of the glass against her teeth.

Glenn pulled Vida around; he no longer pretended to be amused. 'That's enough,' he said in a cold fury. 'You will apologise and shut up, hear me?'

Vida took a deep breath; her fists were still clenched, as in a cramp or a trance, by the effort of collecting herself. 'I apologise for disregarding for a small moment that the senora is our guest,' she said at last with utmost correctness. 'I beg of you, senores, senora, to dispense of me,' and was gone.

'Sorry, Tracey,' Glenn said. 'They say there is a drop of black blood in every Indian, and when it hits their eyes or their heart they don't know what they are doing or saying. Forget it, will you?'

'But certainly. It's perfectly irrelevant.'

'I'll look after the fuel now,' Glenn said, impatient to get out, or maybe worried about Vida.

Continuing . . .

'That's right. I'll have to show your man how to do it,' Tracey said amiably. She took his arm in hers and marched him off.

This turned out to be a great day in Manuel Jose Silverio Maria Perez's life. He took a few drums of high octane out to where the little monoplane was bobbing on the water, and, assisted by his son Pedrito, he went at the intricate business of refuelling it. He did this in the full, proud view of the greater part of Tiburon's populace, as he had been escorted from shore by an improbable convoy of every tub, dug-out, panga, and barrel available, a fleet soon joined by the returning fishermen in their skiffs.

Small wonder that he was blossoming in a great glow of self-importance as he exchanged expert opinions, snappy jokes, and florid compliments with the astounding gringa who flew her own machine. He was creeping all over the Waco, sticking his grey head into every nook of it, investigating each nut and bolt. A cheer went up when he finally announced that the machine was ready to take herself off into the air.

THERE arose great laughing and shouting when Glenn splashed one leg into the water as he limped from the end of the pier on to one of the plane's floaters and had to be helped into the cockpit by a good pull of Tracey's hand. He, too, laughed, waved, called, 'Hasta luego!'—be back in half an hour!—and off they went on a runway of hissing, churning, foaming, streaking water.

Thumbs' eyes followed the plane for another minute, and then he went back to look for Vida. Soon after she had rushed out of their house he had seen her scramble up the serpentine trail to the little church on the cliff, and there she had stood, a tiny black speck, until the red bird had disappeared in a bank of clouds beyond the Punta Negra.

But by the time he arrived at the Piedras Blancas, the chalk-white boulders up there, Vida had slipped into the church and remained, praying to her saints or listening to the padre's counsel, until the Angelus bell rang with a sound as if someone were banging on an empty oil-can.

In Mexico the Angelus bell unbendingly separates the 'Buenas tardes' during the afternoon from the 'Buenas noches' of the evening. At this sound

Written on Water

from page 69

the burros trot home all by themselves from their grazing patches and the wood smoke of the evening meals' cooking rises as a fragrant haze over each little hamlet and hut of Mexico. It is a sweet and peaceful hour altogether. But it wasn't on this particular evening in Tiburon.

It began with some sharp reports in the yard, just as Thumbs was washing off the day's sweat and worries under the shower improvised behind the house by a watering-can plus pulley and tackle. His

ten times more fun tonight than our happy couple here.

He looked at them and wondered. Yes, Manuel seemed deliriously happy, or perhaps he was, even at this early hour, a bit drunk in his very Indian, dignified, and solemn way. If Vida wasn't happy, she certainly didn't show it. No trace of the noon's fury, anxiety, jealousy, and desperation was left in her face. Perhaps it was less serene, more animated than usual. If anything, there seemed to be a fiercer life, a higher pitch of joy in her than she would have shown in Glenn's presence.

She laughed, she danced, she countered the bold jokes with bolder ones, she dominated the rising hilarity; she almost became once more the girl she had been in La Conchita. She had put flowers in her hair; she had a bit of rouge on her pale cheeks and extract of vanilla behind her ears and on her pulsing throat.

There was an abundance of music from a three-man band of mariachis, from three old phonographs, and two radios, all going simultaneously; there were torches, and candles, and open fires over which food was roasting, turkeys and chickens and piglets that had populated the yard only a few hours before.

Three times Thumbs went back into the house away from the noise, to listen if the radio might have anything to report about some mishap that might have befallen a small red Waco en route from Mazatlan—yes,

first thoughts were of rifle shots, and he held his breath, but exhaled with relief when he saw rockets hiss up into the pale evening sky and arch down in pink and green parabolas. Fireworks! he told himself. I wonder what they are celebrating. Glenn's much-delayed return, let's hope.

But it was the prelude to a fiesta in honor of Vida's and Manuel's betrothal. They entered the front door of the casa grande a little later, hand in hand, very dignified and decorous, to inform the Senor Ingeniero of Vida's decision to marry her faithful suitor, and invited him to take part in the modest feast the Co-operative was giving them. Vida, still in her black outfit, and Manuel, all slicked up, in his uncomfortable stiff city suit and horribly pointed tight shoes.

It was all very formal and polite, and no mention was made of the Patron's absence. There you have our friends and companions, Thumbs thought bitterly. Let's have a good time and to the devil with the Patron: who cares what happens to him! He himself was worried, although he didn't want to be. Don't be a fool, he told himself, if you want to begin worrying about Glenn you'll end up in a booby hatch. Or about Tracey, for that matter. They are probably having

but en route to where? Next to Ensenada? South to Acapulco? To the moon?

He called himself a stupid old fool acting as though he were Glenn's maiden aunt. In protest he began to drink earnestly. He could hold his alcohol like a gentleman, and he did. Only that he was not quite able to remember the next morning how the fiesta had ended. He remembered that Vida had danced in her costume from the Conchita, and that Manuel, as the evening went on, began to look like a very old man indeed, not only twenty years older than Vida but forty or fifty, and that he had been very drunk, sunk in the crushed misery and loud, fearful despair of a deep Indian drunkenness. Thumbs also seemed to remember that he himself had helped Vida and Pedrito carry the sobbing man into his house.

The next morning there were burned-out rockets over the yard, trampled-down flowers, and such monstrous hangovers that hardly any boys were putting out that day.

'The Patron will give us hell when he comes back,' Thumbs said to Vida, who brought him his breakfast as usual.

'If he comes back,' she said, with a shrug and a strong, downy emphasis on the word 'if.' 'With your permission, I shall dispense myself now. I'm going to church . . .'

To be concluded

Printed by Compress Printing Limited for the Publisher, Australian Consolidated Press Limited, 108-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

No brush can clean around this dangerous HIDDEN "S" BEND

HARPIC kills dangerous germs which lurk and breed round the hidden "S" bend.

Keep your toilet clean and bright with a little HARPIC every night



NEW PLEASANT WAY TO REALLY CLEAN YOUR TOILET!

Simply sprinkle in Harpic at night and flush in the morning. While you sleep, Harpic cleans thoroughly, killing germs around that hidden 'S' bend, leaving the entire lavatory bowl sparkling, hygienically clean. Delicately perfumed, Harpic keeps your bathroom or lavatory sweet-smelling. Harpic can be used with perfect safety for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls. Ask for Harpic at your store.



HARPIC REGD.

Safe for cleaning septic tank toilet bowls

CLEANS ROUND THE "S" BEND • DISINFECTS • DEODORISES

IRON-ON TRANSFER AND PATTERN

PRETTY floral baskets in three designs are filled with red flowers on Iron-on Transfer No. 1004E. These transfers would look lovely on lingerie, scarves, and on table or other household linens.



The transfers are very simple to apply. All you have to do is press them on and you have a long-wearing and attractive decoration on your linens and clothing.

Full directions for application come with each transfer sheet. Price 2/6.

Also available is a pattern for the dainty blouse shown at left. In sizes 32in. to 38in., the pattern costs only 2/-.

Fashionable three-quarter sleeves and a soft tie at the neck make the blouse design ideal for spring wear.

Order your transfer and pattern from our Needlework Department, Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney.



New Film Releases

THE SHIRALEE

...ing Australian drama,
Peter Finch, Dana
Wilson, St. James, Sydney.

THOUGH it lacks the
high standard of
that could be ex-
pected from the studio,
film of D'Arcy
and's novel is still a
human and touching
experience.

The core of the story, the
relationship between the foot-
outback worker Finch,
and the small daughter with
whom he tramps the roads, is
developed with fine sensitivity
and insight.

Finch, looking by no means
most attractive, imposes on
the role of Macauley his own
and of fine-drawn virility.
Child star, Dana Wilson,
quaint and attractive little
three who has been directed
with evident skill.

He not specially happy
ing of English Rosemary
as the station owner's
daughter whom Macauley se-
duces and left in his wild
life is not helped by some
unkind photography.
Elizabeth Sellars, an actress of
considerable talent, as
MacGinnis's wife, suffers in
her manner.

standing in a cast which
includes some of Australia's
known actors in minor
roles is Niall MacGinnis as
the wreck of a once-
man.

The excess of Australian-
ism in the script — as with
casting of its English
time players — must be
attributed to a distant head-
line idea of overseas box-

OUR FILM GRADINGS

- ★★★★ Excellent
- ★★★ Above average
- ★★ Average
- No stars—below average

The Australia that emerges
is one of mateship, country
towns with rock'n-roll issu-
ing from its cafes, and open,
rolling country. Sydney in
its brief appearance is pin-
pointed by the traffic of King's
Cross and the Harbour Bridge.
In a word: ENJOYABLE.

★ THE MONTE CARLO STORY

*Titans romantic comedy,
with Marlene Dietrich, Vi-
torio De Sica. In technicolor
Technirama. Century. Syd-
ney.*

TWO tired old charmers
in the persons of
Dietrich and De Sica are
expected to provide the
romantic interest in this
Continental comedy about
a pair of gamblers down
on their luck. Both are so
practised that you can
almost hear the well-worn
acting mechanisms ticking
over.

De Sica thinks that in Diet-
rich he has found the rich wife
his creditors urge him to
marry, only to discover that
she is in equal need of a
wealthy husband.

Arthur O'Connell, the
American millionaire making
his first visit to Europe, looks
like being the very man, until
the tired old charmers realise



VISITING VIENNA. Bob Hope shares lunch with a small Hungarian refugee who became attached to the comedian when he was visiting a refugee camp following his Austrian fund-raising activities.

just in time that money or
not they'd rather stay to-
gether.

Young Natalie Trundy
blows through the depressing
atmosphere of past splendors
like a fresh sea breeze, with
Mischa Auer proving himself
a humorous character too long
lost to the screen.

You'll see some interiors of
unparalleled ugliness, some en-
trancing glimpses of Monte
Carlo, and a couple of very
nice comic touches.

In a word: UNMEMOR-
ABLE.

★ THREE MEN IN A BOAT

*Fox period comedy,
with Laurence Harvey,
Jimmy Edwards, David Tom-
linson. In Eastman color
CinemaScope. Embassy,
Sydney.*

FOR it to have retained
its original dated
charm, this Jerome K.
Jerome story should have
been put in the hands of
a considerably more re-
sourceful director than
Ken Annakin.

His idea of humor is ele-
mentary, to say the least, being
based on the premise that if
it's funny for one man to fall
over or into the water it must
be excruciatingly funny if
three of them do it at five-
minute intervals.

The story, as the older
generation will know, concerns
three friends, one married, one
engaged, and one heart-free,
who decide to have a boating
holiday on the river.

These roles are played by
David Tomlinson, Jimmy
Edwards, of B.B.C. fame (ap-
parently immune to direction),
and a depressed version of
the usually romantic Laurence
Harvey.

Jill Ireland (who manages
to be interesting), Lisa Gas-
toni, and Shirley Eaton are the
pretty girls they flirt with.

Occasionally, as with the
regatta scene, a pleasing Ed-
wardian charm breaks through
the muddled activity, and
among the host of bit-players
there is some really inspired
casting. The river back-
grounds, when they're genuine,
are delightful.

In a word: ROLLICKING.



'Flu . . . pains go

DISPRIN DISSOLVES . . . acts rapidly

When you put a Disprin tablet
into water, you see it foam at
once and dissolve.

This "soluble form" of aspirin
naturally passes more rapidly
from the stomach into the
bloodstream. Pain, soreness
and fever are therefore relieved
in the shortest possible time.

FAR LESS ACID . . . better for the stomach

Because of this solubility, and
because it is far less acid than

ordinary aspirin and a.p.c.,
Disprin is far less likely to cause
heartburn, dyspepsia or other
symptoms of gastric irritation
—which is particularly helpful
when a dose of 'flu means
taking tablets or powders
several times a day.

PLEASANT . . . easy to take

Disprin is palatable. Both
adults and children find that
taking Disprin is the pleasantest
way of relieving pain.

Ask your Chemist for Disprin



DS/56

DISPRIN Regd.
*dissolves pain
quickly and safely*

The heartbreaking problem of superfluous hair should
not burden anybody any longer, no matter where the
growth occurs. Madame Korner is the ultimate in skill and
experience. Add to this 100 per cent. guarantee and there
is the answer to your problem.

Appointments BX3675; Suite 522, St. James Building,
Elizabeth Street, Sydney. You can write for advice.

THE GOOD OIL

SAFETY AT SEA

DUE TO THE FEAR
OF FIRE 19TH CENTURY
CREWS HAD TO BE "SHANGHAIED"
TO MAN SHIPS THAT CARRIED
OIL. TODAY TANKERS ARE
SAFER THAN OTHER SHIPS
AND CREWS HAVE HOME
COMFORTS SECOND
TO NONE.

DID YOU KNOW...

CONTROLLED RIPENING

A SIMPLE HORMONE SPRAY WITH A
PETROLEUM BASE—SHELLESTONE—
CONTROLS THE TIME OF RIPENING
PINE APPLES, AND INCREASES
THEIR SIZE.

BLACK CHEWING GUM

BITUMEN WAS
FORE-RUNNER
OF CHEWING
GUM. IN MEXICO
ANCIENT
MEXICANS
USED TO CHEW IT.

LEADS THE WORLD

Shell, with 512 tankers in its fleet, is the
world's largest maritime enterprise. Last
year Shell tankers brought over 2 million
tons of crude oil to Australia for refining
into a full range of petroleum products.

OIL TREADS THE BOARDS

TODAY ACTORS
WEAR GREASE-
-PAINTS
WITH AN
OIL BASE.
SHELL
PRO-
DUCE
THE BASE,
WHICH
IS A PRODUCT
OF PETROLEUM.

Shell serves Australia
YOU CAN BE SURE OF SHELL

Bakeo Beef Pie

— in less than ten minutes



says Mrs. Freda Vallance,
38 Marquis Road, Moorabbin, Victoria

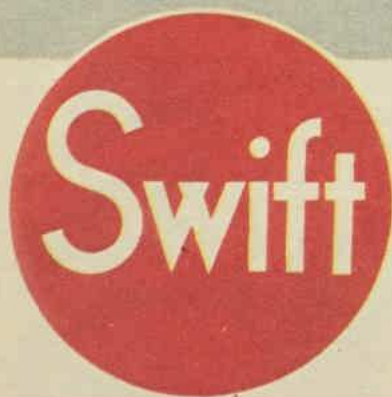
"You'll find the recipe in the Bakeo Recipe Book, page 11. A packet of Bakeo, a can of Swift Meat and Vegetables, a small onion and away you go! It took me less than ten minutes to make it," says Mrs. Freda Vallance, "and the family loved it. If you prefer, you can use Swift Irish Stew, Lamb and Peas, Casserole Steak, Stewed Steak or Steak and Onions to make this delicious pie!"



For tender short crust Bakeo pastry
simply add water, roll out and bake



Remember, there are eleven marvellous varieties
of Hot Meals from which to choose.



— wholesome hot
meals topped off with

MAXAM BAKEO PASTRY MIX

Swift Australian Company (Pty.) Limited — Nationwide Manufacturers and Distributors of famous food products



**FREE...
BAKEO RECIPE BOOK**

write to
Maxam Food Products
Dept. "B", Box 658K, G.P.O.
BRISBANE



DEBBIE SERVES

SOUP 'N SANDWICHES

This week Debbie, our teenage chef, shows how to provide a hearty party meal that needs no great culinary skill but is popular with young and old alike.

All the preparation can be done well ahead, leaving only the last-minute toasting of sandwiches and cooking or reheating of soup. Packaged and tinned soups can be obtained in many flavors, and they need merely the addition of milk or water.

This is Debbie's method of making the sandwiches: Remove crusts from day-old bread slices, butter on one side. Spread filling on unbuttered side, and top with another slice so that buttered sides of bread are on outside. This method gives a more even golden-brown color and an additional baked-butter flavor to the toasted bread. Toast under griller on a sandwich-toaster. Serve with salad garnishes.

Suggested Sandwich Fillings:

Minced creamed chicken, ham, rabbit, or brains flavored with finely chopped shallot, onion, or tomato.
Curried hard-boiled eggs, mashed or chopped and mixed with finely diced celery or apple. Bind with mayonnaise.
Sardines, mashed and seasoned with lemon juice or vinegar and combined with slices of cucumber.
Slices of tomato, topped with grated cheese and onion.
Lightly cooked slices of bacon on bread that has been spread with peanut butter.



CHOP celery very finely and use as a filling with slices of creamed chicken. Other filling mixture illustrated is chopped ham and tomato in thick white sauce (or mayonnaise).



FOLLOW CAREFULLY the instructions given on the back of package when making the soup. For serving in mugs, choose a soup that has no vegetable, meat pieces, or noodles.



BRUSH melted butter or thinly spread softened butter on to slices of bread from which the crusts have been removed. Slice bread a little thicker than for ordinary sandwiches.



LIFT sandwiches from toaster with a spatula or broad-bladed knife. When using the griller of a range take care that the fillings do not fall out when turning the sandwiches.



Protect your sight
with Atlas light

ATLAS

LAMPS and
Fluorescent Tubes



DISTRIBUTORS: VIC.: A. J. Ferguson & Co. Pty. Ltd., 562 Swanston St., Carlton.
N.S.W.: D. Hamilton & Co., 36 Chippen St., Chippendale; T. F. Stewart & Co. Pty.
Ltd., 231 Clarence St., Sydney. QLD.: S. Martin Pty. Ltd., 35 Charlotte St.,
Brisbane; Synchronome (Atlas Division) Pty. Ltd., 40 Charlotte St., Brisbane;
Chandlers (Aust.) Ltd., cnr. Albert & Charlotte Sts., Brisbane. S. AUSTR.: Parsons
& Robertson Ltd., 172-174 Pulteney St., Adelaide. W. AUSTR.: G. G. Martin Ltd.,
832 Hay St., Perth. TAS.: Burgess Bros. Pty. Ltd., Franklin Wharf, Hobart;
Electrical & Engineering Supplies Pty. Ltd., 9-13 George St., Launceston.



Keep up that steady sip, sip, sip
of Bonnington's Irish Moss.

That's the fastest way to sweep
dangerous congestion right out
of your system . . . and put
a quick end to the worst cold

or 'flu attack.

Bonnington's Irish Moss.

3/6 everywhere.

Insist on
VENCATACHELLUM
THE WORLDS BEST CURRY

Glamor stole banded with hairpin lace

● This stole, with its unusual combination of hairpin lace and plain knitting, will give a soft, feminine touch to your evening wardrobe. Make it in black or white for elegance.

THE five strips of hairpin lace and the four pieces of knitting are joined by simple crochet to make a lovely stole for young or old.

Materials: 5oz. Villawool "Faerie" baby wool; 1 pr. No. 8 knitting needles; 1 size 0 crochet hook (steel); 1 2in.-width hairpin prong.

Measurements: 64in. long (excluding fringe).

CENTRE KNITTED AREA

Cast on 17 sts., using No.

8 needles. (Do not knit into back of sts.) Knit 3 rows in garter-st.

1st Row: K 1, * wool over needle twice, k 1, *, rep. from * to * to end of row.

2nd Row: K 1, *, slip loops off needle, k 1, *, rep. from * to * to end of row.

3rd Row: Knit.

4th Row: Knit. Rep. these 4 rows for patt. Rep. these 4 rows 81 times. Knit 2 rows. Cast off. Work 3 more strips in same manner.

HAIRPIN LACE

Holding hairpin prong in left hand with thumb and first finger and prongs upward, make a loop with wool lin. long and slip on to left-hand prong, bring wool across right-hand prong and hold firmly with first two fingers of left hand at back of prong (as for crochet), insert crochet hook through loop on left-hand prong; wool over hook, and draw through loop, wool over hook and draw through stitch, * turn prong to left, wool over hook and draw through, insert hook through loop on left-hand prong, and double crochet. * Rep. from * to * until there are 252 loops. Make 5 strips altogether.

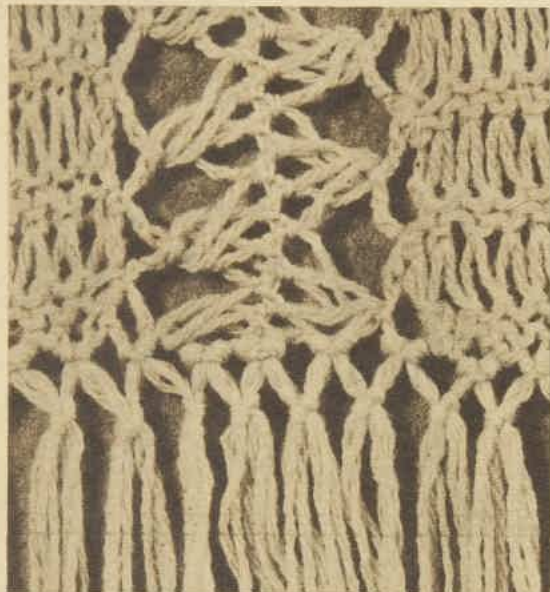
To join strips of knitting tog. (1 strip of hairpin between each knitted strip, and 1 strip at each outside edge): Insert crochet hook into end of knitted strip, 4 ch., insert hook into back of 3 loops of hairpin lace, thread over, draw through, 4 ch., sl-st. into knitted strip; rep. to end, always inserting hook into back of loops to obtain twist.

OUTSIDE EDGING

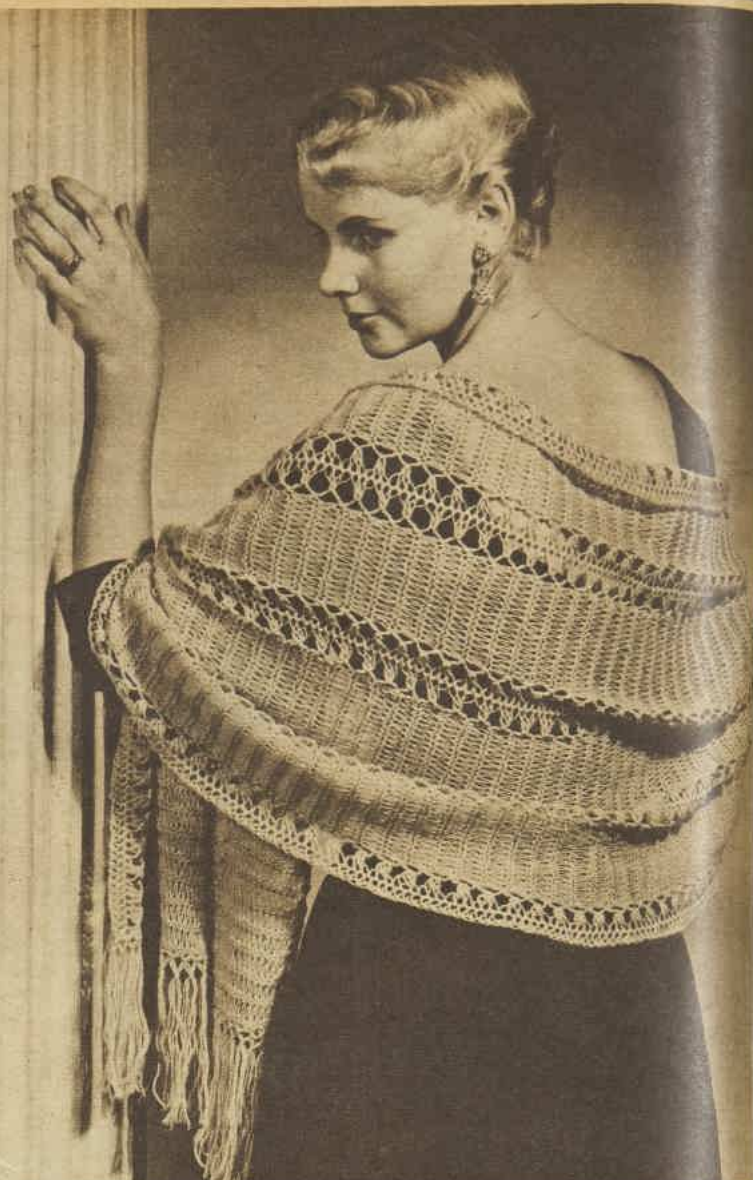
Draw each loop through adjoining loop, inserting hook through back of loop each time and end off loop at end of row.

FRINGE

Cut a piece of cardboard 7in. wide. Wind wool around cardboard, then cut along one edge. Using large crochet hook and 3 strands of wool at a time, fold wool in half and pull loop through edge of stole, then pull ends of wool through this loop and draw tightly. Work fringe thus all along narrow ends of stole.



BANDS OF HAIRPIN LACE and plain knitting combine to form the dainty pattern shown above. Full instructions for the honeycomb fringe are given on this page.



DESIGNED TO FLATTER the fashion-conscious woman, this softly draped stole will keep out the evening chill. Alternating with plain knitting are bands of easy-to-do hairpin lace that make the stole look so dainty and feminine. It takes only 5oz. wool.



CHECK Perspiration... STOP Odour 24 hours!

Yes, Tact Deodorant checks perspiration instantly! For there's a miracle anti-perspirant in Tact that's not found in any other deodorant. Tact prevents odour for a full 24 hours... actually destroys the bacteria that cause odour. Yet Tact is safe for normal skin—harmless to clothes. Dries instantly. Get Tact today—use it daily for personal freshness.

Tact

DEODORANT

NOW you can choose from Colgate's 3 TACT Deodorants
Large Jar, 3/6 * Handy Tube, 2/4 * Spray, 6/6



“Look what came
in my new
Westinghouse!”



**Rinso and your
new washer
go together to
put brand-new
brightness in
your wash**

THE BIG TEST of a new washer comes when you try it out for the first time. That's why Westinghouse, and all the leading washer makers, recommend Rinso — and only Rinso. To make certain that you get the most perfect washday results from the start, Westinghouse always put a free packet of Rinso inside your new washer. Like seven out of every ten Australian housewives who use Rinso, all washing machine manufacturers have proved that Rinso's richer, softer suds put brand-new brightness in your wash.



**Now I see what clean can mean
...with my NEW Westinghouse
washing machine**

The "teamed" tub and agitator produce the exclusive Westinghouse "Water Washing Action" . . . powerful water currents quickly remove every speck from even the biggest family wash.

- NEW nine-pound capacity tub with satin-smooth plastic agitator.
- NEW centralised finger-tip controls on attractive blue plastic control panel.
- NEW two-way pump — amazingly fast filling and emptying.
- NEW Westinghouse "Wonder Wringer" with four-way touch release prevents overloading.
- NEW powerful $\frac{1}{2}$ h.p. oiled-for-life motor.
- NEW sturdy all-steel gears.
- NEW slim louvred side cover with cord tidy.
- NEW detachable hose — neatly stows away in tub.

PRICE

600 Standard **94 Guineas**

600H (with heater)

104 Guineas

You can be sure . . . if it's Westinghouse

Z. 448, W.W.F.C.

£5 prize for sweet

● A delicious cold dessert, Gateau Caramel, wins the main prize in this week's recipe contest. It can be served plain as a family sweet or fancy as a special-occasion dish.

IN its simple form, the caramel cream mixture of the prize-winning dessert is filled into a greased or wet jelly mould and is served without the sponge slices of the glamor version.

A recipe for an unusual cake, good for packed lunches,

wins a consolation prize of £1. All spoon measurements in our recipes are level.

GATEAU CARAMEL

Thirty quick-melting caramels, 3 cups milk, 1½ tablespoons gelatine, ½ cup cold water, 3 tablespoons butter, ¾ cup flour, 1 dessert-spoon vanilla, pinch salt, 1 cup

chopped toasted almonds, slices stale sponge or sponge fingers, extra toasted almond halves and whipped cream to decorate.

Place caramels in saucepan with 2½ cups of the milk, stir over low heat until caramels are melted. In another saucepan melt butter; add flour, stir until well mixed. Gradually add remaining ½ cup milk, then milk in which caramels have melted; stir until smooth and thick. Remove from heat, stir in gelatine (previously softened in the cold water for 5 minutes), mix until dissolved; then add vanilla and salt. Set aside to cool slightly, then fold in chopped almonds. Grease plain mould or cake-tin, line sides with the required number of finger-length sponge slices, carefully pour in caramel mixture. Chill in refrigerator until firm. Unmould on to serving-plate, decorate with extra almonds and whipped cream.

First Prize of £5 to Mrs. N. Rayner, 15 Burnham Rd., Bardon, Brisbane.

CINNAMON NUT CAKE.

Two ounces butter, ½ cup sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 1 cup self-raising flour, pinch salt, ½ cup milk.

Nut layer: Half cup brown sugar, ½ cup chopped walnuts, 4 tablespoons flour, 2 tablespoons melted butter, 1 dessert-spoon cinnamon.

Cream butter, sugar, and vanilla, add egg; beat well. Fold in sifted flour and salt alternately with milk. Spread half the mixture over base of greased 8in. sandwich-tin. Combine all nut-layer ingredients and spread over mixture in tin. Cover with remaining cake mixture. Bake in moderate oven 50 to 60 minutes. Cool on cake-cooler, ice with warm icing if desired.

Consolation Prize of £1 to Mrs. C. Turner, 97 Vermont Rd., Mowbray, Launceston.

Have you entered our recipe contest lately? Good tested recipes containing readily available foodstuffs are welcome each week. Address entries to Recipe Contest, Box 4088, G.P.O., Sydney.

QUICK...the Solyptol!



ABRASIONS need
Solyptol
REGD TRADE MARK
ANTISEPTIC

Be certain, that those childish cuts and scratches never become infected. Cleanse and bathe them in a solution of SOLYPTOL—Australia's own powerful, safe antiseptic. Play safe—insure your family—keep Solyptol handy.



IF IT'S FAULDING'S . . . IT'S PURE

NEW BOOKLET ON Varicose Veins

Now you can have walking comfort in featherweight Lastonet Nylons that give healthful support to Varicose Veins and are invisible under your ordinary stockings. Lastonet (combined elastic and nylon) stretches in any direction, lightly massaging the leg as it moves, and letting the air circulate freely. For extra relief, apply highly effective Varicosan Chlorophyll Ointment.

★
Knee-length Nylons, 39/6
Thigh-length Nylons, 49/6
Lastonet

To LASTONET, 110-Little Bourke St., Melbourne, Victoria.
or to N.S.W. to 235-Clarence Street, Sydney.

PLEASE SEND ME NEW FREE BOOKLET, "VARICOSE VEINS"
NAME _____
ADDRESS _____ W.W.N.7

P.S. PICTORIAL-Show . . . is the magazine that gives you all the news about show business as well as a host of interesting pictures about local and overseas events — price 9d.



CURRIED MEAT BALLS served with fluffy boiled rice and accompanied by a bowl of crisp salad makes a delightful and satisfying meal. This dish is not only suitable for family meals but is good when guests are expected, because the meat mixture can be shaped and cooked early in the day and reheated later. See recipe below.

Stand-by recipe

CURRIED meat balls with rice is a popular and satisfying dish to have on the menu while the weather remains cool enough to put an edge on the appetite.

CURRIED MEAT BALLS

One and a half pounds minced steak, 2 cups cornflakes, 1 teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, ½ cup finely chopped onion, pinch herbs, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons butter or substitute, 2 tablespoons flour, 2 cups water, 1 dessert-spoon meat extract, ½ cup tomato paste, 2 dessert-spoons curry powder (blended with a little extra water).

Combine meat, slightly crushed cornflakes, salt, pepper, onion, and herbs; bind with beaten eggs. Shape into small balls with floured hands. Heat shortening in pan, add meat balls, cook until golden-brown. Stir in flour blended with some of the water, meat extract, tomato paste, balance of water and curry powder. Cover with tightly fitting lid, simmer 1 hour. Serve with fluffy boiled rice and crisp salad.

Eight basic needs for mental health

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

● It has been said that children whose basic emotional needs are satisfied have a better chance to grow up in good mental health and to become mentally healthy adults.

THESE emotional needs are just as important as the need for nourishment.

Eight essential ingredients for good mental health have been described in a leaflet published by the National Association for Mental Health (New York). They are:

1. **Love:** Every child needs to feel that his parents love him and he matters very much to them.
2. **Acceptance:** He needs to believe that his parents like him for himself, just the way he is, make allowance for his immaturity, and love him all the time.
3. **Security:** He needs to know he belongs in the home, and his mother and father will always be at hand, especially in times of crisis when he needs them most.

4. **Protection:** He needs to feel that his parents will help him when he meets strange, unknown, and frightening situations.
5. **Independence:** He needs to know his parents have confidence in him and his ability to do things for himself and by himself.
6. **Guidance:** He needs friendly help in learning how to behave towards persons and things; he must be taught how to get along with other people.
7. **Control:** He needs discipline to bolster his sense of security. He needs to know there are limits to what he is permitted to do.
8. **Faith:** He needs to be given a belief in the human values of kindness, courage, honesty, generosity, and justice.

How to beat attacks of ASTHMA and HAY FEVER

Pollens and dusts irritate membranes of nose and throat, cause gasping for breath, "running" nose, and eyes, exhausting sneezing and open the door to germs which may cause deep-seated bronchitis and catarrh. Extracts of pollens and house dusts in Lantigen 'E' desensitise the tissues—prevent attacks. You can thus be free from asthma and hay fever misery. The proof! ". . . over 30 years a constant sufferer from hay fever. I started Lantigen 'E' on 25th November 1941. By 2nd December I was completely free, and have been since." No injections! No drugs. Economical!

Edinburgh Laboratories (Australia) Pty. Ltd., York Street, Sydney, Australia.

Ask your chemist for

Lantigen 'E'

71E

STOP!



SE
TRUSHAY
FIRST!



15 hairsets for 4/10

QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
Give YOUR hair new
silky loveliness and
save pounds on your
hair-do's.
Get a tube of concentrated
Curlypet—
squeeze Curlypet into
a pint milk bottle of
warm water—shake till
mixed—now you have
a pint of the best,
most fragrant quickset
lotion you've ever used.
Get concentrated
Curlypet for 4/10 from
your chemist or store.
QUICKSET WITH CURLYPET
CNA

Asthma

MISERY BROKEN

It's an absolute marvel how
one tiny As-mo-lets tablet
brings instant relief from
asthma distress and more
wonderful still, lasting relief!
As-mo-lets relax bronchial
tension, restore natural
breathing, clear
inflammation, clear
respiration. As-mo-lets do
more than merely soothe:
they act through the blood-
stream, stimulating the body's
resources to fight off the attack,
resisting resistance to further
attacks. They're a scientific treat-
ment, and perfectly safe, even
for children. From Chemists
only—8/6 a bottle.

AS-MO-LETS

CORNS GO FAST
Scholl's Zino-pads
relieve pain at once
indicated discs included
everywhere. 3/- at
chemists, grocers, shoe
shops, Scholl Dispensaries.

Scholl's ZINO-PADS

F4654. — Glamorous lace-trimmed lingerie set. The nightgown can be made with a long or mid-calf-length skirt. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material, 10½yds. 1½in. lace, 9yds. ¼in. lace edging, and 2yds. 1in. ribbon. Price 5/6.



Fashion PATTERNS



PATTERN FOR BEGINNERS
F4536.—Beginners' pattern for an easy-to-make waist petticoat. Sizes 24½, 26, 28, and 30in. waist. Requires 3yds. 36in. material and 12yds. cording. Price 2/6.



F4288.—Shortie housecoat. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4½yds. 36in. material, 5yds. 1in. lace. Price 4/-.

• Fashion Patterns and Needlework Notions may be obtained immediately from Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney (postal address Box 4060, G.P.O., Sydney). Tasmanian readers should address orders to Box 66-D, G.P.O., Hobart. New Zealand readers send money orders only direct to Fashion Patterns Pty. Ltd., 645 Harris St., Ultimo, Sydney.



F4655.—Attractively styled floor-length housecoat has a front-buttoned fastening and pretty back fullness. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 7yds. 36in. material. Price 4/6.



F4445.—Shortie pyjama suit has bloomer-type pants. Sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and 1yd. 36in. sheer material. Price 4/-.

NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS

No. 541.—SMALL GIRL'S ONE-PIECE DRESS
The dress, with a detachable cape collar, is obtainable cut out ready to make in check gingham; the collar is white pique. The color choice includes pink and white, mauve and white, blue and white, red and white, and lemon and white. Sizes: Lengths 18in. for 2 years 16/9, 20in. for 3 to 4 years 18/3, 22in. for 5 to 6 years 21/9, 24in. for 7 to 8 years 24/3. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 542.—BOMPER SUIT
The suit, designed for easy laundering, is obtainable cut out ready to make in British headcloth. The color choice includes white, natural, lemon, blue, and green. Sizes: 1 year 12/9; 2 years 14/3; 3 years 16/9, and 4 years 18/3. Postage and registration 1/6 extra.

No. 543.—NIGHTGOWN AND MATINEE JACKET
Pretty twosome is obtainable cut out ready to make. The material and color choice include flannelette in white only and no-iron Pilsse in white, lemon, pink, and blue. Nightgown in flannelette 12/9, in Pilsse 16/3. Postage and registration 1/- extra. Matinee jacket in flannelette 7/3, in Pilsse 9/9. Postage and registration 1/- extra.

No. 544.—ONE-PIECE DRESS
The dress is obtainable cut out ready to make in a flower-printed cotton cambie. The color choice includes pink, cherry, and white; pale green, mauve, and white; lemon, coral, and white; and aqua, cherry, and white. Sizes 32 and 34in. bust 43/6, 36 and 38in. bust 45/9. Postage and registration 3/9 extra.

• Needlework Notions are available for only six weeks after date of publication.



Give your furniture this
FRAGRANT BEAUTY TREATMENT



Lavendo
FURNITURE POLISH
Perfumed with Lavender

POLISHES—See your furniture glowing with soft, deep tones—enriched and beautified by Lavendo's fine waxes. Lavendo is so easy to use. It rubs up quickly, polishes gloriously and proves so economical. This is the polish all England raved about—you, too, will vote it the finest polish you've ever used.

PERFUMES—Lavendo imparts an enchanting old-world fragrance of lavender. It's the only polish that can do this for you. Every time you use Lavendo you give your home a clean Spring-freshness, a delightful garden fragrance.

SO MANY USES
Lavendo brings beauty and fragrance to . . .



NEVER BE WITHOUT
Lavendo
AVAILABLE AT ALL
GROCERS AND STORES
Mmmm! SMELL THAT LAVENDER FRAGRANCE



More fun to diet
with
Golden Circle's

'DIETETIC'

Pineapple
Pieces



HERE'S LUXURIOUS TROPICAL SWEETNESS
with **NO** added sugar

Don't think you need go without keen-flavoured canned fruits just because you're counting calories! Here is the sweetest and juiciest of all fruits — luscious, sun-ripened pineapple — specially packed for your special diet with absolutely NO ADDED SUGAR... only the pure natural sweetness that's immediately converted into energy for enjoying life... plus valuable minerals and health-protecting vitamins. Enjoy it as often as you like in different sweet and savoury ways — without worry. Ask your store for the special "DIETETIC" Golden Circle Pineapple Pieces and special "DIETETIC" pure Pineapple Juice.

• RECOMMENDED FOR DIABETICS.



Golden Circle

Special 'DIETETIC'
PINEAPPLE PIECES
and Special 'DIETETIC'
PINEAPPLE JUICE

AT YOUR STORE WHICH STOCKS
REGULAR PINEAPPLE PACKS ALSO

The C.O.D. CANNERY, NORTHGATE, BRISBANE, Q.



Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master Magician, has arrived at Magna, greatest of all planets, with PRINCESS NARDA: Winner of the Earth-wide beauty contest. With ten million other beautiful women from planets unknown to us, Narda enters the huge machine which will find the most beautiful of all these women. As she walks down a huge corridor thousands of different colored light beams touch her, each one connected to a dial which registers the beauty of the contestants. When she meets Mandrake at the end of the corridor, one of the strange little men tells them they can go sight-seeing. NOW READ ON:



IN AND OUT OF SOCIETY

By RUD



Don't be
HALF-SAFE!



super-smooth cream deodorant
**SAFELY STOPS
PERSPIRATION
1 TO 3 DAYS**

in or out, there's always the
of offending—unless you
perspiration before unpleasant
can form!
Smoother, creamier Arrid:
Instantly stops perspiration
and keeps armpits dry safely—as
proved by leading doctors.
Removes odor from perspiration
on contact. Antiseptic action.
Washes off clothes.
Creamy-soft Arrid does not
stain, even after shaving.
And has a wonderful new ingredi-
ent—Perstop—your guarantee that
Arrid is softer, smoother than
any other. Buy the new super-smooth
today!



able in both smooth cream and
"Arrid Super-Spray" dispenser.

**SOOTHE ACHES
SPRAINS AND
STRAINS**



As you pay with
for a hard day's
work! Pain shooting
in your arms, across
your shoulders and
back? Ease those
troubles, tightness-up
muscles quickly and easily with Sloan's
Liniment.

**SLOAN'S
LINIMENT**

ALL CHEMISTS
AND STORES **2/9**

**MARIGNY
Smart
Set**

The only setting lotion that
gives brilliant highlights
as it sets your hair.

1/11 everywhere



AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY—September 4, 1957

TEENA *by Linda Terry*



HERE'S AN ACTRESS JUST
MARRIED A DOCTOR.
HERE'S
ANOTHER ONE
JUST MARRIED
A SECOND
DOCTOR.

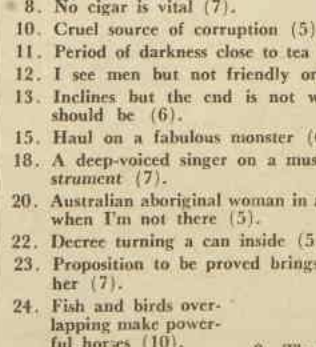


I GUESS A DOCTOR IS THE BEST KIND OF
HUSBAND FOR A FAMOUS MOVIE ACTRESS. THEY
MUST BE AWFULLY HANDY TO HAVE AROUND WHEN
YOU'RE PLAYING ROLES LIKE CAMILLE... YOU KNOW,
IN CASE YOU GET TOO DEEP IN THE PART...



DAD? MOTHER? HOW
WOULD YOU LIKE IT IF
I SHOULD MARRY
A DOCTOR?

WHY,
FINE, I
GUESS.



AAH! WHAT A RELIEF TO HEAR HER THINKING
SERIOUSLY OF THE FUTURE... NOT LIKE
THESE GIRLS WHO THINK THEY'RE ALL
GOING TO BE FAMOUS ACTRESSES
WHEN THEY GROW UP...

Solution of last week's
crossword.



DID YOU KNOW
CLAUDETTE COLBERT,
ANN BLYTH, AND RHONDA
FLEMING WERE ALL
MARRIED TO
DOCTORS?

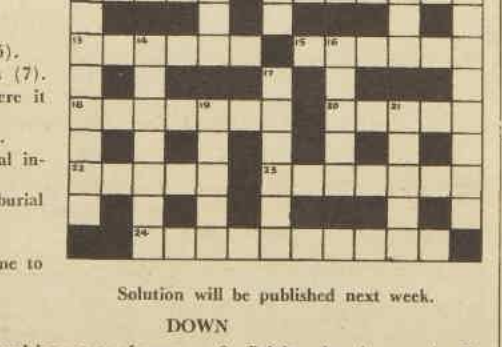


NO! DID YOU KNOW IRENE
DUNNE WAS MARRIED TO A
DENTIST? OH!
—AND HERE'S
ANOTHER ONE
MARRIED TO AN
EYE, EAR, NOSE
AND THROAT
MAN!



DOCTORS SEEM TO HAVE SO MUCH
PATIENCE AND ALL, AND AN ACTRESS
CERTAINLY HAS TO HAVE A
PATIENT HUSBAND.

I GUESS
SO...



Also, in case
you get a
headache or
something.

"All in together"



Youngsters love to splash around together in the bath.
But remember, bath-time can do more than clean... a
little Dettol in the bath-water is most refreshing. Children
spark up at once—and so will you. Yes, Dettol is very
refreshing in the bath, and of course, fragrant Dettol is
harmless to everything but germs.

**Dettol is used in our great
hospitals, and is the chosen weapon
of modern surgery.**

Do as your Doctor does... use
Dettol. Use it on the cut which
may lead to blood-poisoning...
in the room from which sickness
may spread... in the all-important
details of bodily hygiene (especi-
ally in the bath)... in every
emergency where speedy, thorough
cleansing of a wound is essential.
Dettol is the safe, effective yet
gentle antiseptic... a good friend
in need at all times. Does not
stain, does not pain.



Safe, pleasant to use and highly effective.
AVAILABLE ONLY AT ALL CHEMISTS

**Choose your
LAXATIVE
wisely**

As Mrs. Baxter does...
I have been troubled with constipation for many years. Now I
take Beecham's Pills and they have helped me greatly.
Signed M. A. Baxter (Mrs.)

Certain laxatives operate before your food has had time to
be of maximum benefit—they leave you feeling weak.
Beecham's Pills are a special laxative treatment that ensures
a thorough clearance only when you have digested your food
properly and completely absorbed the essential proteins and
vitamins. By taking Beecham's Pills you will relieve consti-
pation and derive full value from your food. So choose...

**BEECHAM'S
THE WORLD FAMOUS LAXATIVE pills**

BP. AUS. 1/57

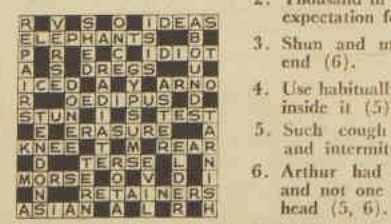


Bulppitt & Sons Ltd., Birmingham 18, England. M.W. 321.

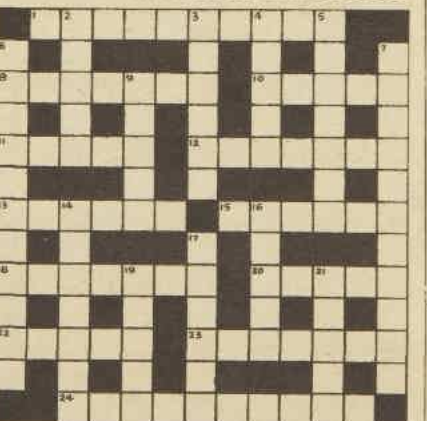
THIS WEEK'S CROSSWORD

ACROSS

1. MP
I — H (10).
IS
8. No cigar is vital (7).
10. Cruel source of corruption (5).
11. Period of darkness close to tea (5).
12. I see men but not friendly ones (7).
13. Inclines but the end is not where it
should be (6).
15. Haul on a fabulous monster (6).
18. A deep-voiced singer on a musical in-
strument (7).
20. Australian aboriginal woman in a burial
when I'm not there (5).
22. Decree turning a can inside (5).
23. Proposition to be proved brings me to
her (7).
24. Fish and birds over-
lapping make power-
ful horses (10).



Solution of last week's
crossword.

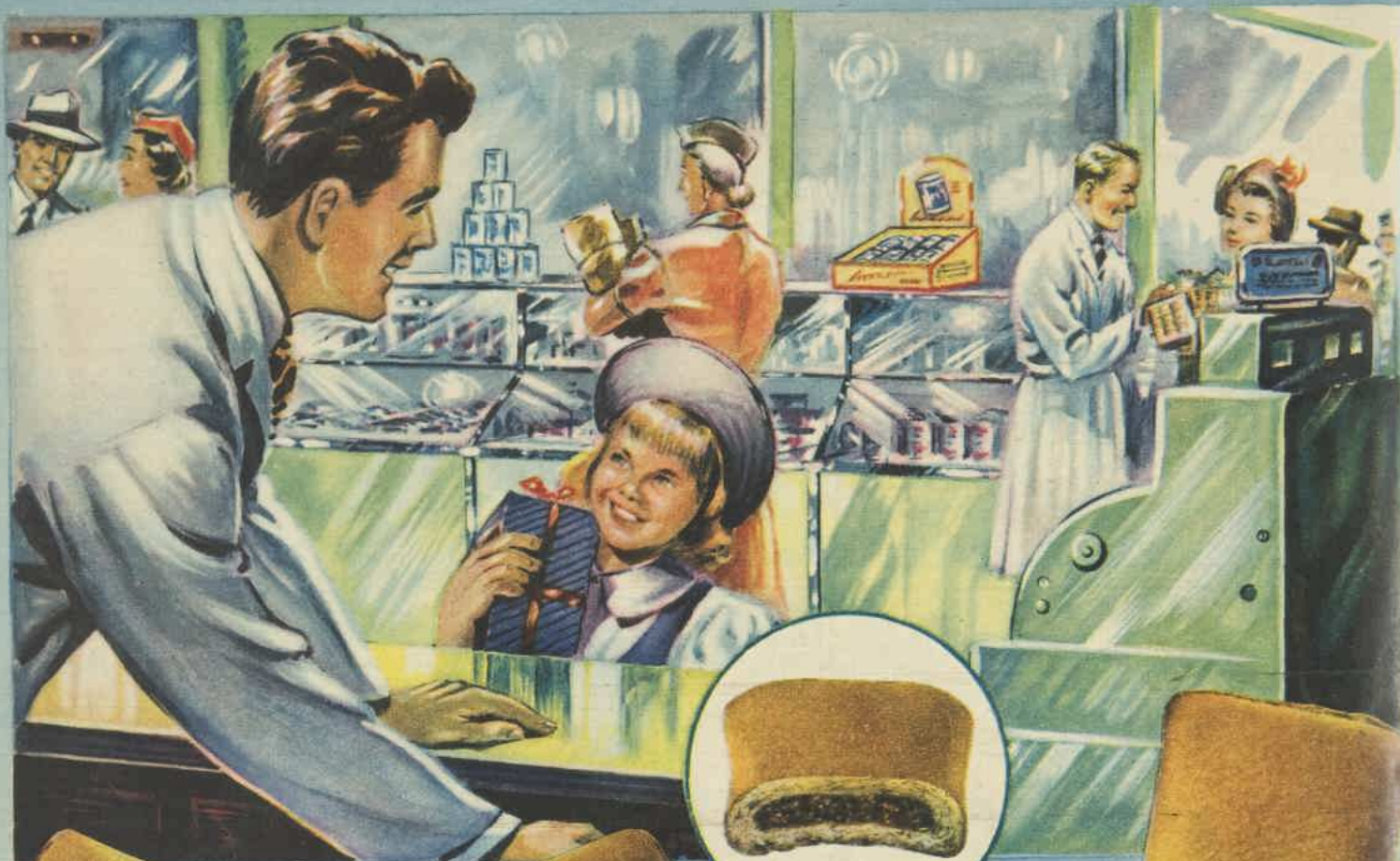


Solution will be published next week.

DOWN

2. Thousand in a state of eager
expectation for a giant (5).
3. Shun and masticate at the
end (6).
4. Use habitually, i.e., run back
inside it (5).
5. Such cough is short, dry,
and intermittent (7).
6. Arthur had one of them,
and not one of them has a
head (5, 6).
7. Introduce limbs to salute a
superior (7, 4).
9. Bright when it turns in din
(5).
14. Imprint a broken mast in
a broken pen (7).
16. Trench on the moon the in-
side of which is sick (5).
17. Grab using a broken cant
inside (6).
19. Aquatic mammal found in
a fiery-hot terrain (5).
21. A broad band on a noble-
man (5).

"I want the ones that look like
little pillows"



The housewife's quick pud-
ding — A Sweet in a minute!
Warm them in the oven and
serve with milk, custard or ice
cream.

Nourishing, too, for your
family, the filling contains 94%
pure Australian dried fruits.



Arnott's

famous

Spicy Fruit Roll Biscuits

There is no Substitute for Quality